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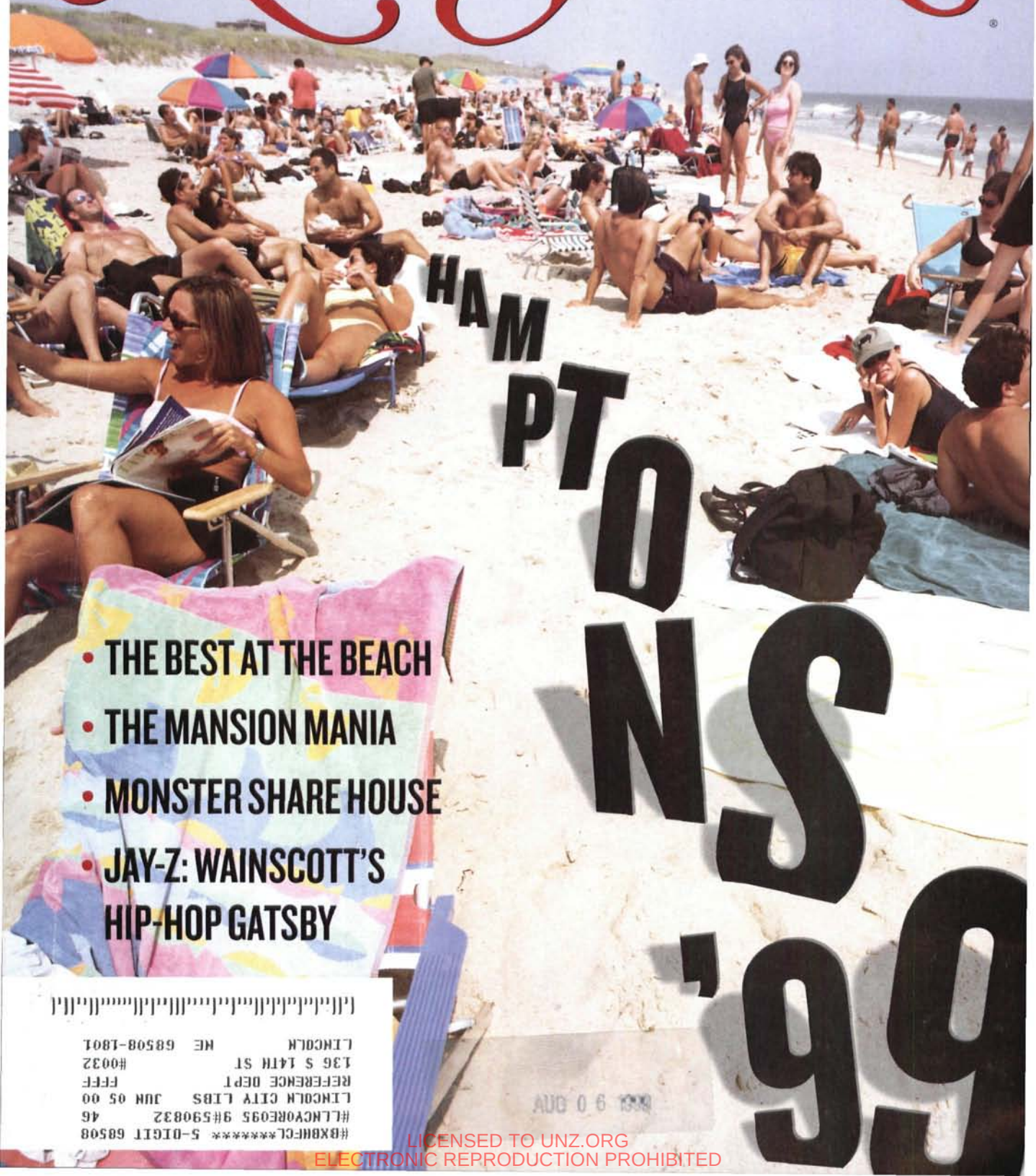


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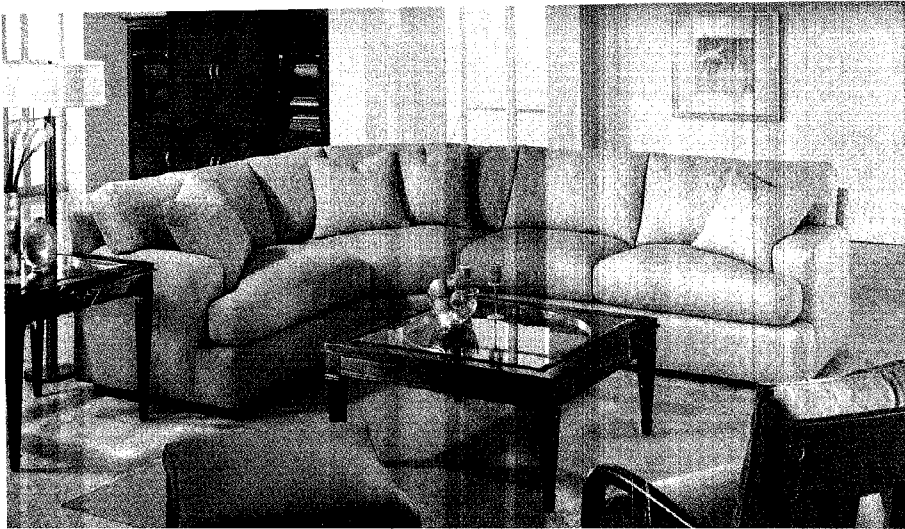
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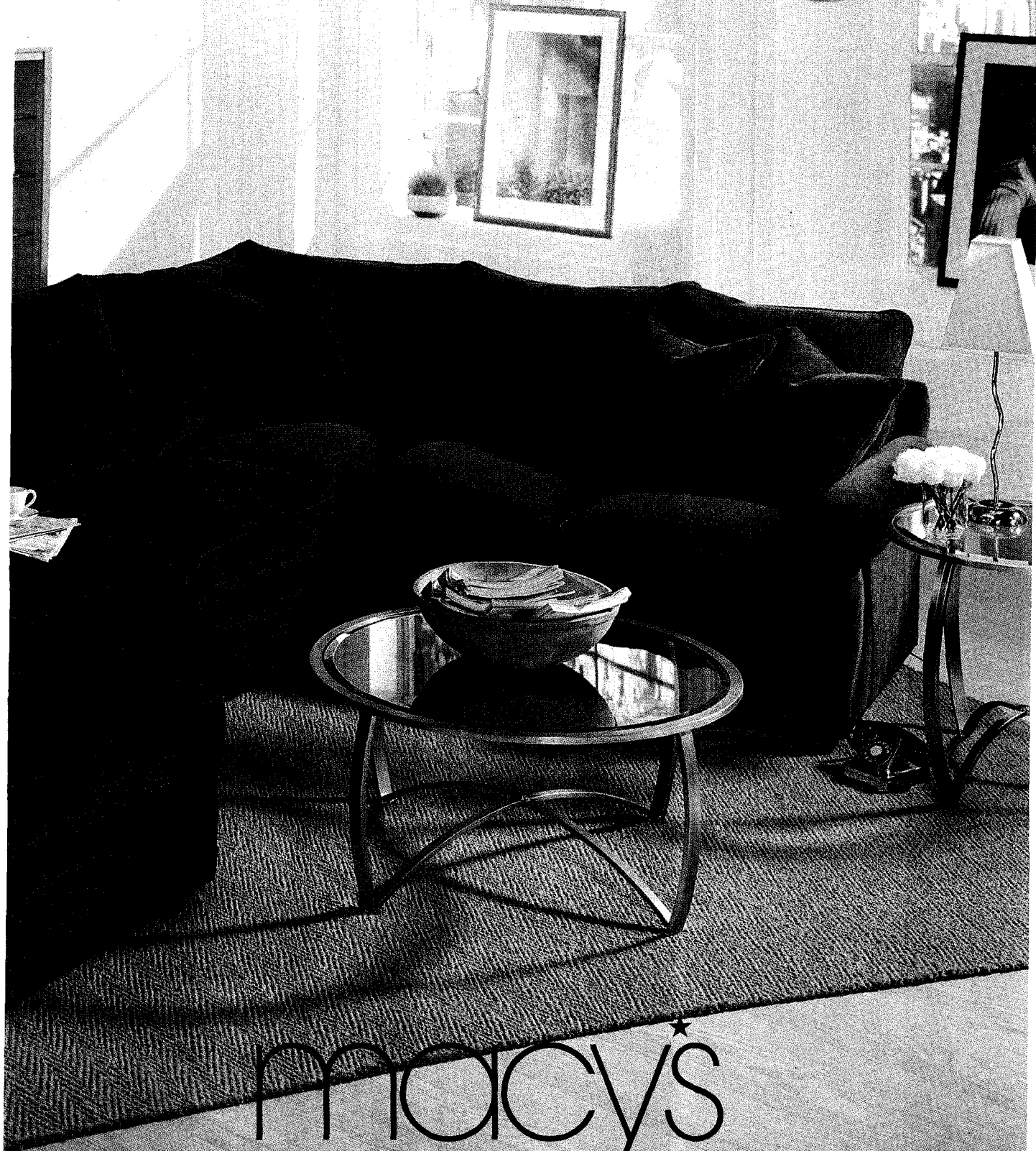
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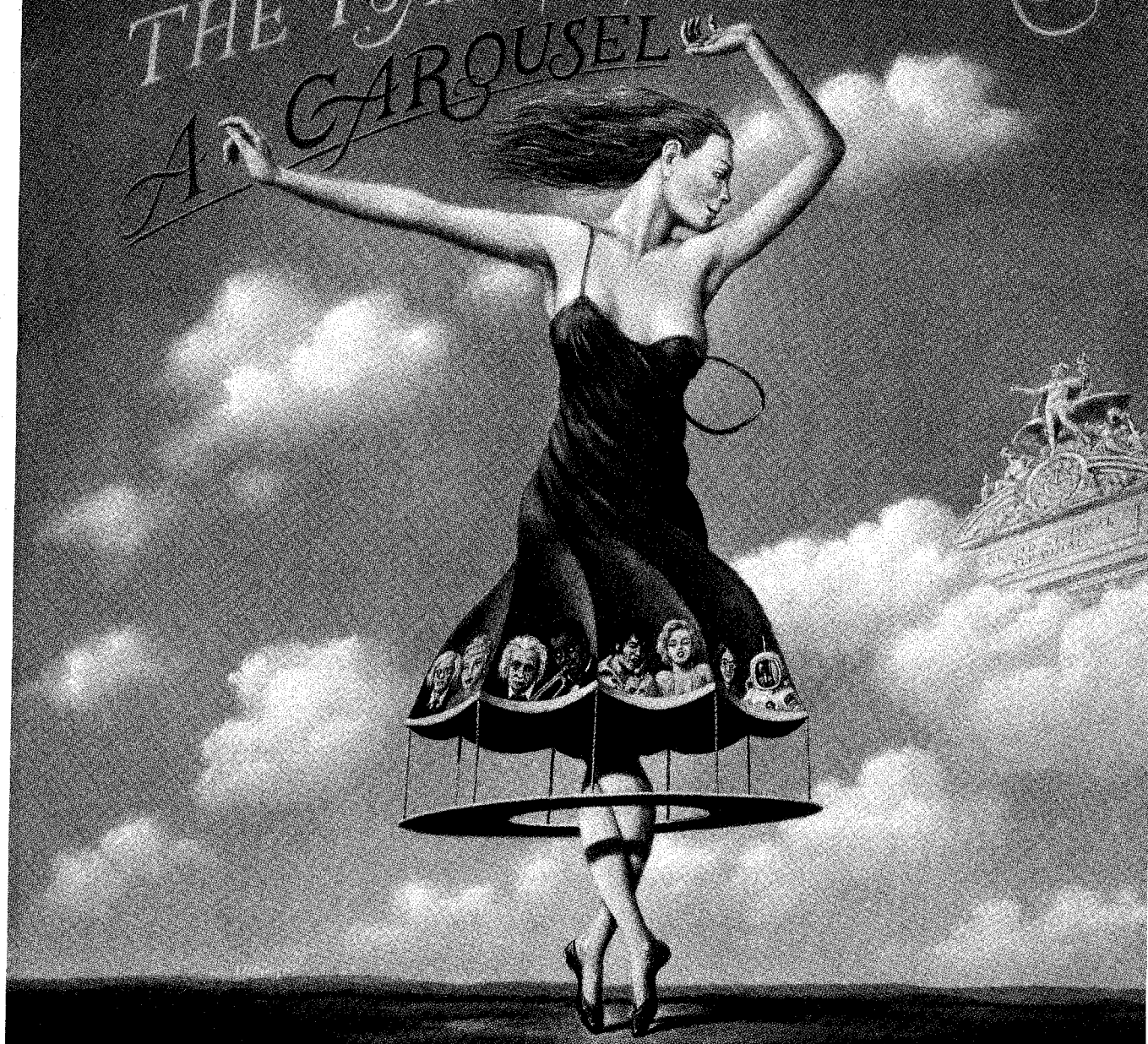


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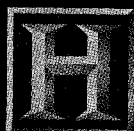
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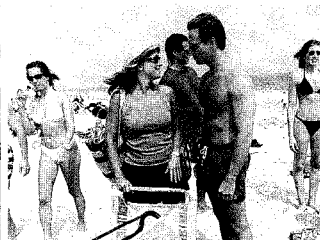
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Contents Aug. 9, 1999

"Someone bought this great oceanfront property for \$6.8 million, and the thing they put up looks like it belongs on the Lido in Venice. It's just too much ego and money working in combination."

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With too much money chasing too little land, the Hamptons has become very Hong Kong. Plus: Living next door to Ira Rennert's super-manse.

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AUGUST 9, 1999—VOL. 32, NO. 30. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. New York (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to New York, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, \$42. For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749. Printed in the U.S.A.



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Book Value

Leonard Riggio proves to be plenty popular; the Condé Nast building is not public property; 'Maxim' publisher asks to be forgiven.

AS AN AGING BABY-BOOMER WITH aging feet and an aging bladder, I am one of Len Riggio's biggest fans ["Barnes & Noble's Jekyll and Hyde," by David D. Kirkpatrick, June 19]. His friendly city superstores have made my life immeasurably easier: cafés where I can sit, toilets that are clean and accessible, no more angst at the thought of gift-giving. B&N is a wonderland of one-size-fits-all gifts that are wrapped by the enthusiastic staff without my having to move.

Natalie Lukas
MANHATTAN

LAST YEAR, AS A VOLUNTEER FOR THE Rockland County Family Shelter, I solicited the Barnes & Noble store in West Nyack, New York. The manager told me about a holiday gift-wrapping program the store had each December. B&N would supply the table, the wrap, the stickers, and signage. The shelter would keep any donations. Over three twelve-hour days, the volunteers earned \$1,000 for the shelter. Although I had never met Len Riggio, I wrote to him, praising his staff and thanking him for his kindness. He sent me the most charming letter, enclosing a \$1,000 check for the shelter from the Riggio Family Foundation.

Judy Rothschild
MONSEY, N.Y.

WHEN WE WERE BUILDING THE FIRST Barnes & Noble superstore in Roseville, Minnesota, I was involved in the design and training for the children's-book department. Lenny called me into his office and told me not how he wanted the department to *look* but how he wanted it to *feel*. He didn't tell me where to put the books, how many to stock, or which books to feature. He wanted the department to feel safe for families; he wanted the books for small children on low shelves where they could reach them; he wanted areas for kids and their caretak-

ers to be able to sit and read without being pressured to buy. He wanted lots of fun events; he wanted excitement. Lenny knew instinctively that if we succeeded at doing those things, people would buy books. Lenny can be volatile, and he's certainly opinionated, but he's also a real mensch.

Kaylee N. Davis
PORT WASHINGTON, N.Y.

Wired at Heart

FROM CELL PHONES TO BEEPERS TO THE Internet, technology has totally distorted reality in the hearts and minds of everyone in business today ["Going Postal," by Tony Schwartz, July 19]. The fax machine is the precursor to all these ridiculous demands we put on ourselves and each other. Its immediate transmission commands unrealistic expectations—fulfill the order now or else! More and more, I find myself saying to a frantic client, "Relax, I'm only human."

Alan Roberts
MANHATTAN

Difference of Opinion

EXACTLY WHO DOES JOHN SIMON THINK HE is? His jabs and innuendo directed at the personal life of playwright Neil LaBute ["Theater: LaBrute," July 12] are, at best, unforgivable. If all Mr. Simon can glean from a play (good or bad) is quips and quibbles and tired (easy) comments about Calista Flockhart's weight, then he has shown himself to be a true hack and a sham as a drama critic. Near as I can tell, Mr. Simon has confused being inflammatory with being intelligent. If Mr. LaBute is, in Simon's words, "inarticulate and subliterate," then Mr. Simon is a festering mole on the butt of an otherwise smart, witty, and intelligent magazine.

Sylvia Abrams
MANHATTAN

THANK YOU, JOHN SIMON. I'D BEEN AMBIVALENT and unsure, not about Mr. LaBute's work but about my own opinions of it. I thought maybe I just wasn't getting it. After catching the play, and Charlie Rose's interview with the author and the actors a couple of days later, I

became really neurotic. Why couldn't I see what was so obvious to everyone else, including Ben Brantley? I was getting a lot of smugness and self-satisfaction but very little real insight or sensitivity. Was I really that thick? Or, worse, *unhip*? Possibly, but not because of my distaste for Mr. LaBute's work. Turns out the emperor is buck-nekkid. It's nice to know somebody is secure enough to say it out loud.

Alfredo Cabrera
MANHATTAN

Family Pride

THE CONDÉ NAST BUILDING [CITYSCAPE: "Fat City," by Karrie Jacobs, June 28–July 5] was not designed "to be all things to all people" (does that include critics?). It was designed to be pleasing to the Durst family and to be a building of which we could be proud, and in that, it has succeeded.

Douglas Durst
President, the Durst Organization, Inc.
MANHATTAN

Who's Sorry Now?

WHILST ALEX WILLIAMS'S PROFILE ["The Sultan of Schwing," July 26] featuring *Maxim*, *Stuff*, and myself was certainly perceptive (a little *too* perceptive in places!), I realize that I owe three or four people mentioned in it an immediate apology. Mocking and abusing people one has never met is plain bad manners. Doing it on the record for publication is just unforgivable. It is true that your reporter and I had demolished several bottles of Pouilly-Fumé by the end of what turned out to be a marathon interview, but that is no excuse. I will not repeat their names for fear of causing further embarrassment, but I hope they will accept my sincere apologies and my promise that in the future I will keep the cork in the bottle when any tape recorders are present. (For the record, nobody requested, suggested, or demanded that I tender this apology. A restless night with a guilty conscience was all it took.)

Felix Dennis
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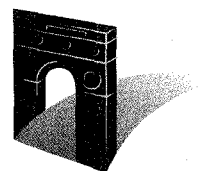
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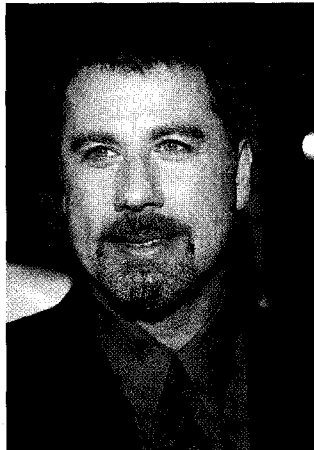
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DUANE'S OUT-OF-DATE FILING SYSTEM

A pesky little detail from a long-ago campaign is coming out of **Tom Duane's** closet just in time to embarrass the state's Democratic Party. Back in 1994, when Duane unsuccessfully challenged **Jerry Nadler** for Congress, he never sent in the final form to clear up his campaign filing with the Federal Election Commission. The FEC has sent Duane's office a series of letters requesting the paperwork, followed by several "failure to file" notices over the past four years. "But we have not heard from him at all," says FEC spokeswoman **Kelly Huff**. "We haven't heard from him since March 1995." That'll probably change soon, given Duane's new job: co-chair of the state senate's Campaign Finance Committee. "Thanks for the reminder," Duane's chief of staff, **Andrew Berman**, says, explaining that the FEC's letters went to an old campaign address and that the paperwork will be cleared up pronto. "Tom's a little more focused on beginnings than on endings," says Berman.

BIG NOISE OUT OF LIL' KIM

Residents of the sedate gated community of Oak Trail Road in Englewood, New Jersey, aren't hip to the hip-hop lifestyle. According to neighborhood insiders, complaints have been voiced at the homeowners' association about noisy partying in the townhouse owned by rap star **Kimberly Jones**, a.k.a. Lil' Kim. While the property's management company, C&R Realty, wouldn't comment, the rapper's business manager, the aptly monikered **Jennifer Smash**, claims that her client and "entourage" are too busy working in Lil' Kim's studio to be disturbing the peace in northern New Jersey. "You know, there are other musical artists living around there," says Smash. "It must be them."

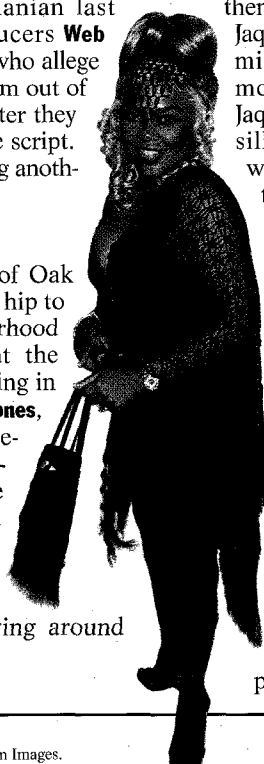


John Travolta:
Buzz off

BOBBY ZAREM'S WEAK HANDSHAKE

Maybe **Woody Allen** should consider writing a legal drama next. His producer, **Jean Doumanian**, is already collecting material for it. Depositions are now being taken in a lawsuit filed against Doumanian last April by producers **Web** and **Rob Stone**, who allege that she cut them out of a movie deal after they brought her the script. Now she's facing another

legal threat, from former friend **Bobby Zarem**. He claims Doumanian promised a one-year contract—at \$8,500 to \$10,000 a month—to handle P.R. for her company, which is financed by her boyfriend, **Jaqui Safra**. "We shook hands on it," says Zarem, adding that the deal was confirmed on three subsequent occasions. "From then on, Jean said, 'Well, Jaqui's the one who committed to you. Get the money from him,' and Jaqui said, 'Oh, don't be silly—Jean's the one who's supposed to sign the contract.' It never happened." Zarem's meeting with his lawyer now, citing **Francis Ford Coppola's** successful case against Warner Bros., which was also based on an oral commitment. "And he got an \$80 million settlement," Zarem says. "I'm sympathetic that Bobby Zarem is in need of money," Doumanian retorts. "But this is a completely fabricated story."



UP, UP, AND AWAY WITH JOHN TRAVOLTA

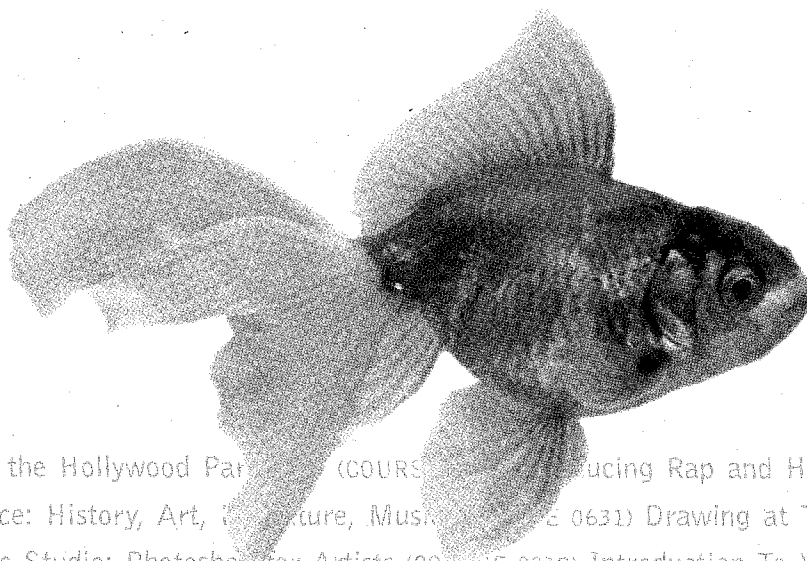
John Travolta is flying high professionally these days. But in Dark Harbor, Maine, where the peripatetic actor keeps a home, he's being criticized for flying too low. Just before sunset last Monday, his Boeing 707 was "strafing" the island—flying so low that it bothered the neighbors. "It was only about 200 feet above the island," estimates one resident, who adds that it created "a terrifying sound" as it circled the island four times. "The first time, it was just barely over the treetops," the source adds. The incident prompted a lot of talk in the tony island's summer colony of residents, which includes Auchinclosses, Rothschilds, and Dillons. "Everyone was saying what terrible taste he was showing, flying so low just after John Kennedy's death," the source says. Travolta's publicist declined to comment.

SEX AND THE FERRY; QUICK TURNAROUND

FERRY TALE: Why bother schlepping to the Hamptons when you can get to Staten Island in about fifteen minutes? That's what the folks who produce HBO's *Sex and the City* figured when they trooped across the river to shoot a Hamptons show in the outer borough. This episode of the HBO series is set on the East End, and according to one show insider, "the beach in Staten Island looks shockingly like the beach in Southampton." Except Staten Islanders are probably better mannered.

RICH SWITCH: *60 Minutes* producer **Don Hewitt** needs his space. The crusty muckraker just purchased the property adjoining his sprawling Bridgehampton beach house, making him the proud owner of about 360 feet of prime oceanfront property, according to East End insiders. Hewitt did not return calls.

Additional reporting by David Amsden.



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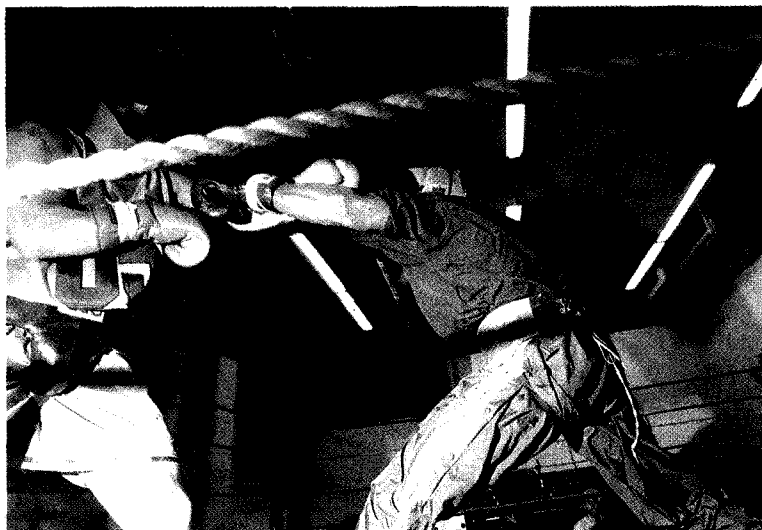
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GOTHAM



Hitting Jackpot

A little gym makes it big as a boxing mecca.

ON BUSY NIGHTS, THE Church Street Boxing Gym rumbles like a factory floor about to miss a production deadline. Trainers shout encouragement at fighters popping speed bags or pounding heavy bags, and when a shrill bell sounds every few minutes over the blaring hip-hop, the sweaty laborers either step away for a breather or, groaning, go back to work. But tonight, a weeknight in July, only two people are training in the cavernous front room beneath the mural of a young, sleepy-looking Joe Louis. Nonetheless, Justin Blair, the gym's 28-year-old founder and owner, looks pleased. "Joint's jumping!" he announces.

Blair's indomitable good mood can be traced back to March 9, when his gym officially became the focal point of a modest resurgence of boxing in New York. That was the day 25

camera crews and 300 journalists from around the world descended on the gym for a look at Evander Holyfield, who was training in the specially equipped private rear studio—which has a full-size regulation ring—for his soon-to-be-infamous fight with Lennox Lewis. The bout was itself a symbol of the revitalization of the sweet science in its former capital: the

first sold-out fight at the Garden in sixteen years and the first heavyweight-title bout held there in six. Blair has managed to put his subterranean gym, just a few blocks from City Hall, at the heart of that renaissance.

Open just two years, Church Street has been attracting top-ranked fighters the way Don King attracts IRS investigators. Former WBA bantamweight champ Johnny Tapia and current IBF welterweight champ Felix Trinidad were among the first to come down for prefight tune-ups; other champs, like James Page and Joey Gamache, have shown up just to mingle with the rank and file. Word of Church Street's clean yet gritty atmosphere even enticed the beleaguered Mike Tyson to come out of his seclusion for a workout.

Showtime was so pleased with the experience Tapia had training for the cable channel's televised and promoted fight that this week it's sending down the entire card from the big August 7 Atlantic City

event—Shannon Briggs vs. Francois Botha, Marcus Antonio Barrera vs. Pastor Maurin.

Church Street is far too young to have earned the cachet of a place like Stillman's, the legendary Hell's Kitchen gym where boxers flocked in the forties and fifties, but it's already scoring points. "The problem with other gyms is, the maintenance sucks—like the swivel for the speed bag isn't working and no one changes it for months," says Steve Frank, a super-middleweight with a national title. "Here, you get better service." Tim Hallmark, Evander Holyfield's strength-and-conditioning coach for thirteen years, ranks Church Street among the best gyms he's seen anywhere. "You can tell right away they're trying to accommodate the fighter's needs," he says approvingly.

Accommodation is exactly what Tapia wasn't getting at gyms he tried before Church Street. "A couple made me take off my shoes, and they switched the music I had on. You're used to a routine, and you don't want to change it the week before a fight."

Word of mouth like that could make Church Street a latter-day see-and-be-seen Stillman's—especially if New York really does undergo a rope-a-dope revival. Blair's confident of both. "There's 8 million people walking into one another on the subway, smelling each other..." He pauses suggestively. "There's a need for simulated combat."

BRIAN FARNHAM

3BR, Riv Vu, Dirt-Cheap, Scary . . .

IT'S LIKE THEY'RE TAUNTING US. AFTER ENDURING UN-conscionable rents and broker fees, Manhattanites are now forced—via a TV commercial debuting this week on Fox—to see how the other half lives. "Welcome to Co-op City, New York's most affordable residential community," the announcer coos, as a 30-second spot showcases tranquil shots of an immaculate basketball court, two women jogging through a pasture, a shopping center, and a tan-on-tan living room straight out of *The Jeffersons*. The price of a three-bedroom, 1,100-square-foot abode? Just \$12,675. "Considering the real-

estate market and housing shortage, we should have 100 percent occupancy," insists Steven Gold, the sales director who commissioned the ads to eliminate his 485-apartment surplus. "I'm convinced there are a lot of people who just don't look at the newspaper." The neighborhood might have something to do with it, too: Co-op City has its own gang, and in May a 65-year-old woman was beaten into a coma. "We have our own security," Gold notes, "but things happen. We're still the Bronx." Which might explain why all the ad's images—even the skyline—are in daylight. ROBERT KOLKER

The Devil Made Him Do It

What was John Podhoretz thinking?

FOR A STORY THAT WAS killed, it's getting plenty of ink. Even the London *Sunday Telegraph* mentioned John Podhoretz's aborted July 21 New York *Post* column, "A Conversation in Hell." Podhoretz, writing in the voice of Satan, welcomes Joseph Kennedy Sr. to his domain ("Nice to see you. Are you enjoying the air conditioning?") and explains their pact ("Every time you think your family is on its way back to glory, I just have to do something. Like I did this weekend with your grandson John"). It was deemed too over-the-top even for Rupert Murdoch's rabidly anti-Kennedy tabloid. While the presses were still running, *Post* editor Ken Chandler deleted the col-

umn—and with it any hopes that editorial-page editor Podhoretz had of rising to the top of the masthead.

"Normally, I'd review the page proofs in the office," explains Chandler. "But I had an appointment, so I reviewed the faxes when I got home." As soon as he saw the column, he says, "I ordered it to be removed immediately." Only the early edition, a small print run that's sent out of town, carried the column. But Podhoretz's judgment lapse was covered by the *Washington Post*, the *Daily News*, and Jeannette Walls's online "Scoop" column.

In the newsroom, "dumb" was the nicest thing anyone had to say about the column.

A Conversation in Hell



JOE! Joe Kennedy! Come on in. Nice to see you. Are you enjoying the air conditioning? I know it gets pretty hot out there.

Where are you these days, in the eighth circle or the ninth? Kind of a tough choice where you're concerned. After all, the eighth circle is for the fraudulent and the ninth for the treacherous. You sure were fraudulent when you had Mayor Daley fix the 1960 presidential election for your son Jack.

Don't worry, Joe. And you are really

Jack, weren't you? And you were pretty treacherous most of your life, what with your compulsive philandering and double-dealing.

But listen, that's what I love about you. I can't tell you how it filled me with pride just to know you back when you were America's ambassador to England, saying all those nice things about Hitler, doing everything you could to prevent Jewish emigration from Nazi Germany. Thousands of Jewish babies of you. That was

I always knew you had it in you. I don't remember a soul I was happier to procure when you called on me back in, what, 1912? You knew exactly what you wanted. You wanted wealth, fame and power, and

you wanted it to stretch through the generations. You wanted to be the creator of a dynasty that would rule America.

It did your ancient heart a bit of good to hear just how ruthless you could be. And you were such a tough negotiator it was fun doing business with you.

It seemed like you'd thought of everything. You wanted access to power, and for you that meant marrying the daughter of the mayor of Boston. Done; you and Rose Fitzgerald were joined

two years later. You wanted to remain attractive and affuring to the world's most glamorous women. Done; you became a motion-picture executive and had affairs with Gloria Swanson and many other stars and starlets.

You wanted wealth beyond the wildest dreams of any other Irish Bostonian. Done; you were a millionaire many times over, and lost none of it when the Great Depression hit. You wanted social position. Done; you were

"You got everything you wanted. But when I make a deal for a soul like Mrs. T, I need to season it before I'm ready to put it in the infernal oven." ♣

—it's raw to me, like uncooked meat. I shed tears. It is to go on in a house so that it becomes tender, brown a bit on the fire before I'm ready to put it in the infernal oven.

So if I'd felt that son of yours that you wanted to become president make it to the White House, it would have meant that the supper I intended to make of your soul indigestible. He simply had

to go. And that hurt, didn't it, Joe, when your namesake's plane went down in World War II?

You said so little about your daughters in the article that I felt free to talk with them a little. I made poor Rosemary a little slow — but for Pete's sake, you didn't have to lobotomize her. Joel that was all your doing! And you seemed to be getting over young Joe's death so well that I felt I needed to re-

mind you of it by sending your daughter Kathleen down in another plane crash a few years later.

Oh, this trouble hurt. But it infuriated you too, because you thought I had reneged on the deal! Remember that conversation, right there on the beach in Hyannis Port? I reminded you there was Jack, beautiful Jack, the one you rode so hard. He was so like you, so hungry for Hollywood beauty, so driven — wouldn't it be even sweeter if it were

— 3 — 3 — 3 —

You were so triumphant with Jack's victory and all that I tried to let you know that things weren't going to work out like you planned again. You had a grandson born in the White House in August 1963, remember? Little Patrick? I took him after two days, just to get you prepared for November 22.

I said I'd make Jack president. I didn't say he'd finish out his term. And I didn't say you'd get another. That was your mistake. You ran again with Huber.

That was a violation of the contract. You only got one. And you didn't listen, you just wouldn't listen, you were still intent on the idea that Teddy might do it — Teddy, the loner of your boys. But I have news for you. That Chavon didn't

you. That Chappoquiddick business? He called on me to save him from a manslaughter charge. He'll be keeping you company when his time is up.

Your time was up, wasn't it, after Chappoquiddick. You died a few months later, came down here. But you know what? Your soul just wasn't done yet. You were still a little too tough.

So every time you think the deal is done, every time you think your family is on its way back to glory, I just have

You can e-mail comments to John Podhoretz at podhoretz@nypost.com.

of potential new editors, his reporters certainly are.

"There was a lot of terror in the newsroom that Podhoretz was a candidate—at least] in his own mind," reports one *Post*-er, though those fears were somewhat eased earlier this year when Podhoretz's duties were cut back considerably. "If they wouldn't name Eric Breindel editor of the paper, why would they name John Podhoretz?" snipes an ex-*Post* man. "Their

are similar, but one guy articulate it and one guy not and that's a serious problem when you're a journalist. How the well-regarded editor, Xana Antunes, considered the leading contender to take over the job. Neither she nor Antunes returned calls, but Antunes' spokesman Howard Stein says that Podholsky was never on a short list—any list—to be editor.”

DEBORAH MITCHELL

The Fire This Time

Perhaps the most contented group of young people since the fifties, Generation Y proved as incendiary as any other with the ATM-looting, fire-starting, and alleged sexual assault of Woodstock '99. Not surprisingly, middle-aged media pundits jumped at the chance to compare the bad vibes of this year's Rome, New York, festival to the calamitous Altamont concert of 1969. But does the song *really* remain the same?

ETHAN BROWN

ETHAN BROWN



ALTAMONT

WOODSTOCK '99

STAGE PRESENCE Rolling Stones, Jefferson Airplane

Korn. Limp Bizkit

STRONG-ARM TACTICS Several chapters of local Hell's Angels (hired for \$500 worth of beer) wielding pool cues and knives

1,250 trained, state-certified, unarmed security guards

UNDER THE INFLUENCE As Rolling Stones play "Under My Thumb," Hell's Angels stab a man to death

As Red Hot Chili Peppers cover Jimi Hendrix's "Fire," crowds light bonfires

DOCUDRAMA Maysles brothers risk life and limb (much of their footage is confiscated by angry Hell's Angels) for unflinching, award-winning account of Altamont. *Gimme Shelter*

MTV on-air personalities run for cover as unruly concertgoers tear apart production tower. From safety of backstage, MTV V.J. Carson Daly breathlessly recounts how he and crew had to "retract" from vulnerable post

POSTMORTEM "Blame is the dumbest trip there is; there isn't any blame." —David Crosby

ON NIGHT MUSIC DIED, MANY TO BLAME FOR MAYHEM—The
New York Times

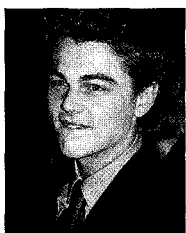
Mark His Words

Leo protects his good name.

GOSSIP COLUMNISTS, TAKE NOTE: FROM now on, Leonardo DiCaprio would like to be known as Leonardo DiCaprio™. Hollywood's most bankable name has petitioned the U.S. Department of Commerce to have his name trademarked. In a February filing with Commerce's Patent & Trademark Office, the 24-year-old actor sought the trademark in the "entertainment services" classification. On July 22, DiCaprio's application received a preliminary approval following a review by a government attorney.

It's not clear from the application what advantage the young star hopes to gain from such a move, and a check of trademark records shows that the current branding craze has not led other well-known actors—like, say, Tom Cruise, Harrison Ford, and Tom Hanks—to seek to add a TM to their valuable names.

DiCaprio also stands out among the members of the so-called Pussy Posse, his rambunctious crew of New York pals. Friends like the rapper Q-Tip, film director Harmony Korine, and actor Tobey Maguire are all currently TM-challenged (though if Q-Tip seeks a trademark, he might run up against the folks at Chesebrough-Pond's, manufacturers of America's leading cotton



swabs). But as for the alluring and alliterative Pussy Posse handle, well, that trademark is available for the asking.

For more intriguing documents, visit 'The Smoking Gun' online at thesmokinggun.com.

APPLICATION FOR SERVICE MARK REGISTRATION

MARK: LEONARDO DICAPRIO
INT. CLASS: 42

TO THE COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS AND TRADEMARKS:

Applicant requests registration of the above-identified service mark shown in the accompanying drawing in the United States Patent and Trademark Office on the Principal Register established by the Act of July 5, 1946 (15 U.S.C. 1051 et. seq., as amended.) for the following services: for entertainment services, namely, live entertainment comprising musical performances, dramatic performances and comedic performances by Leonardo DiCaprio.

Applicant has a bona fide intention to use the mark in commerce in connection with the above identified services. (15 U.S.C. 1051(b), as amended.)

The service mark will be used by displaying it on advertising literature.

Dated: 1-21 99

Leonardo DiCaprio
LEONARDO DICAPRIO

Island Swapping

The St. Barths mafia takes East Hampton.

THE WAVES MAY NOT BE AS aquamarine as they are in the French West Indies, the yachts not quite so large and well appointed. Nevertheless, a pioneering expedition of proprietors from the fashion and music industries' paradise island of St. Barths have laid claim to East Hampton real estate this summer.

After a much-delayed opening, partly a result of the complexities of procuring a mid-summer wait staff (one that reportedly includes the sons of *Rolling Stone's* Jann Wenner and *Men's Journal's* Terry McDonnell), the owners of the original Maya's in St. Barths, Randy Gurley and his wife, Maya Buezelin-Gurley, made a quiet debut on July 18 in the former

Saporo di Mare location. They are already serving \$35 entrées to that fabulously exclusive sliver of Hamptons society that frequents their Caribbean location on New Year's retreats. "We didn't even have a sign up until yesterday," shrugs Gurley.

Such a low-key arrival was made possible by what is fast



becoming a St. Barths syndicate. Right next to the Cartier shop on East Hampton's main drag, Jerome and Jennifer Belcourt have just opened a replica of *their* island store, Nilaya, which sells arts and crafts like Moroccan kilim rugs and Taxco silver bracelets. "We have a kind of solidarity, the St. Barths people," says Jerome, who sold a painting to Buezelin-Gurley for her new space. "In one weekend, ten



people came in who knew us personally." "It's an invasion of St. Barths to East Hampton," says a salesgirl. "The people who run the restaurant are friends with the store's owner, who sends people to the restaurant and to Calypso," she explains, referring to Christiane Celle's pashmina-and-sarong mecca around the corner. Calypso sales clerks claim to have already supplied many Maya's patrons with Sigerson Morrison thong sandals and to have suited up the restaurant's staff.

"I went to Maya's the very first night," says Celle. "And I'm probably going next week."

Perhaps such St. Barths-ification was inevitable: The South Fork, where weekenders think nothing of handing over \$5 for a single peach, is, after all, the summer leg of the Aspen-St. Barths-Palm Beach circuit. "Luckily, most of our clients live here in the summer, so they know us," Gurley reflects. "I'd say it's a mutual admiration."

SARAH BERNARD

Estate Sale

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE BENEFIT AUCTION HELD ON JULY 24 AT THE SOUTHAMPTON home of Marina and Francesco Galesi to raise funds for the San Simeon castle also raised a few eyebrows: What could the 165-room estate of William Randolph Hearst possibly need? Why make the landmarked California castle a cause here when there are plenty of local charities? Well, at this time of year, where else would Anne Randolph Hearst, the granddaughter of the legendary newspaper magnate, find as many friends whom she could invite to empty their deep pockets? Co-host George Plimpton offered dinner at Elaine's for an evening of literary discussions and libations, which attendee Princess Zarina of Malaysia couldn't refuse (the hungry royal also purchased a dinner for four with Jay McInerney at Moomba). Chris Lawford, John F. Kennedy Jr.'s cousin, made an unexpected appearance with two friends but maintained a somber distance on the back lawn. As the bidding wars grew heated, some parents began to wonder what had happened to their children, until a staff member explained that "they are off feeding the sharks," which were swimming in a tank in the grotto. Guests Alfonse D'Amato and Patricia Duff begged off the bidding to stroll the grounds of the Galesis' typically private Long Island fortress, possibly to compare it with the nearby castle of the Wilzig brothers, who were throwing their own benefit the same evening for another large, underfunded institution—the rainforest.

MAURA EGAN



1. Anne Randolph Hearst and Princess Yasmin Aga Khan at the home of Marina and Francesco Galesi in Southampton.
2. Tova Borgnine and Cindy Adams at '21' for the unveiling of Tova's signature-fragrance bottle.
3. Lulu and Betsey Johnson and Jill Stuart at the ARF Canine Couture Fashion Show at the estate of Mary Ellen Kay in East Hampton.
4. Donald Trump, Karin Koenig, Melania Knauss, Sammy Sosa, and Alan Wilzig at Wilzig's castle in Southampton for the Jungle Masquerade benefit for the Rainforest Alliance.
5. Foxy Brown at the Yahoo! Internet Life Online Music Awards at Studio 54.
6. Russell Simmons, Ellen Barkin, and Ronald Perelman at the sixth annual "Rap Roast" at Pier 60 to benefit disadvantaged children.
7. Bruce Ramsay, Edward James Olmos, Martin Landau, and Showtime CEO Matthew Blank at a party for Showtime's *Bonanno: A Godfather's Story* at Patsy's restaurant.
8. Christian Campbell, Tori Spelling, and J. P. Pitoc at the premiere party for *Trick* at Twirl.
9. Adam Yauch and Fab Five Freddy Brathwaite at the Form and Function store's first-anniversary party.



GOTHAMSTYLE

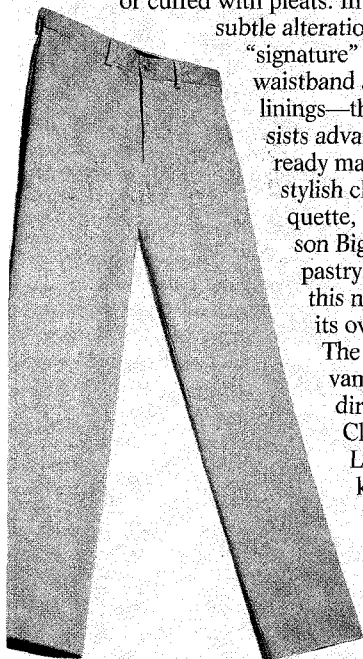
Hot Pants

For the first time in thirteen years, J. Crew has re-engineered its classic chinos. The \$49.50 pants, which have just debuted (what, J. Crew's just heard about the casual-Friday trend?), come uncuffed with a flat front or cuffed with pleats. In spite of remarkably

subtle alterations—such as a new “signature” ribbon around the waistband and upgraded pocket linings—the pants’ publicist insists advance samples have already made their way into the stylish closets of Patricia Arquette, Duncan Sheik, and Jason Biggs, the *American Pie* pastry paramour. But at least this new version comes with its own sense of humor:

The care instructions, revamped for working stiffs, direct “Corporate Climbers” and “Power Lunchers” to haul their khakis “to a professional dry cleaner,” whereas “Soul Searchers” and “Web Surfers” are instructed to “wash if desired.”

SARAH BERNARD



Tropical Fever

So you can't get your hands on the tropical-print Gucci bag that's been spotted under the well-toned arm of every fashion editor from here to Amagansett. While you pray for your name to inch up the waiting list, you can satisfy your penchant for prints with the company's ever-expanding line of must-have accessories. Tampons can be discreetly deposited in their own tropical-patterned packet (\$135); condoms can be safely stored in a floral square pouch (\$75). It's nice to know that even the items in your bathroom cabinet can be dressed up, but what about when you want to show off in public? Well, then there's the tissue-pack cover (\$70)—so that even your sneeze can be stylish.

MAURA EGAN

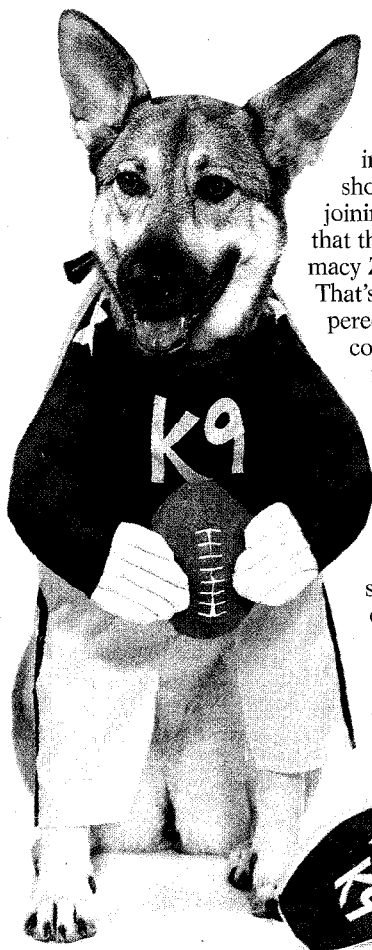
Animal Crackers

If the Prozac prescription and the Gucci Lucite bed aren't making tails wag, you can soon indulge precious pooches with a shopping spree at Z Spot, an adjoining pet specialty shop and bakery that the tony Upper East Side pharmacy Zitomer is opening this fall.

That's right, *bakery*—feeding pampered pets out of a can may soon become tantamount to serving your family McDonald's for dinner.

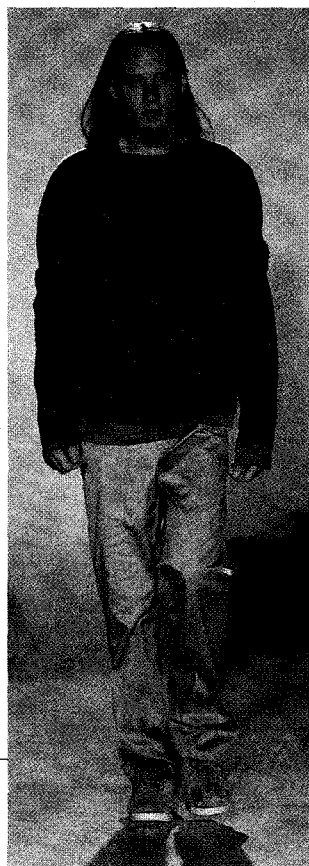
Here dainty dogs will be able to feast on “pupcakes” and “great danishes.” And once they're eating like that, those old red sweaters aren't going to cut it. Z Spot wants pets to prance about in tube-top-and-shrug sets or fur-trimmed motorcycle jackets, and, on special occasions, Halloween costumes and custom couture bridal gowns. Of course, Z Spot will also cater to felines. “The only problem,” sighs Zitomer owner Sharon Sternheim, “is that cats don't like to dress up the way dogs do.”

BETH LANDMAN KEIL



Seventh Avenue Sleeper

Though *Über-model* Linda Evangelista once said she wouldn't get out of bed for less than \$10,000, the mannequins at last week's spring 2000 men's fashion shows appeared to have gotten up for a lot less. Kenneth Cole's parachute drawstring pants made suitable pajama bottoms for the sleepy-eyed guys who dragged their feet down the runway. Marc Jacobs's waifish boys were styled with shaggy Beck haircuts and heavy stubble to create the ideal bed-head look. And Sandy Dalal hid his models' unkempt tresses under nylon skullcaps, but their baggy clam-diggers and plaid shirts still suggested that men in the twenty-first century will be lounging in a look all too familiar at the end of this one: high-end grunge. M.E.



The Talk of Hearst

With our scorecard on Hearst and the magazine business, you will be able to answer the riddle: "What's Black and Brown and read all over?"

EN TRE NOUS AND OFF THE record," says a veteran Hearst executive, with obvious relish, "I can't see Tina reporting to Cathie, and who exactly does Ron report to?" Cathie is Cathleen Black, the president of Hearst Magazines, and Ron is Ron Galotti, the president and publisher of *Talk*, making its debut this week, and Tina is Tina Brown, the subject of everything but this column.

The subject of this column is the Hearst Corporation, which, as much as Tina Brown, will determine what happens to *Talk*.

"What's your story?" snaps Hearst spokesperson Debra Shriver. "This is so inside baseball."

But inside baseball—making her own story the central one—is what Tina Brown does when she creates a magazine. As it happens, having inside baseball's bright lights turned on is exactly what Brown's new partner fears. A big part of Hearst's modern identity is its allergic reaction to William Randolph Hearst's having been the media star for much of the century—from his international provocations to his presidential ambitions to his *Citizen Kane* moment to his near bankruptcy and extending to his granddaughter's kidnapping.

This reticence or cold shoulder is in marked contrast to the demeanor of the Newhouse organization (and its Condé Nast magazine company), where Brown had spent her career until leaving in something of a dramatic huff last summer. While both Hearst and Newhouse dominate the women's-magazine market, and both have major national newspaper holdings and big stakes in television and cable properties, and both are private and family-owned (they vie for the title of largest family-owned media company), that's about it for similarities.

For the past generation, the Newhouses' Condé Nast has defined the chattering media class, its excesses, its con-

ceits, its fads, and, arguably, its brilliance; many maintain that this definition of media was the creation of Brown herself (in fact, that Brown defined Condé Nast). As for the Hearst Corporation, if becoming an icon weren't in itself a vulgar media thing to do, the company might be an icon for blandness and facelessness in a glitzy, high-profile world.

"We're a private company. We don't have to talk to the media," insists its spokesperson. "When we do, we only talk to reporters we want

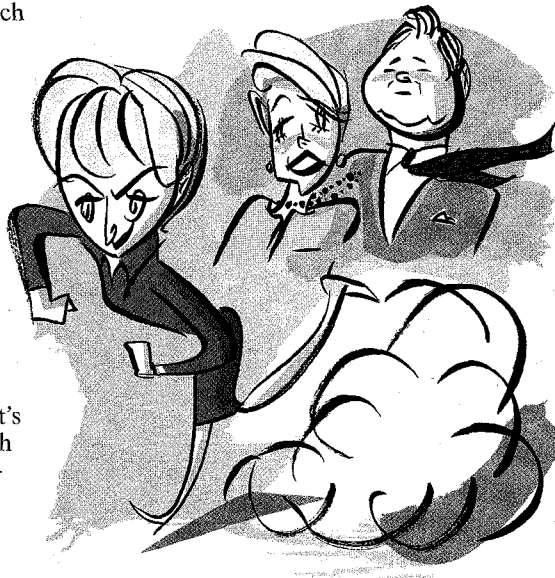
out of Disney and Miramax reported that Harvey Weinstein was stunned by the initial business plan, and Disney chairman Michael Eisner apoplectic. The plan, which Brown and Galotti have variously described as calling for \$50 million or \$60 million, but which many magazine hands surmise will easily run over \$100 million, went into a form of turnaround last winter, with Brown and Galotti denying they were looking for partners as they were seen in apparent negotiations with Hachette Filipacchi's CEO, David Pecker. Hachette's French owners, however,

balked, and in February, Brown announced that the Hearst Corporation, contributing distribution and a range of other unspecified publishing services, would join Disney-Miramax and Galotti-Brown in the deal.

Given Hearst's historic risk aversion (though the company is owned by the Hearst family, it is run by professional managers, who are judged on the basis of the high dividends they return; as they say at Hearst, the company is run not by the family but for the family's benefit), what would be the rationale for taking a gamble on Brown—a woman who has possibly lost more money in the magazine business than any person in history?

The answer, most probably, is that although someone may be taking a big risk, it isn't Hearst.

Brown and Galotti's initial plan called for launching the magazine with a 500,000 circulation (which would have made it, overnight, a major magazine—*The New Yorker's* circulation, for instance, is 800,000), but so far there has been only a modest subscription promotion. This means *Talk* is being launched by the traditional and cautious Hearst method: Don't front-load a magazine's costs with an expensive direct-mail subscription campaign (by a typical formula, it costs \$20 million to gain 100,000 subscribers through direct-mail promotions); instead, "test" the magazine on the newsstand, and see how it does. If it



to talk to. So we're not talking. We're private. Period. What part of 'We don't want to talk' don't you understand?"

The fact that Hearst is behind the most public launch of a magazine in the history of magazines has a certain screwball-comedy quality, if also, possibly, a clear business logic.

HEARST ISN'T WHERE TINA BROWN MEANT *Talk* to end up. *Talk* was conceived and announced last summer as a partnership between the Brown-Galotti team and Miramax, a wholly owned unit of the Disney Company run by the Weinstein brothers, which would fund the start-up. Within a few months, however, leaks and rumors

doesn't do well, if it doesn't make its numbers over the period of the test, Hearst can pull the plug without having committed significant dough. (*Bob Vila's American Home* and *Esquire Gentleman* are magazines that Hearst tested and abandoned; likewise, *Marie Claire* and *SmartMoney* are both magazines Hearst launched with partners, thereby minimizing its overall investment.) The other key aspect of this approach is that Hearst, relatively speaking, controls how well a magazine does at the newsstand. In the "single copy" business, there are only so many "pockets." Every time you see *Talk* on a newsstand or in a supermarket, you won't be seeing something else. Hearst will have to take pockets from its flagship magazines, *Redbook* and *Cosmo* and *Good Housekeeping*, to give to *Talk*. Indeed, in some ways, the main job of launching *Talk* becomes how to get preferential treatment at Hearst.

Within the Newhouse organization, Tina Brown achieved most-favored status because she pleased Si Newhouse, a remote mandarin who seemed to live vicariously through her dominance of the New York media world. The comparable figure at Hearst is Frank Bennack, the CEO and 43-year veteran of the company. But where Newhouse presides over something akin to the court of Louis XIV, Bennack runs an enterprise closer to the feel of U.S. Steel. "He pays the bills," observes a magazine hand, with something like praise. "He loves his numbers," muses a Hearst publisher. Bennack, from Texas and the radio and newspaper businesses, is variously described as someone who will get Tina and as someone who won't get Tina at all (he is said to have gotten *Harper's Bazaar* editor Liz Tilberis, pleased that she could produce buzz without Anna Wintour's cost). What that means, I think, is that if Tina Brown can return good numbers (say, a 70 percent sell-through at the newsstand), he will get Tina; if she can't, he won't.

But it is Cathie Black, the 55-year-old president of Hearst Magazines, who is probably Tina Brown's most important ally or most serious potential antagonist (one camp says that Black wanted the *Talk* deal; another says she was bitterly opposed).

In the seventies, ten years before Brown got the title, Black, cutting a striking figure with her pre-Ralph Lauren preppy look, was what the (male) head of a major magazine company called the "media chick" of the moment (the magazine business was just beginning its transition from a male world to a female one). She was at *Holiday* magazine in its hey-

day, then *Travel & Leisure*, then *Ms.* in its important years, moving in Francis Ford Coppola's entourage during the seventies, then becoming *New York's* publisher, then publisher of *USA Today* in the eighties and president of the Newspaper Association of America in the nineties.

So far in her three years running Hearst Magazines, Black has eased out Ed Kosner at *Esquire* and hired David Granger, but *Esquire's* circulation continues to plummet; she's finessed the retirement of Helen Gurley Brown at *Cosmo* and slid *Marie Claire's* star editor Bonnie Fuller into the position, only to have her quickly poached by Condé Nast and then

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Disney and Miramax have spent millions more.

Now the Hearst Corporation can get the benefit of that investment for relatively little."

to be rebuffed by Newhouse lawyers in an attempt to hire her back. Black, in turn, has raided Condé Nast, where she nabbed former *GQ* publisher Michael Clinton. But it's only now, with the launch of *CosmoGIRL!*, the new Oprah title Hearst recently announced, and most notably *Talk*, that Black gets to have a serious impact on Hearst. In that regard, Tina Brown is the opportunity of a lifetime or some major, major pain in the ass.

It is all a question of emphasis, or return on investment. And something to do with branding, someone undoubtedly has argued at Hearst.

In other words, Si Newhouse has spent hundreds of millions of dollars to create Tina Brown; during the past year, Disney and Miramax have spent numbers of millions more. Now the Hearst Corporation can get the benefit of that investment for relatively little. Instead of being known as the company that killed *Esquire* (applying its bottom-line formula, as *Esquire's* circulation profits failed to measure up to Hearst standards, it cut *Esquire's* page count until it looked like a giveaway magazine next to its fat competitors *Vanity Fair* and *GQ*), it will now be known as the company that publishes Tina Brown. And Tina Brown, as they might say in *Sell-*

ing for Dummies, is an opener. (Oprah is a pretty impressive opener, too.)

The job for Tina, of course, is to get her magazine to turn a profit—or to become "viable"—before Hearst decides that it has gotten the value it's going to get out of her. Similarly, when Hachette launched JFK Jr.'s *George*, the calculation must have been that Hachette was willing to lose \$20 million or \$30 million or \$40 million on the greatest opener of all time rather than on the specific potential of a consumer magazine devoted to politics. Indeed, during the past few months, it seemed that Hachette was trying to decide how much more the greatest opener of all time might be worth, or whether JFK Jr. had opened all the doors he was going to open for them.

Shortly after the announcement of the *Talk* deal, Cathie Black threw a dinner party at her Park Avenue apartment for Tina and her friends—Peter Jennings, Charlie Rose, Steve Rattner, Michael Bloomberg, and Geraldine Laybourne among them. Some of Tina's crowd complained that the party was a dud. "Goofy, not so fabulous, the country mouse comes to the city. And dinner was served way too late," says a Tina-minded editor. But that surely misses the point, which is not, first and foremost, to go all-out to make Tina look good but, for as little as possible, to let Hearst rub elbows with Tina's set and make it look a little better.

In the end, if Tina does well, Hearst will own a meaningful piece of *Talk*; if she doesn't do well, it will be her downfall and, all in all, for Hearst, not that costly a stumble. That's how Hearst must see it, anyway.

BUT TINA, OF COURSE, IS NOT WITHOUT power and resources of her own (not to mention Harvey Weinstein's particular talents). Being an entrepreneur—the unlikely position in which she finds herself—is a new sort of geopolitical spheres-of-influence game. You have to align with a superpower, which will, reliably, act only in its own interests. Still, Tina has always managed to spend enormous sums of other people's money that they no doubt did not originally plan to spend. She is able to accomplish this trick in part because people and companies get a little crazy when the light (even the reflected light) falls on them and, of course, because she always manages to make herself the drop-dead center of attention. Indeed, this column, I notice, is not about Hearst but about Tina once again. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

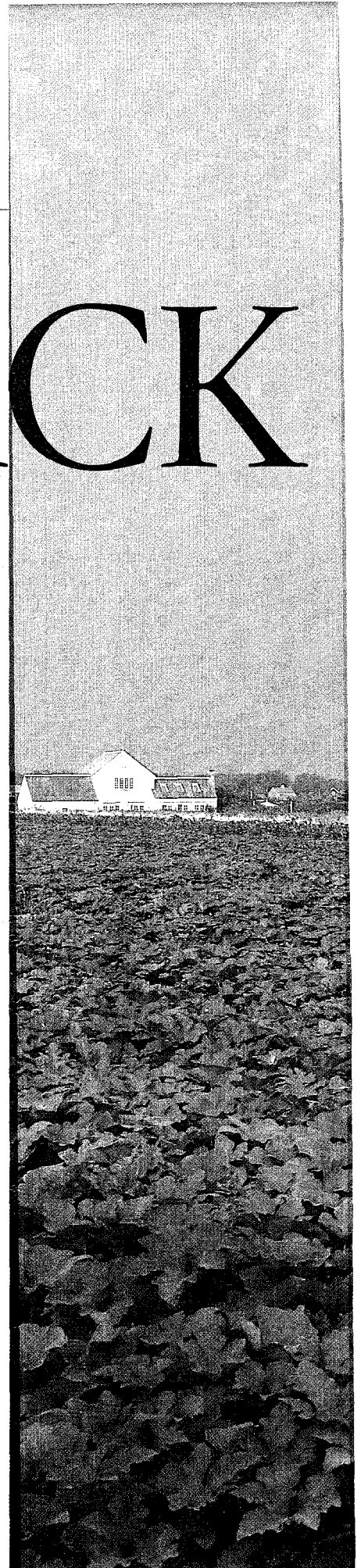
BIG SHACK ATTACK

Boom-enriched Manhattanites want to fulfill their manifest destiny with a giant shingle house in the South Fork—sometimes a scant 100 yards from the chateau next door. With land so scarce, prices are roaring into the eight digits.
By Alex Williams

DDAN SHEDRICK, A GREGARIOUS, DEEPLY SUNTANNED 55-year-old entrepreneur, is standing in the middle of perhaps the last great plot of open buildable land in the Hamptons, a quick Mercedes jaunt from power restaurant Nick & Toni's. It is a remarkable ocean-side patch: 54 sun-drenched, salt-kissed acres of fallow potato fields on East Hampton's swanky Further Lane. Nestled around this precious, leafy acreage are the houses of Billy Joel, Citicorp's Jack Rivkin, and financier Bruce Wasserstein, not to mention *the* renters of the summer, Meg Ryan and Dennis Quaid. • Shedrick, who made his money producing Score baseball cards—is well aware that owning this parcel (in Hamptons-real-estate terms) is like sitting

Edited by Phoebe Eaton

Photographed by Laurie Lambrecht



HAMPIONS '99





Sight gag: Some of the neighbors preferred the 1928 house that was here before Alfred Lerner's newish palazzo.

on a pile of Internet stock options a week before the IPO. Which is why it sounds all the more shocking when he utters the most heartbreaking sentence imaginable to the area's desperate house-hunters: "I want to return it to its original status—farmland." In just a couple of weeks, Shedrick will seed the property with buckwheat and ryegrass. "To me, the Hamptons are really about open space, about the golden light over the fields in

dirt road leading to a bare-timber frame. Speculative building is rampant; indeed, "spec" houses—dwellings built by people who plan to profit off their immediate sale—are cropping up from Montauk to Southampton. Entirely new streets are being unfurled: Casey Lane in Bridgehampton is a cul-de-sac whose entrance is across the street from the Channing Daughters vineyard. Sagg Pond Court is another overnight cul-de-sac with a

out-gable the next guy. So there are these somewhat modest homes with, like, 27 rooflines. I don't get the point of having a house in the country, and then twenty feet away, there's somebody else's goofy-looking house."

But making a statement in the plutocratic Hong Kong Hamptons has become increasingly difficult; all the money in the world can't add one measly square foot to the very finite quantity of land available. It's a situation that leads to no shortage of extreme behavior, from bidding less-than-spectacular properties into the stratosphere to bulldozing modest shingles and wedging gigantic pleasure domes into their places. Says Tom Raffo, a broker in Sotheby's Southampton office and a developer who builds spec houses himself, "This summer, we saw the last wave of building on any open land in the Hamptons."

"FORDUNE," HENRY FORD II'S OLD Southampton estate, which boasts 44 ocean-front acres and a 16,000-square-foot, French-country-style main house, is the current K2 among Hamptons asking prices—on the market for a staggering \$35 million. It is, in price, what Ira Rennert's 29-bedroom dormitory under the

"If you bought something to tear down, people used to say, 'Oh, you must be from California,' " Frank Newbold remembers.

the late afternoon," says Shedrick, who has a house in Bridgehampton and grew up in Sagaponack.

Ryegrass! In this market? It's like telling a Met curator that you plan to buy Van Gogh's *Iris*es and hang it in your daughter's bedroom. But Shedrick's noble gesture stands out precisely because it is such a rebuke to the current frenzied auction-house atmosphere.

In the most prime locations—which means south of the highway in Southampton, Sagaponack, and East Hampton—there is little open land for sale that people can build on. Never before in the Hamptons has so much money chased so little available property. This scarcity is leading to intense pressure on buyers, sellers, and even brokers. In a year of overnight cyber-fortunes and spectacular Wall Street bonuses, people want to announce their arrival in vaguely Pharaohish fashion, by building—or buying—a monument to their own financial acumen.

This summer, seemingly every plot of buildable land has been striped with a

dozen houses that has taken root off Sagg Main Street in Sagaponack.

On Holden Court, a spur off Erica's Lane in Bridgehampton, spec-house builders have created a Levittown for the overclass. The two streets are an enclave featuring nearly a dozen hulking houses cheek by jowl, some of which are on the market for close to \$2 million. "There ought to be crime-scene tape strung across the entrance to Erica's Lane," sniffs sassy Sag Harbor broker Tara Newman.

Jeff Salaway, the owner of Nick & Toni's, who's been tastefully renovating the Atlantic, an aging down-market Shinnecock hotel, decries the suburbanization creeping toward his house in Wainscott. "You've got acres and acres of farmland around there that now have houses on them," Salaway says. "It's futile to wish they weren't there. But I do wish they'd spend a little more time thinking about what they look like. Architects seem to think the more peaks on the roof, the better. Everyone is trying to

stars in Sagaponack will be in size. But even a few rungs down, the prices are simply astonishing.

"Bidding wars are constantly flaring up," says Peter Hallock, president of Allan M. Schneider Associates, a premier Hamptons real-estate company. "Just today, one of my brokers was dealing with a property where two people kept topping each other's previous price. People get frustrated and angry, and as a broker, you don't want to lose *both* clients. So we decided to go to a sealed bid, which you see more and more often. Both parties write down a price, slip it into an envelope, and whoever names the higher price gets the property—end of deal."

One Manhattan public-relations executive says he had hammered out an agreement with an investment banker for a house on a nice wooded patch of Amagansett. The house, he says, was in contract; the price, agreed upon. Then one afternoon, right before the closing, the banker called him to say the deal was off—a much higher bid had just swanned in.

"But we had a deal—I had your word," the P.R. executive protested. "And I'm sure in business, your word means everything."

"Yes, but this isn't business," the banker countered. "This is real estate."

Frank Newbold, senior vice-president of Sotheby's International Realty in East Hampton, says he's never seen the market at this temperature. "This is the year of the eight-digit deal," he says. Newbold doesn't view the market as hypertrophied in the least. "It's funny—or scary—to say, but up until now, the Hamptons have actually been sort of *undervalued*, in a way," he

"For years," Newbold says, "the most expensive house was Calvin Klein's house on West End Road, which had sold for \$5.8 million. Then, when Larry Gagosian bought his house, Toad Hall [on Further Lane in East Hampton], a few years ago, it jumped up to \$8 million," Newbold says.

Among the moon-shot sales figures of this season are Wasserstein, Perella president Fred Seegal's old house on Tyson Lane in East Hampton, which sold this summer for \$15.5 million. Sotheby's has gone to contract on the house on Southampton's Fowler Lane owned by the Blackstone Group's Pete Peterson for close to the asking price of \$15 million. But then, they'd already installed him in his new \$12.5 million place, formerly owned by Austrian financier Robert Osterrieth. The sale set a

swept bluff, is on the market for \$12.5 million. David Silver, who operates Jerry and David's Red Horse Market with Jerry Della Femina, is offering up his waterfront, French-country "barn"—as he has described it—just up the road on Georgica Cove from Kelly Klein for \$8.75 million. On Sagaponack Pond, Richard Ekstract's glassy, ultra-minimalist riff on a country house is an eight-acre whimsy available for \$9.5 million.

"Last year, we thought prices weren't going to go up much further, but this year they're already up over 20 to 25 percent," says Myles Reilly, a well-connected broker at Cook Pony Farm in Bridgehampton. "I'm wishing I still had all last year's inventory. Especially the mid-range—\$850,000 to \$2 million—and especially in Bridgehampton. There are a lot of buyers in that market and very few sellers."

Mind your manors: Clockwise from left, a Wall Streeter just bought this Further Lane nine-bedroom on two acres for \$2.9 million; one of the brand-new chateaux on Casey Lane in Bridgehampton; a house on Sagaponack's infamous Holden Court cul-de-sac with a \$1.75 million price tag (not to mention neighbors *gaïore*).



new record for Rose Hill Road in Water Mill's estate section, shattering the \$8 million record that the sale of Adrienne Vittadini's house set a few years ago—until last week, anyway, when Wall Street financier Jerry Unterberg bought a French-country chateau on eight acres alongside Mecox Bay for above the asking price of \$15 million.

"Prices in the last two or three years for the most prime stuff—and waterfront is the gold standard—have doubled," Newbold says.

Here's what's left: Richard Avedon's Montauk shingle, a sunny but unspectacular four-bedroom squatting on a wind-

Jerry Seinfeld can certainly vouch for that; he's spent the past few months burning the soles of his Nikes in what has become an excruciatingly high-profile house hunt. Massapequa's favorite son made a play for Seegal's oceanfront East Hampton estate, bidding \$14.5 million, and reportedly didn't even receive a polite refusal from Seegal's people. Seegal was apparently already in talks with avant fashion designer Helmut Lang, who upped the stakes by \$1 million and clinched the deal.

Seinfeld met rejection again when he wrote a check for nearly \$20 million to Lee Radziwill Ross for her house on East Hampton's East Dune Lane. Ross returned the check and decided to keep the place after all. The latest word is that Seinfeld

says. "If you go to places like Malibu and Aspen and the major resorts of the United States, prices were always ahead of us. And this year, the Hamptons have caught up with a vengeance."

Indeed, *expensive* is being continually redefined on Long Island's East End.

feld—tired of either the rejection or the publicity—has dispatched his sister Carolyn Liebling to do the scouting for what will reportedly be a summer house for both of them.

"Anytime you bring an offer into a house right now, you're going to be competing with four or five other offers," Reilly says. "There's a two-acre lot I sold on Highland Terrace [in Bridgehampton] for \$640,000 about three years ago. Everybody thought that price was ridiculous. But even though the land isn't on the market at this moment, this summer, I've given him offers for a million dollars. It's in a good location, but it's not even on the beach."

It helps to act quickly. One of the finest properties to screech onto the market this summer was the 6,800-square-foot 1993 contemporary on Quimby Lane in Bridgehampton that belonged to David and Penny McCall. The socially resplendent couple died in a tragic car accident on a relief mission in Kosovo; the house, built on land that was in the McCall family for a century, has water views of both Saggs Pond and the ocean. "It came on the market at \$8.5 million, and the agent was booked *solid* with appointments. The house started being shown on Saturday. And if you didn't make an appointment by the Wednesday before, you weren't going to get one." The house sold at the asking price just before the first ads hit the local paper.

IT'S A GOLDEN AFTERNOON, AND REILLY is creeping down the back roads of Bridgehampton in his aquamarine Land Rover Discovery. The car pulls up beside an empty 40-acre parcel in Bridgehampton owned by an ancient family in these parts, the Toppings. Rows of potato plants stretch out toward the large estates to the south. "They keep their taxes low by putting it in an agricultural reserve temporarily," Reilly says. "It might be ten or fifteen years before they will sell it." Which hardly means the discussion is closed.

"A lot of buyers are very focused—they have to be on a certain street, they have to be on the water. Cold-calling is often the only way to find anything for them," Peter Hallock says. "Some people might be annoyed, but their first question is always 'Well, what do you think it's worth?'"

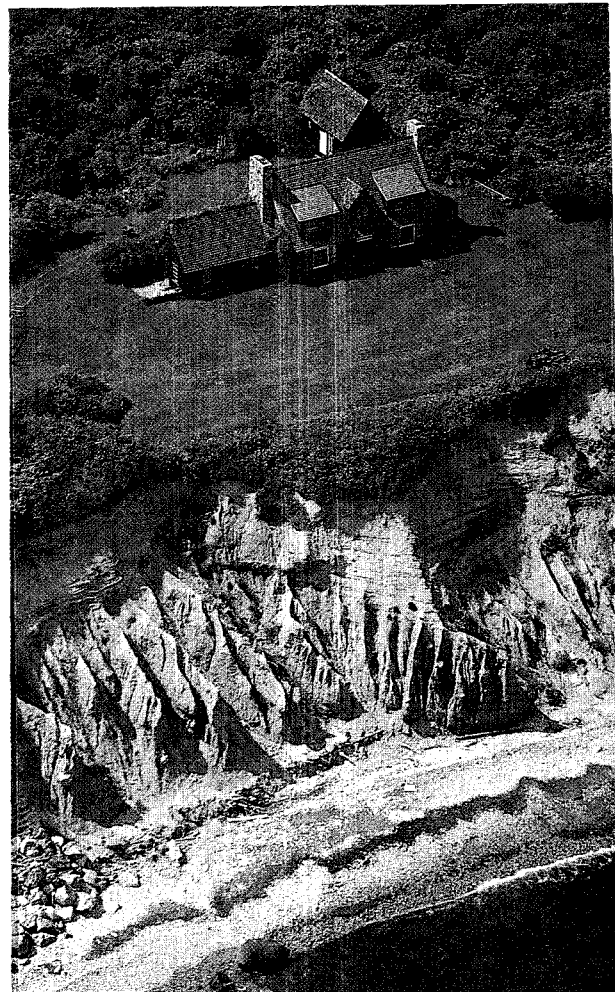
Even last year's pale-faced pachyderms have become this year's bargain. Just last week, Hallock sold a house off Gin Lane in Southampton for \$4 million; the same price fetched no serious interest as recently as last summer. "The house," Hallock says, "just grew into the price."

Land scarcity has led to one of the more defining Hamptons-real-estate trends in recent memory—the teardown. "It used to be, if you bought something to tear down, people would say, 'Oh, you must be from California,'" Frank Newbold says. People who can't find open land to build on are simply buying lots with houses already in place and razing them to build the palaces of their dreams. Deference to scale is rarely a consideration.

The most at-risk houses for this sort of treatment are the gray contemporary-style houses that went up—particularly in Bridgehampton—during the last Wall Street boom in the eighties. "We're selling all these contemporaries for a million dol-

Minutes later, the Range Rover is back on Montauk Highway. It veers off onto ultra-exclusive Georgica Road and stops at the corner of Jericho Lane.

"This is the teardown of the moment," says Reilly, pointing at a small, cottage-style ranch house on 1.6 acres that is—



Cottage industry: Clockwise from above, Richard Avedon's house in Montauk can be yours for a paltry \$12.5 million; Jerry Seinfeld coveted this Tyson Lane address, but Helmut Lang snared it for \$15.5 million; the Osterrieth house set a sales record for Water Mill's Rose Hill Road—\$12.5 million.

"There ought to be crime-scene tape strung across the entrance to Erica's Lane," sniffs Tara Newman.

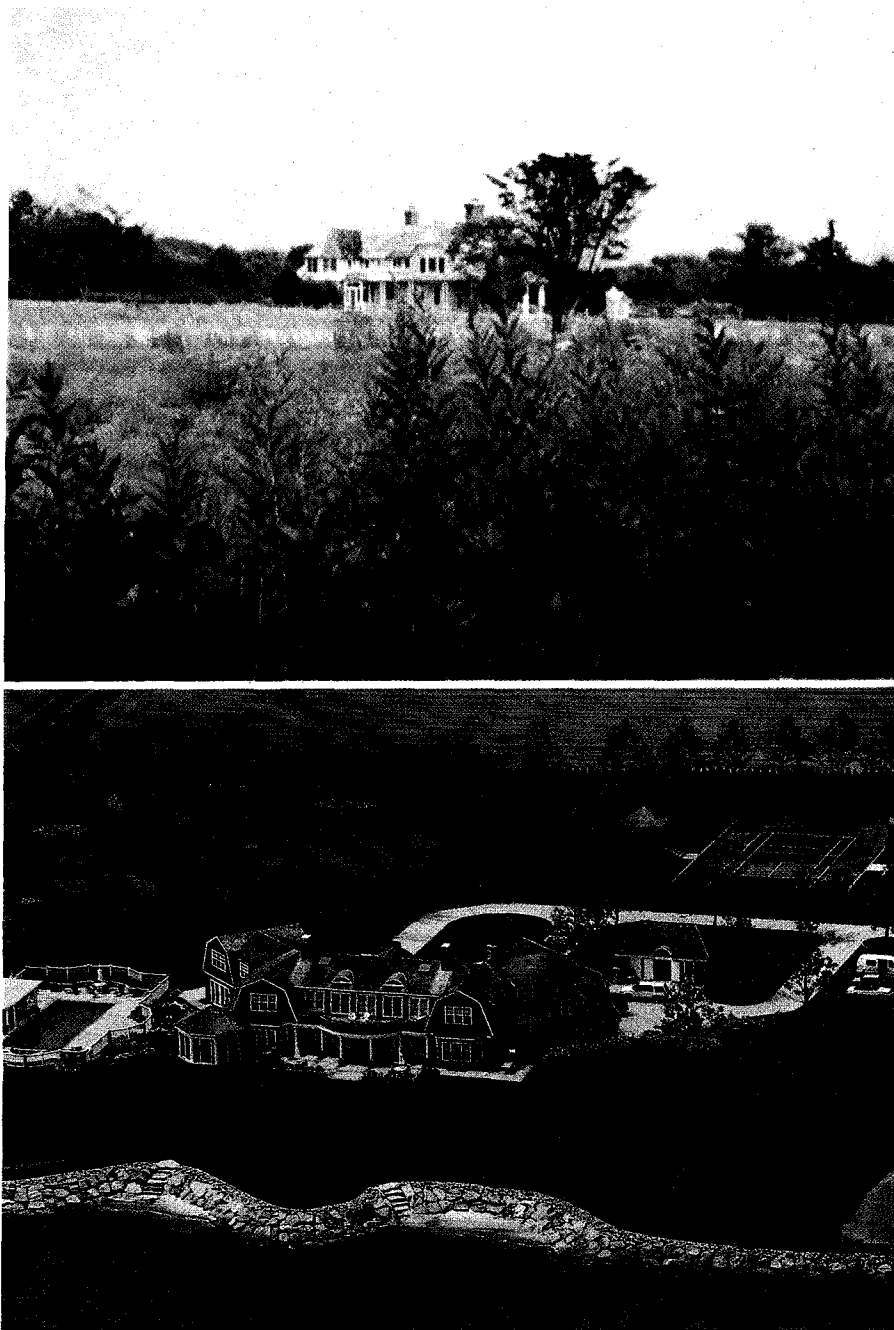
"Oh, they probably get calls from brokers ten times a week, easily," Reilly says. "Me included—I send more letters than I can tell you."

In the classically over-brokered South Fork (there are some twenty real-estate agencies in East Hampton alone), real-estate agents are increasingly spending their seven-day weeks cold-calling strangers who happen to own particularly attractive houses. Reilly estimates that cold-calling accounts for 30 to 40 percent of his business this summer.

lars," says Reilly. "People paint them white, spend the summer there, have their architect design something, and by the next summer, they've got something new." This is how a three-to-four-bedroom house in the 1,800-square-foot range surrenders to a hulking six-bedroom, 5,000-to-6,000-square-foot behemoth. But even Reilly applauds trading in a dreary, dated house for a more interesting postmodernist statement or a more traditional, if hulking, Hamptons shingle with its signature gambrel roof.

or was—the last great opportunity to live on Georgica Road with something less than a champagne budget. The property just sold for \$1.29 million. "There's no land in Georgica right now of this caliber. Great trees. And it's an acre six: that's enough land for a big house, pool, and a tennis court—which would make it a \$4- or \$5 million property right there."

Reilly laughs. "I actually had one client who wanted to move this house to his property to be his pool house."



Developer Tom Raffo admits that this year, he just purchased his first teardown house. The land, three acres in Water Mill with an enviable view of Peconic Bay, is currently home to a seventies contemporary. Raffo is planning to yank the house down in the fall and build a 5,000-square-foot shingle English-country-style house.

Teardown fever knows no social or economic bounds. Even on Southampton's old-money Meadow Lane, CS First Boston's Andy Stone recently bought an Italianate stucco palazzo with both ocean and bay views for nearly \$10 million that he's already moved up from the ocean and is expanding beyond recognition.

Of course, teardowns are meeting with condescension throughout the Hamp-

tons, even if they're slowly being accepted as a way of life, says Tina Fredericks, the real-estate agent best known for selling Ron Perelman the Creeks in 1993. On East Hampton's West End Road—home to Steven Spielberg, Kelly Klein, and Courtney Sale Ross (widow of Time Warner boss Steve Ross)—Alfred Lerner, chairman of the MBNA bank, bought a French Norman house for \$6.8 million that he ripped down right after the deal closed. In its place, there is now a huge, baronial seaside estate with a red-tile roof. "The thing looks like it belongs on the Lido in Venice," says Fredericks. "It betrays a total disinterest in our natural beauty. It's just too much ego and money working in combination."

IN THE MIDST OF THIS MAYHEM, FISSURES in the traditional definition of a Hamptons status property are suddenly visible. It is no longer social suicide to buy north of the Montauk Highway in places such as the Northwest Woods, where Sean "Puffy" Combs bought a modern house last year near Donna Karan's.

"The whole north-south thing is out the window," says Newbold. "It's sort of like those old rules about not drinking red wine with fish."

Myles Reilly says he's selling houses in the Northwest Woods for over a million dollars where there weren't even any houses three years ago: "The land has nearly tripled in price. Even in the Springs, where it's more of a local area, they're selling their houses for the threes and fours. And I never thought I'd be saying that."

The only wide swaths of prime land available are off the well-trampled path. In Montauk, there are 100 acres of prime oceanfront property with a \$17.5 million price tag. It's beautiful, but regrettably, it's in Montauk. And for the Hamptons powers-that-would-be, Montauk is a scary journey from social hubs like Loaves and Fishes, Sagaponack's Ron Perelman-priced market.

Until very recently, prices in Noyac—Sag Harbor's woodsy if down-market neighbor on Noyac Bay—were cooled by a Siberian breeze, relatively speaking. Steve Kroft, of *60 Minutes*, and his journalist wife, Jenet Conant, did their best to warm it up for the A-list by buying a house there last year; others will doubtless follow. Sotheby's is currently offering a lovely wooded 315-acre parcel called Bayberry in Noyac via a sealed-bid auction. "Three weeks before bidding will close, we've already got several bids above the \$35 million asking price," Newbold says cheerily.

Noyac isn't the only emerging market in the Hamptons. "North Haven is getting more popular now that we have a vaccination for Lyme disease," says Sag Harbor broker Tara Newman of the style-challenged island north of Sag Harbor. "I think people started to decide that even a Lyme-disease scare would be better than having a neighbor build a 29-bedroom house next door."

North Haven, many blips off the social radar only five years ago, is suddenly a veritable Georgica Road for the artsier, non-Maidstone set. Celebrity painter Eric Fischl, fashion designer Nicole Miller, and even seafaring zinc-oxidized songster Jimmy Buffett live there. Sony Music chief Tommy Mottola has his spread right at the Sag Harbor Bridge, which reportedly attracted Rosie O'Donnell's attention at \$8.95 million but is now said to be off the market because Mottola decided he wanted to summer there.

"I had a show down in West Palm Beach about four years ago and was complaining to Jimmy Buffett's wife, Jane, that I was getting priced out of the Hamptons," says gregarious painter Dan Rizzie, who had been looking at Amagansett at the time. "Well, Rizzie, why don't you stop your complainin' and come on down to North Haven," Janie said." They had bought there a year before. Rizzie jumped at a sixties ranch house there and is not sorry he did.

"If you're worried about not having 'an Address,'" says Rizzie, "just wait a couple of years, and you'll have one."

Even Sag Harbor next door—with its gingerbread houses sardined together along picket-fence-lined streets—is experiencing house-price inflation.

"I've got a friend in [Sag Harbor] Village who just paid over \$500,000 for one of those little houses that I think was built by Sears and Roebuck back in the twenties, where you just ordered it from the catalogue and they constructed it for you," Rizzie says.

"Sag Harbor is the new SoHo," says Hamptons writer Steven Gaines. "They have the best restaurants, the artsy people, the galleries."

Tara Newman, whose husband, Ted Conklin, owns one of Sag Harbor's hipper hangouts, the American Hotel, laughs a bit at the comparison. "I would say Sag Harbor is more like the meatpacking district," Newman says lightly. "Not everyone is confident enough to live in the meatpacking district. We have galleries but not Wally Findlay. We don't have Cartier, like East Hampton—where I still remember a store on Main Street called Pets Painted With Love. That's the Ralph Lauren boutique now! In Sag Harbor, up until a few years ago, the IGA supermarket didn't even sell Woolite and all they had was iceberg lettuce."

"There's a whole new class of people moving to Sag Harbor," Newman says. "All these way-south-of-the-highway people are here: [Philip Morris scion] Lewis Cullman and his wife, Dorothy, moved here within the last three years; [Metropolitan Museum vice-president] Ashton Hawkins is here; [art dealer] Barbara Gladstone bought this incredible historical house and restored it—she did a remarkable job. These are people who could live anywhere in the world."

The Cullmans bought two small build-

ings on two adjacent lots once owned by P.R.-crisis guru John Scanlon; a former train station is the guest house. This past year, they added a third lot (and main house) right next door for around \$650,000, which is still a healthy price for Sag Harbor; the whole place together cost almost \$2 million. "The lesson is very 1999: If you can't buy an estate, buy two smaller lots together," says Newman. "It's like building your own Kennedy compound."

"There is a new reverse chic taking hold," Frank Newbold says. "Marshall Cogan just sold his house on Lake Agawam and moved to Sag Harbor. Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger are living in Amagansett. Pete Peterson just moved from Southampton Village to Water Mill. *He moved from the ocean to the bay.* This was unthinkable just a few years ago. It's saying, 'I'm so secure, I can do what I want.'"

Of course, the sudden increase in wattage now being observed in formerly second-tier Hamptons quadrants doesn't make everyone north of the highway feel quite so smug. Says Rizzie, with an audible shudder, "I just dread the day I finally see one of those Hollywood stands by the side of the road selling maps to the stars' homes." ■

MEANWHILE, NEXT DOOR TO, THE RENNERTS...

When Mr. and Mrs. M. first heard that one of the largest houses in America was going up across the street from their tiny cottage in Sagaponack, they did the precise opposite of every other nearby neighbor: They relaxed. "He bought the land. It's 63 acres, and I guess he can put a house on it any size he wants to," says Mrs. M., casually adding—as only a native daughter would—"as long as he's in zoning parameters."

Them's not exactly fightin' words. But then, the M.'s, a recently retired couple from Pennsylvania who'd rather not see their names in print, have long gotten over any beachfront shell shock. For the past 30 years, they have summered in the same one-room getaway, a minuscule cottage whose size compares unfavorably with that of a cozy East Village studio. Mrs. M. inherited the property—Brink's Corner, as it's known—from her father. Catty-corner to the cottage is Fair Field, the future site of Ira Rennert's 29-bedroom, 39-bathroom monster.

To her, it's just another episode in the ongoing abduction of the East End's agricultural heritage. "My feeling is that if people are upset, they should have come up with the money and bought the land themselves," Mrs. M. says. "The horse is out of the barn. Now you're going to close the barn door? I mean, come on."

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. M. would prefer to see only corn and potatoes

sprouting at Fair Field—the way they did in Stephen King's 1994 TV mini-series *The Stand*, where the property was featured as an idyllic backdrop in a world gone wrong after a man-made plague.

Mrs. M.'s brother, Cliff, has farmed Fair Field and the rural vista directly across the street from it for 25 years. He says he fears Rennert may decide to terminate his lease on the across-the-street patch at the end of 1999, but other than that, he can't be bothered discussing the man *Vanity Fair* labeled "the biggest private polluter in America." "Listen," Cliff says when I finally get him on the phone. "I gotta go do the irrigation. I don't fart around like the rest of the world."

Mrs. M. remains remarkably good-natured about her proximity to the day-to-day irritations of earth movers and trucks hauling equipment. I ask about the noise. "Can't say it's horrendous." The dirt? "It blows into the house, but, you know, we just clean a lot." The increasing scarcity of fresh farm air? "Well, we can go down to the beach for that." Even so, Mr. and Mrs. M. have managed to extend—if ever so politely—the proverbial middle finger at the pretensions of their new neighbor. A sign

has been posted near the back door of their cottage proclaiming it as a service entrance.

As yet, the M.'s have had zero contact with the ultra-secretive Rennert, just a stream of calls from local real-estate agents repping buyers interested in their multi-million-dollar property with its \$25-million view. Not once have they indicated that one of those buyers might be Rennert, but then, Mrs. M. has never felt inclined to ask. So, when Rennert finally moves in to his compound, will Mrs. M. pop over with a baked ham? "Oh, heavens, no," she chuckles. "I don't think we'd get past the guard house."

MARK JOLLY

Eyes wide shut: The folks who live in this tiny cottage next to Fair Field have no quarrel with its owner.



Photographed by Laurie Lambrecht.



HIP-HOP GO THE HAMPTONS

Where does a young man from the projects go when his album hits multi-platinum? The Hamptons, of course (by helicopter). Jay-Z talks about life with his new friends. By Nancy Jo Sales

In the Ferrari and Jaguar switching four lanes, with the top down, screaming out, 'Money ain't a thang.'

—Jay-Z, "Money Ain't a Thang"

JAY-Z, THE RAPPER WHO LAST YEAR TURNED the theme from *Annie* ("It's a Hard Knock Life") into a ghetto anthem, is leaning back in a barber chair at Milk Studios, talking on his Motorola cell phone: "Yo, you havin' too much fun out there!" He laughs, a great guffaw at odds with his usual demeanor, which is famously subdued, watchful, penetrating,

in keeping with the slick poet he is and successful drug dealer he once was. Today, before a photo shoot for his Roc-A-Fella Records, Jay-Z—lanky, six feet four, and looking beach-ready in khaki shorts, a muscle-T, and luminescent white sneakers—seems relaxed, almost peaceful. Lately, he's been vacationing out in the Hamptons. "I never drive, I take a helicopter," he says. "Everybody says it's murder driving—and you ain't got to tell me twice."

In case you've been concentrating on your Jewel collection, Jay-Z is the top-

selling rapper in the country, considered one of the most lyrically gifted, and the man who made "Can I get a fuck-you?" a handy phrase. This year, with the album *Vol. 2... Hard Knock Life*, he went from hard-core-rap respectability to international superstardom, including an as-told-to account of his life in *Teen People*. ("I was in the fifth grade the first time I saw someone get shot. . . . To see something like that at 11 years old is crazy!")

The record was No. 1 on the *Billboard* charts for five weeks straight (a first for

Photograph by Jonathan Mannion

rap), went platinum five times, and earned Jay-Z his first Grammy (although he boycotted the ceremony in L.A. to protest the Grammy oversight of fellow rapper DMX). Jay-Z's had a busy year; he went on a 56-city tour, made four videos, appeared on eight magazine covers. So when the heat wave hit, it seemed time to chill; and where else for an up-and-coming young man with money to go—when “money ain’t a thang”—but the Hamptons?

“I mean, the Hamptons is cool,” says Jay-Z, in his curiously high, thick, melodic voice (when he raps, it booms). “It’s very serene, a change of pace, a kind of getaway, you know what I’m saying? But everything is so hard to *find* out there. The first house we rented”—in East Hampton, in June—“was behind these trees, and we’d been playing softball with Russell [Simmons] and Andre [Harrell] and all them over in Wainscott, and I had to get back to the house at six to meet the masseuse; well, we was only fifteen minutes away, but we were rolling back and forth past that house for *one hour*.” The masseuse waited.

When Jay-Z—a.k.a. Jigga, Iceberg Slim, and J-Hovah, and born Shawn Carter, in Brooklyn—decided he wanted to make the Hamptons scene, for the first time, “for real,” Island Def Jam co-president Lyor Cohen offered him and partner Damon Dash guidance through the potentially embarrassing pitfalls of late-summer rental. “Lyor was showing us step-by-step where to go; he got us a Realtor [Bettie Wysor, at Dunemere Associates],” says Dash, CEO of Roc-A-Fella Records. “He wanted to be sure our location was right—we could go in blind and get a house just anywhere and be thinking we’re rolling, when we’re not even in the right part of town.”

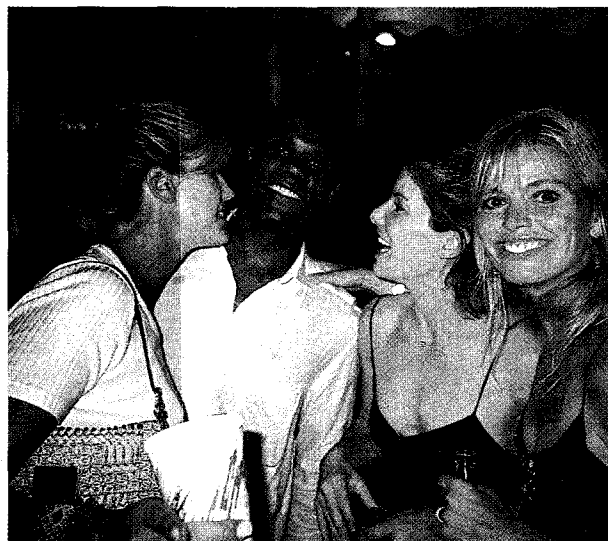
And this was Jay-Z, so it couldn’t be just any house; he had a reputation to consider. “Jigga”—more than Puffy, more than Will “Gettin’ Jiggy Wit It” Smith—is the rapper most associated with the sublime state of jiggy. His lyrics tell the story of a defiantly ambitious entrepreneur who likes his champagne and cars expensive, his women beautiful, and his freedom unfettered—which doesn’t sound too far off from some of the high-rollers laying down \$48 a pound for lobster salad at Loaves and Fishes in Sagaponack these days. “My plot is, stick up the world and split it, 50-50—uh-huh—is take the dough and stay real jiggy,” Jay-Z raps.

“If he says ‘Drive a 4.6 [Range Rover],’ people change their cars,” says Dash. “If he says ‘Rock platinum jewelry,’ people rock platinum.”

“It’s a Masterpiece Rolex,” says Jay-Z demurely, allowing an inspection of the diamond-studded watch twinkling on his wrist. “I was, like, the first one in the country with it. I try to stay on top of things. It’s a little hobby, know what I’m saying? I read the *Robb Report*, the *duPont Registry*, things like that. I tend not toward expensive—more toward *exclusive*.”

Goose Creek, the Wainscott mansion Dash and Jay-Z settled on for a two-weekend rental in July, isn’t exactly the Maidstone Club—“It’s the Hilton of the Hamptons,” sniffs one society *macher*—but it is . . . big. “I walked in and said, ‘Damn, this’ll be fun for a few weeks,’” says Dash. “I felt like a little kid in a big haunted house in there,” says Jay-Z, laughing.

The \$20 million, 30,000-square-foot, Italianate stucco house sits on eight-and-a-half acres of land and is equipped with an indoor-outdoor pool, tennis courts, a spa, a 120-seat screening room, and a canoe and rowboat to tool around Georgica Pond (which is shared by Steven Spielberg, among other players). Former renters include Madonna, Warren Beatty, and Kevin



In his \$20 million, 30,000-square-foot mansion on Georgica Pond, “I felt like a little kid in a big haunted house.”

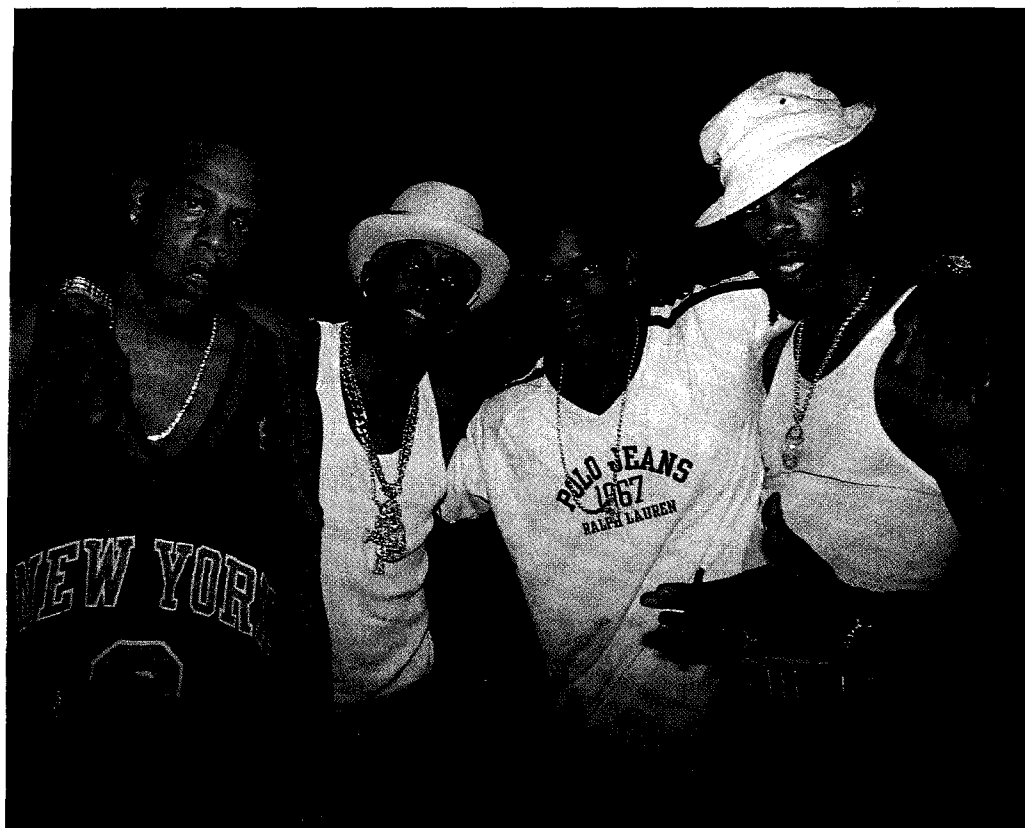
Costner (when *he* was hot). Meg Ryan and Ed Burns were neighbors this summer, and Sandra Bullock was next door in the estate’s smaller farmhouse, known as Main Street.

Another renter actually had dibs on the cottage before Bullock, says Bob Felner, who co-owns Goose Creek with film and fashion impresario Bryan Bantry, but the client backed out upon hearing of the arrival of a rap brigade—“for reasons I would not like to characterize,” Felner says with pronounced delicacy. “We always just thought it would be a lot of fun to have [Jay-Z and his people] in the house”—so to speak. “Like any newly successful entertainer, of course he wants to be in the Hamptons; I think it’s sweet that they all want to be here.”

It was no doubt equally sweet to receive Jay-Z and Dash’s \$30,000-a-week rent check—a widely reported figure which Felner calls inaccurate, although

he admits the rental’s “a lot.” So much that some of Jay-Z and Dash’s friends, Simmons and Cohen included, complained that they thought the Roc-A-Fella crew was being taken. “They all said they were overpaying,” says Felner, sounding a bit miffed, “but Russell was here every day and so was Puffy. This is a bigger house than Puffy’s—and in a better neighborhood.” (Puffy lives near Donna Karan in a Charles Gwathmey steel-and-chrome monolith in East Hampton.)

It was Puffy who represented hip-hop in the Hamptons last year—his July 4 barbecue attracted Mike Tyson and featured a Mister Softee truck—but this summer, Puffy was lying low (his album is about to drop, and he may not have wanted an occasion to remind everyone that three months earlier, he was arrested for allegedly attacking Interscope Records executive Steve Stoute with a telephone and a champagne bottle).



Beach scene: Top left, Adrien Brody and friend; bottom left, Marcy Warren, John Mosley, Sandra Bullock, and Jennifer Ottimo; right, Jay-Z, Puff Daddy, Tyson Beckford, and Busta Rhymes, at Jay-Z's Fourth of July party at Goose Creek.

on Georgica
house," says Jay-Z.

This summer, the more stylistically hard-core but lawsuit-free Jay-Z has been the member of the hip-hoperati to cause a stir; it was his Fourth of July party—more than fêtes thrown by Jerry Della Femina, Allen Grubman, Claudia Cohen, or even a breast-baring Carmen Electra—that headed the gossip columns the next day. Mitchell Fink at the *Daily News* announced with a swoon that it was "Jay-Z's coming-out party." "Oh, my God, the whole weekend was the biggest nightmare of my life," says Katie MacIntosh, a publicist with Lizzie Grubman Public Relations, which represents the rapper. "It was a great party—but oh . . . my . . . God."

Apparently, Jay-Z's Independence Day soiree, held on Sunday night, was a somewhat last-minute affair. "It went from a small, intimate barbecue," says MacIntosh, to a full-scale event, with a \$10,000 tent rental, dance floor, D.J. (the beautiful Mark Ronson, of course; like the

Hamptons, hip-hop has its own *rigueur*), catering (by East Hampton's Brent New-some), and—depending on who you talk to—between 300 and 800 guests. "I told those girls [at Lizzie Grubman] it wasn't going to be 125 people," says Felner. "Jay-Z's going to have a party on July 4 weekend in the Hamptons with 125 people?" He snorts.

The 300 or 800 people who arrived wanted to get into the house so badly, some bypassed security and tore the handles off the outside doors, "all the way around," says Felner with a cluck. But other than that, no permanent damage occurred. "We know people are expecting us to cut up and bug out," says Dash, "but we got no wilder than anyone else. There's an expectation that we're gonna come in there and fuck shit up, but nothing bad happened. It was a big time, it was ill."

Jay-Z, who wore a No. 2 Knicks Jersey (Larry Johnson's number, the rapper's choice only after Sprewell's sold out), greeted guests in an informal receiving line, "almost like a wedding," one guest says. With Ivana Trump and Sandra Bullock mixing and mingling with Puff Daddy, Q-Tip, and Nas, it was the powerfully eclectic type of crowd associated with hip-hop celebrations ever since Puffy's Cipriani Wall Street birthday bash last November (a milestone event that attracted characters as diverse as Donald Trump and Lil' Kim). "Lil' Kim was there," at Jay-Z's party, "in a blonde wig," says another

guest. "But no one was talking to her because they were all white and no one knew who she was."

There are, of course, going to be those in the lilywhite Hamptons who continue to look upon the encampment of the hip-hop community as proof of the approach of the apocalypse. "People were heartbroken when Jews took over; they have no idea what's going to happen out here with this," says one Island dweller. "These rap stars are part of the new Hamptons-as-circus," another goose-steppin' Hamptonite says. "These people are going to be bored here. This isn't the South of France, you know, there aren't girls with leopard-skin bikinis and chains on the beach"—yet.

But as for Jay-Z, he chooses to focus on the positive, even the beautiful. "It was beautiful," he says of his party. "We had a very nice

gathering. We've all come a long way." Dash characterizes the guest list as "peers, but in different games. A lot of rich people are intrigued by the lifestyle of hip-hop, and vice versa," he adds. "If I hear someone's jetting around on a private jet, I want to experience that. I've seen someone get his brains blasted out."

"It was cool to see Ivana Trump at the same table with Busta Rhymes," says Jay-Z. "They were exchanging pleasantries. I don't know if Ivana is a hip-hop fan. You gotta ask Ivana about that."

As the guests nibbled on an equally diverse menu—fresh-shucked oysters, filet mignon, shrimp, and hamburgers (meanwhile, a guest at Puffy's barbecue complained that the high-roller served *only* burgers this year)—and drank Roc-A-Tinis, specially crafted martinis à la Roc-A-Fella, with blueberries and curaçao, Jay-Z says he sat back, looked around and enjoyed the view. And how did it feel to see himself, a kid from Marcy Projects, becoming a Hamptons socialite overnight?

"That's hilarious to me," he says.

But he had other things on his mind besides feeding these people meatballs. "Meeting new people is very important—that's how you network," he says. "Maybe I can help you in my field; maybe you can help me in your field. And relationships is way more important than money, because if you got relationships, you can always get money. You can progress." (continued on page 69)

BLUE-COLLAR BONANZA

If you can wield a hammer, or a shovel, or a wrench, or a vacuum, or carry a tray of drinks, you can get rich working for the summer people in the new Hamptons gold rush—one plumber has his own private plane. By Ethan Smith

I

LAVA-DENSE AND GLACIER-SLOW, THE JAM begins just past the Shinnecock Canal—where Route 27 bottlenecks down from four lanes to two—and extends east all the way to Amagansett. Typical Friday-afternoon traffic on the Montauk Highway—except that it's 7 A.M. on a Tuesday, and the blacktop is teeming with wide-payload pickups and heavy construction equipment, not Lexus SUVs and Mercedes convertibles.

This is the other side of the Hamptons building boom: Wall Street zillionaires and media moguls with expensive tastes and bottomless bank accounts are ordering up houses and pools and golf-course-quality lawns and garden parties for 100. In the frenzy, the locals—carpenters, contractors, gardeners, housekeepers, cooks, and plumbers—are quietly managing to get a lot richer. Making a buck off the swell set has always been a diverting sideline for the permanent people, and these days, the money's practically growing on every hydrangea bush on the South Fork. All it takes to get it is a summer of sweltering, 70-hour work weeks while the vacationers lounge poolside—writing enormous checks.

"I had to take the Jitney, and my contractor was running around in a BMW," recalls up-and-coming British decorator Maxine Harrison, who completed her first Hamptons job this spring. "When I was ready to go back to the city, he would

drop me off at the Omni. That always made me laugh."

"I don't think a client wants to hear about how well his builder is doing," says builder Ben Krupinski, whose résumé includes construction and renovation for Martha Stewart and Jerry Della Femina (also Krupinski's partner in a number of commercial properties). But clients often figure it out for themselves while jetting to East Hampton aboard Krupinski's private Dassault Falcon 10 for a site inspection. On the ground, Krupinski drives to the sites of the eight jobs his crews are working on—three of them new constructions encompassing more than 20,000 square feet—in that unflashy but respectable standby the Chevy Suburban.

No wonder the help is cashing in: New arrivals in the Hamptons—whether they're building, rebuilding, or merely remodeling—are used to being pampered by doormen and supers and are in the market for some high-priced hand-holding. "These people grew up in Fifth Avenue apartments, not suburban split-levels," snickers one Southampton businessman. "So they don't know what to do when the toilet backs up." "I live in a co-op in New York," concedes novelist Rona Jaffe. "When the water goes out, it's the super's problem." At Jaffe's three-bedroom Sagaponack farmhouse, such hassles are hers alone—and tough to resolve if the local plumber is putting in twelve-

Illustration by Ingo Fast



hour days hanging pipe in the shingle castle under construction down the road.

Jaffe's most enlightening experience was actually the result of a mundane mosquito invasion. "My screens had holes in them," she recalls. "And no one would fix them. One place I called said they were busy for the whole summer, and that when they could get to it, they'd have to replace the storm windows and the screens. Then I got the local guy who cuts my lawn to take the screens in and say they were his. They fixed them in two hours." The bill, says Jaffe, came to \$36—instead of the \$2,500 estimate she'd been given over the phone. "They hate us," she moans, half joking. "They hate the summer people."

Ninety-eight percent discounts for locals may not be the rule, but Jaffe's frustration with tradespeople is common. "They don't have any sense of moral obligation," fumes Bridgehampton homeowner and freelance P.R. rep Roberta Wolf. "I wish I could portray the aggravation of waiting. And then when they finally do come, you're so grateful, you'd do anything for them. I'd give them my

keeping some workers on the job six days a week even during the traditionally slow midsummer months—and paying them overtime. "Normally, I'd like the guys to take weekends off in the summer and rest up for a big fall planting season," says Conley. "But that isn't happening this year." On this particular Friday, for instance, Conley hasn't got long to talk, because a contractor needs an immaculate sod lawn in place before the client arrives for the weekend. The pace may be hectic for the workers, but it also means Charlie Marder, who grew up in Springs, now presides over a multi-million-dollar nursery whose eighteen acres brim with \$30,000 beeches and Japanese maples; in the past year alone, his business has grown 45 percent.

After buying a white-columned "plantation house" that contractor Jeffrey Collé had built on spec in Sagaponack, Helen Lee Schifter wanted to move an electrical outlet to the kitchen's center island. "The electrician [who'd originally wired the house] said, 'Oh, no, we can't do that,'" Schifter recalls. "Then my phone person from New York City told me it should be

do my pool deck," says Pamela Gross, executive vice-president of LuxuryFinder.com. "It actually cost less than the bid that came in from a local company."

In some fields, at least, the Bonackers are beating the Manhattanites at their own game. When Mark Casaburi founded At Your Service ten years ago, his Sayville location gave him a leg up on Manhattan caterers. "They were charging for travel time, van rental, all kinds of stuff," remembers Casaburi. "If there was traffic, sometimes they'd completely miss the party. And there was no other catering company out here." This May—facing local traffic snarls that rival those on the L.I.E. and soaring demand—Casaburi opened an East Hampton branch office. On a typical Saturday, Casaburi has 300 of his \$25-an-hour waiters, bartenders, and cooks working private parties, fundraisers—even, last summer, Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger's reception for President Clinton at the couple's Amagansett estate. The last, though, wasn't At Your Service's most unusual assignment: "We sent two people out to a party last weekend just to start the fire in a grill,"

"When they finally do come, you're so grateful, you'd do anything for them," says one homeowner. "I'd give them my husband, my mink coat—anything."

husband, my mink coat—anything."

It's not as though the laborers are slacking off, though—they've just got their hands full with projects of outlandish proportions. "The houses are getting bigger," says East Hampton builder Pat Trunzo. "On the average, they're 8,000 to 10,000 square feet; we're just finishing one that's over 18,000."

Work on such a scale, of course, requires vast overhead. "Our labor costs are higher than almost anyplace else in the country," admits Bridgehampton-based architect Preston Phillips. "Only Greenwich and Beverly Hills are more." Combine going rates such as \$30 to \$45 an hour per carpenter with forced-march building schedules, and things get pricey fast.

The growing popularity of high-end spec houses is also affecting the pace (and price) of labor: With a new property's purchase-to-occupancy time dwindling from two to three years to the same number of days, clients want all the trimmings pronto. And they will pay through the nose for immediate gratification. "There's a lot of instant landscapes now," says James Conley, the production manager at Marder's nursery. "And we like to respect deadlines—whether they're realistic or not." For Marder's, that means

a simple job." Out here, she says, "they just don't want to bother."

That wasn't the end of Schifter's subcontractor blues: "Most of the paint flaked off the west wall of our servants' quarters," she sighs. "We waited two and a half months before it got repainted. Let's face it: It's embarrassing when your friends come over to look at your beautiful new house and ask where the paint is on a whole wall."

"The subcontractors are all over the place with so many jobs," says one Quogue homeowner. "You practically have to have a shotgun to keep them on the job." An anti-aircraft gun might be more helpful: Like Krupinski, Robert Okunewicz, of Southampton's Okey Plumbing & Heating, has also made enough money to buy a private plane.

"It's hard enough to build something in the best conditions," says Jeff Salaway, a partner in Nick & Toni's who is in the process of transforming three unassuming Southampton motels into \$300-a-night luxury digs. "You need to find someone who won't do a less-good job just because they could find six other jobs the next day. Everybody's busy, so you have to go further [up-island] to find crews."

"I brought someone in from the city to

Casaburi says, sounding genuinely puzzled. "That's the atmosphere out here—people just want service. It is a little bizarre."

When he opened his East Hampton office, Casaburi expanded into the long-term-help business. Since May, he's placed 40 cooks, butlers, and maids with clients willing to shell out up to \$70,000 for a chef and \$35,000 for a housekeeper—plus room and board, benefits, and vacation pay—who will follow them among homes in East Hampton, Greenwich, Palm Beach, and Manhattan. "Those salaries are a good 10 percent higher this year than last year," says Richard Freilich, who oversees At Your Service's "permanent placements." "The labor market is just so tight."

And *Hamptons Survival Guide* publisher Phil Keith warns those who do stick with local labor not to try to strong-arm the help. "These guys have an incredible network," he says. "They talk to each other. And they know who to stay away from—the screamers and the shouters and the ones who want things done yesterday."

In other words, it's a seller's market. And pretty soon, your plumber may have his own IPO.

People come to the Hamptons to do nothing. These days, they seem to do nothing but wait. By Shyama Patel

has found its household help highly useful for insulating it from such mundane concerns. ("Lines? Do you mean clothing?" asks one socialite who must have unusually tall hedges.) But this season, there's a funny strain of democracy in the air east of the Shinnecock Canal: The crowds are so insane that even those who used to be above the fray are feeling cramped. The pace in the Hamptons is more leisurely than ever—and not in a good way.

Short of investing in your own Sikorsky helicopter, there's no easy way to reach the South Fork. Two days after **Sound Aircraft** released its seaplane

Yes, we've reached that moment in the summer when anticipation of what's new and what's hot in the Hamptons has given way to communal griping about crowds, traffic—and now the waiting list. In the past, the cream of East End society

schedule in April, almost every seat on every summer Friday flight to East Hampton was sold out. Attacking the Hamptons by sea can be equally frustrating: You certainly won't touch land at the **Sag Harbor Yacht Club**—most moorings were booked by early spring, and there's a ten-boat waiting list every weekend. Even catching a ride on the lowly **Hampton Jitney** requires some foresight: Commoners who want to leave on a Friday evening before 8 P.M. must call early that morning—at the latest—if they want a seat on an evening bus.

And don't expect to end your public-transportation headaches by buying a sparkling new silver-blue **Mercedes CLK Cabriolet** convertible on the East End. Fork over the money and Southampton's Country Imports Mercedes-Benz will attempt to get you one a full year from today. You won't be able to slither behind the wheel of a **Saab 9-3** convertible before Labor Day or a **Porsche Boxster** before Thanksgiving, either, says a sales manager at nearby Storms Motors. "Everything we have coming in is sold before it gets here," he explains.

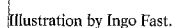
You'll likely have to wait even if you travel under your own power, at least if you want to do it in high Hamptons style. The bike du jour, a **Litespeed** titanium mountain bike that costs \$4,000, is already on back order at BikeHampton. "We're having trouble finding certain sizes," admits the manager.

Looking for a charming country-style hotel room with an antique four-poster bed, Egyptian-cotton sheets, and a claw-foot bathtub? It's still possible—if you're booking for *next* summer. "Try somewhere bigger. It won't be as nice, but . . ." suggests the manager of Southampton's **1708 House**, who adds that Labor Day weekend 2000 is already booked. You might still find a spare bed at the **American Hotel** and the **Maidstone Arms** for next Labor Day weekend if you act fast. But not this summer—both sold out their summer weekend rooms in the spring.

The swankiest restaurants in the area tend not to take reservations more than two weeks in advance.

But keep one eye trained on the cal-

endar if you want to eat between 7 and 10 P.M. at Bridgehampton's **95 School Street** or East Hampton's **Della Femina's** or **Nick & Toni's**. At Nick & Toni's, would-be diners know to call for Saturday-night reservations as soon as phone *(continued on page 83)*



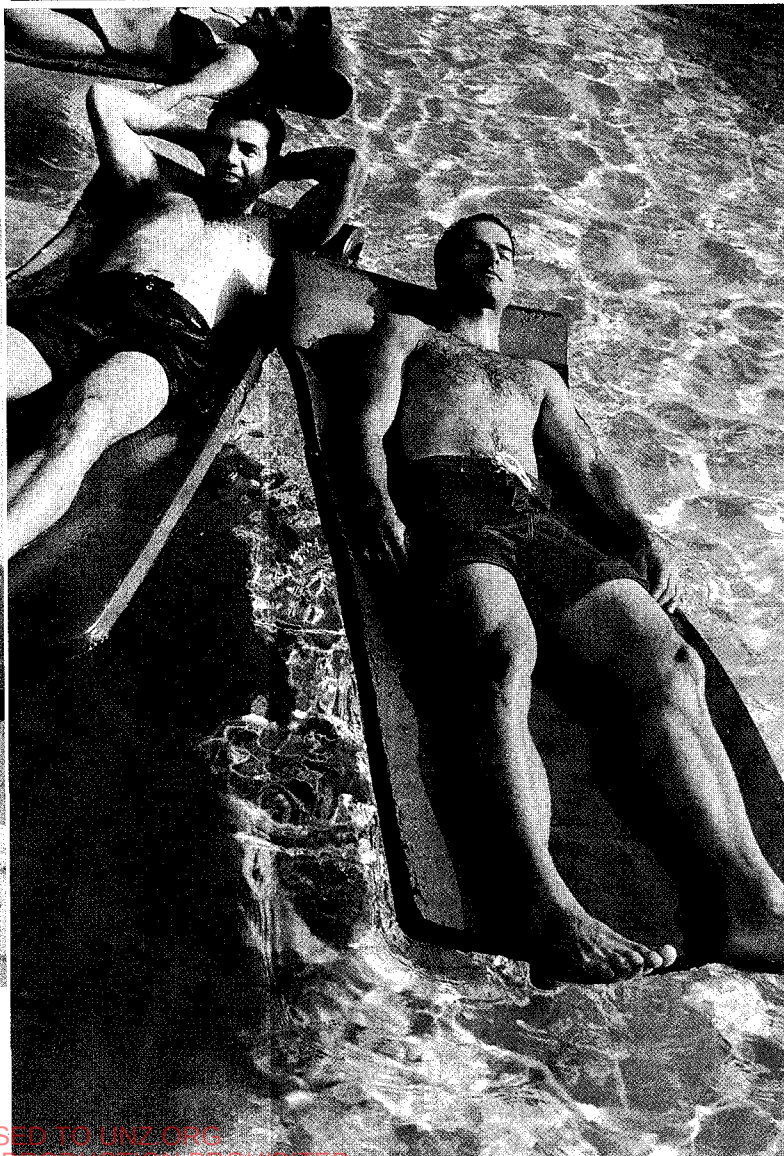
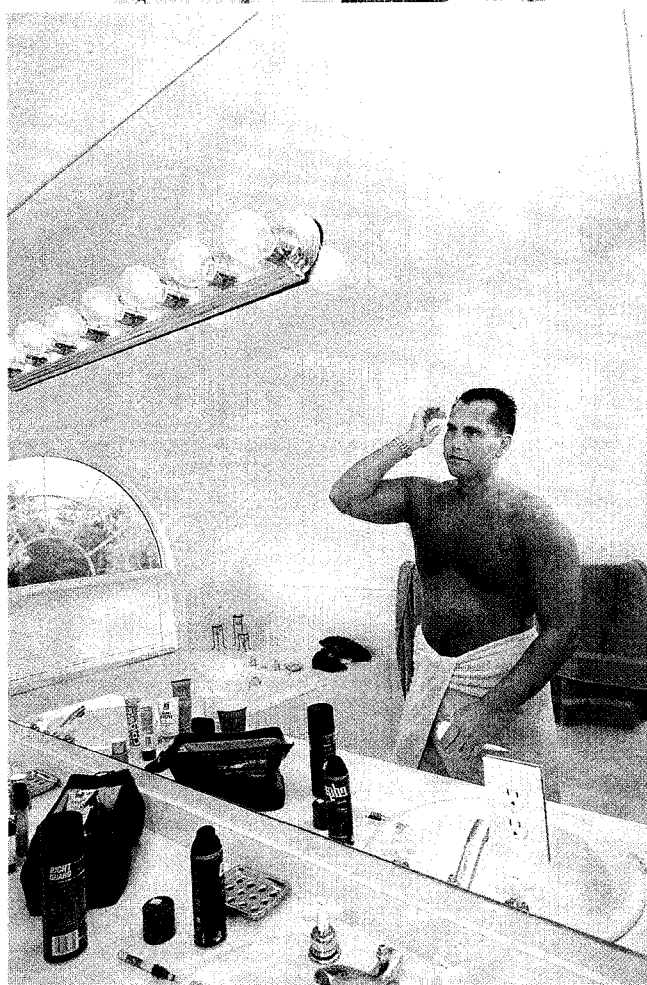
WELCOME TO THE FUN HOUSE

What happens when you cram 20-odd singles into a Hamptons hideaway and give each of them a queen-size bed? Less than you might think. By Vanessa Grigoriadis

“Shares in the Hamptons are all about professional people,” explains Ricky Spector, 34, taking a morning stroll on the spacious deck of his Bridgehampton house. Ricky, who says that he is an “equity-derivatives risk-controller,” wears dark-blue J. Crew shorts and a Tag Heuer diving watch. You don’t notice much about him except his eyes, which are the turquoise of an iMac. “See, we’re all single,” he explains. “We’re 28 to 36. We’re living the life in the city or Jersey. We’re self-made, and making cash.” He takes a swig of Diet Pepsi. “We just want to meet other people like us.” • That shouldn’t be too hard, considering that there are twenty or so people *just like him* lollygagging around the mammoth base camp on this scorching July morning, all reading *Forbes*, gabbing on cell phones, and slathering Coppertone Sport on well-maintained bodies. There’s exactly a 1:1 ratio of women to men. “Everyone at work, all your friends, tell you: ‘Gotta get a share in the Hamptons,’” says Ricky in his husky, mid-Island-accented voice. • That was what brought him out here seven years ago, to a run-down share in Westhampton; now, in what is becoming an increasingly popular investment trend in the Hamptons, Ricky is co-owner-operator of this newly built, beautifully landscaped \$1 million house down a mile-long driveway off a Bridgehampton road, a share house crammed with hopeful bachelors and bachelorettes that has all the amenities of a first-rate Holiday Inn.



Long day's journey into the Hamptons:
The group goes to Saggs Main Beach;
Ricky works the cordless in the living
room and performs his pre-event toilette;
share-house guys hanging in the pool.



Photographed by Bastienne Schmidt



Weekend at Ricky's: Making friends over pre-benefit cocktails at the house; the gang gets ready for action at "Shag" Main Beach; Donna in her curlers, poolside; Rhonda and Suzanne after their early-morning bike ride.



These are the denizens of the other Hamptons, the civilians who don't show up in the gossip columns or at the fancy house parties, the people who don't make Lizzie Grubman's list at Jet East.

"The main reason we do the share is to cover the house's expenses," explains Ricky, who still occupies the most spacious room with his two partners. They're currently building a \$2 million house in the same neighborhood (bonus: indoor gym). "But of course we're into meeting new people," he explains. "So there's that too."

Three women in black bikinis splash about happily in the dark-blue pool as a buff, good-looking guy watches intently from atop his inflatable raft. Everyone has a respectable career, if not always a fascinating one: "Interestingly enough, I sell the cotton that you pull out of aspirin bottles," explains a 34-year-old brunette,

"People have come to expect certain t notes one buxom blonde. "Pool, tenn

stretched out on a white chaise longue. "At the end of the day, it's not what you did with the day," adds a 35-year-old Wall Street trader. "It's what your stock options did. That's how you get your share in the Hamptons."

Right now, their current house is rather quiet because the *other* dozen or so roommates have gone bicycling, beach-combing, horseback riding, tennis playing, or fishing off a sloop in Montauk. "People have come to expect things when they do a

share in the Hamptons," says Sally, a law-office manager. "Pool, tennis court, A/C, a well-run house. We want Club Med."

"I only brought one pair of pants this weekend," confides a visiting sales manager from D.C. "But there's seventeen things that you need different clothes for here. I got to buy more pants." He looks confused. "I'll go to the Gap. It's okay. I like clothes."

AT PRECISELY 11:30 A.M., RICKY SEES TO IT that four cars are loaded up to go to Sagg

Main Beach, with a brief stop at the town general store for iced coffees and bottled water. "You've got to get to the beach early," explains Adina, a 32-year-old media-relations specialist. "Otherwise, you wait forever. It's sick." Ricky is in his green Audi Cabriolet convertible, the sun beating down on him as the line of cars creeps forward. Someone has put up a hand-lettered sign on the side of the road: SHAG MAIN BEACH.

Twenty minutes later, he's in. The beach is packed with people like him—Jones Beach without kids, old people, or anyone fat. "Yo, guys, you want a drink?" calls out Louis, an accessories sales manager who has figured out a way to run a blender off his car battery. He passes out a few piña coladas in paper cups. "You get, like, three batches out of those battery-operated crap-shit blenders," he explains. "I got to make twenty batches for my friends. I like to party. My friends like to party."

"If this were *Seinfeld*, they'd call him the blender guy," says a Merrill Lynch banker from Ricky's crew, pointing at Louis.

"Every time I see you, I think that you look like my buddy Howie," says the blender guy to Mr. Merrill Lynch. "But you're better-looking."

"Enough," says Ricky, firmly leading me away. "Let's get away from these guys!"

Ricky's housemates huddle together on a tiny strip of exposed sand. They bake in the sun, gossip, cruise the beach, and make tasteless jokes about JFK Jr. A few guys play a game of paddleball; by 2:30, however, the beach has lost its thrill.

"Let's go home and chill out," suggests one woman.

"Time to blow Shag Main," pronounces a diminutive investment banker. His blue-and-white Jams match the blue-and-white Chase water bottle he's sucking on. "Who's up for drinks in Shag Harbor?"

A fair-skinned blonde speaking from under a straw hat demurs, choosing to stay

floor someone puked on last night."

Ricky paces around the pool. For his paying guests, he functions as a combination camp counselor, cruise director, and concierge: He calls the caterer for Sunday's lobster barbecue, buys alcohol for the Saturday-evening cocktail party, and gets tickets to benefits like *Gourmet Global Tastings*, which the house is attending this evening en masse. "We like to go to these charity things," explains Bonnie, a smiley 32-year-old nursery-school teacher who favors Gucci. "Not that we're so into MS or whatever, but it's always a good party."

WALKING ME THROUGH THE MANICURED grounds, Ricky fills me in on the elaborate selection process for the house. For most of the spring, about 500 people, "professionals, 28 to 36," pass through his partner Jeff's Upper West Side apartment for a weekly Sunday-afternoon meet-and-greet. "Most owners like to have their meetings at Hi-Life or Trilogy or some bar, but we make it more personal," he says. "Picking a house is like sorority rush or something," adds Bonnie. "I just liked this house and thought it was a nice clique of people. It wasn't *too* anything." Ricky nods. "We like to get people who know people that you know in the house, you know?" he says.

"Where'd you go to high school?" asks Bonnie, turning to me.

"Dalton," I say.

"Omigod, I used to live right around the corner—on 89th Street and Madison Avenue, in that big red building," she says.

"Hey, I have some friends who live there," I say. "Do you know the Neiders?"

"They lived across the hall from me!" she exclaims.

"See," says Ricky, clapping his hands and looking my way. "See! Now, if you were applying for the house, you'd be *in*."

AT 6:30, RICKY PRESIDES OVER THE WEEKLY cocktail party at the house. The Chablis be-

34-year-old who sells fashion accessories, rolling her metallic-shadowed eyes. "It's like, *relax*. You don't need to wear flip-flops in the shower here—this isn't camp."

"It's not?" I ask.

"Camp is like when you put Nair on someone's legs when they're sleeping," she says. "God, I totally did that once. It was terrible, but she had such hairy legs and we didn't know how to tell her!"

At 7:45, the well-dressed posse makes its way down the long driveway to the Shinnecock Shuttle, a van service they've hired for the night. "We don't believe in drinking and driving," explains Ricky. Popping the tops off of cold Coronas, everyone packs into the dark-red van as a sunburnt TV booker slips into the front seat. "Just 'cause we're going to a lobster bake doesn't mean we need to bring one," calls out Brian from the backseat. The booker giggles and turns up the radio: It's playing "Livin' la Vida Loca."

A HUGE WHITE TENT HAS BEEN ERECTED AT East Hampton Airport for *Gourmet Global Tastings*, a food-and-wine-tasting benefit for Guild Hall. It's barely begun when we show up exactly at 8 P.M. Bobby Flay is sautéing mushrooms onstage. "My God, he is just the hottest thing *ever*," says Donna, pushing toward the boyishly handsome chef. The rest of the gang start circulating. "The guys in the house are nice guys, guys to like start out the night with, but they're not guys to *date*," explains Leslie, Suzanne's slender 30-year-old sister. "My God, you're hot," says a blond stockbroker with whom she has flirted on and off throughout the summer, sweeping her into his arms. "Ugh," sighs a plump brunette. "I never meet *anyone*. And if I ever do, they always live out of town. It's like, you *could've* told me that two hours ago when I started talking to you!"

Later this evening the trusty Shinnecock Shuttle will return to take the group to NV, a nightclub in East Hampton, all of them patiently biding their time outside as Ricky chats up the doorman. For now, however, it's cocktail hour. Again. As most of the group swigs Merlot at the Forest Glen—winery stand, I approach four women in the house whom I haven't met yet. "No offense, but we really don't want to talk

to you," growls a tall, pretty woman who resembles Lara Flynn Boyle. "We all watched *Sex and the City* last week, and there was this episode where Carrie was supposed to be in this great photo shoot for the cover of a magazine, but she was all hungover and looked horrible. So she looked *awful* on the cover, and the cover was supposed to say SINGLE AND FABULOUS, but instead they wrote SINGLE AND FABULOUS??? So I guess that's what's going through all of our minds right now."

is when they do a share in the Hamptons, "Court, a bar. We want Club Med."

beachbound. "My new thing is, don't count on me for everything," she says.

THE CLOSE-KNIT GROUP SPLINTERS AT 3 P.M. Ricky goes back with the "chillers," who grab bottles of Evian from the Sub-Zero fridge and take spots by the pool. A couple of women retire upstairs to their queen-size beds for mid-afternoon siestas. "No one out here can believe it when we tell them how big our beds are," boasts Donna. "They're all on mattresses on the floor. The

gins to flow freely, but many of the women aren't yet ready—Donna, for one, is prancing around with her blonde hair up in huge rollers. "My glamour technician—you know, like from *Steel Magnolias*—told me that I have to straighten my hair this way, not with a blow-dryer," she says gaily. "I like to play tennis. I bring my racquet out every weekend, but by the time it's cool enough to play, it's time to do my rollers."

"Too many women in this house are *high-maintenance*," sighs Suzanne, a trim

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

Let our panel of Hamptonologists—Chappy, Morty, Shoshanna, and the rest of the gang—pump up your South Fork I.Q. By Jo B. Hoffman

Farm Stand

The one on **Scuttle Hole Road** in Bridgehampton is really big. Everything is very fresh, and it's well spread out and not too crowded. *Nicole Miller, fashion designer*

The Green Thumb in Water Mill is great and not as expensive as, say, **Round Swamp** in East Hampton—which is great in that they do a lot of their own preserves and their own baking, but it's *très cher*. If I want really good field-ripened tomatoes, I go to them. They grow almost everything they sell there, and their corn is fabulous. *Brent Newsom, caterer*

New Restaurant

Robert's in Water Mill is owned by Robert Durkin, who's reinventing Italian food out there. And there's a great wine list. **Maya's** has a different menu every night, and is getting the big crowd now—the hoi polloi of the Hamptons. And Maya is a great chef; I ate there two nights in a row last weekend.

Robert Morton, TV producer

Maya's is the hot restaurant in St. Barths that just took over the Sapore di Mare space in Wainscott; this is the new place for grilled food, local vegetables. My father—everyone—loves it.

Lizzie Grubman, publicist

Stop on the Way Out

T.G.I. Friday's off exit 57 in Hauppauge; Get the potato skins and the quesadillas.

Chappy Morris, investor

Grace's, right off Exit 70 in Manorville, has the best onion rings—crunchy, not soggy and greasy—and well-cooked, juicy

hot dogs. It's chic fast food.

Andrew Sasson, nightclub impresario

People-Watching

Meg Ryan was at **Sunset Beach** on Shelter Island on Saturday night having dinner; Helena Christensen is always there; Liv Tyler is always there, and socialites like Lulu de Kwiatkowski always turn up. We've nicknamed some of the customers the boat people, because they all come over on their incredible boats, and they leave \$300 tips. It's the biggest ego-trash—as opposed to Eurotrash—scene I've ever encountered.

Lucy Sykes, fashion editor, Allure

Sit down on a bench on **Main Street in East Hampton**, where I just saw Spielberg; a regular *Who's Who* is guaranteed to walk by.

Andrew Sasson

Count on celebrities, great breast jobs, lots of bare belly buttons, and everything sold at Calypso and Scoop that week to wash up at the **polo matches at Two Trees Stables** in Bridgehampton. And of course, there's the **Hampton Classic Horse Show** at the end of August.

Steven Gaines, author

Boutique

Scoop Beach in East Hampton is like a nightclub; every single person is in there trying to buy the latest Shoshanna swimsuit or the latest jeans jacket. Jeans are huge this year for the Hamptons. And everyone's wearing a denim jacket—everyone.

Lucy Sykes

Calypso in East Hampton has lots of color; it's great for dresses you would wear to cocktail parties. **Above the Potatoes** on the



corner of Newtown and Main Street is very T-shirty, and it's a little bit more junior so it's great for beach stuff.

Nicole Miller

Fahrenheit 451 in Westhampton Beach has the best used jeans I've ever found in my life; Liz, the owner, hand-picks each pair.

Shoshanna Lonstein, fashion designer

You wear **Steven Stolman** [in Southampton] the same way you wear Lilly Pulitzer. He uses wonderful toile de Jouy and leopard prints. Also, **Stubbs & Wootton** nearby is great for needlepoint or velvet shoes with the most clever motifs: palm trees, ships, or cigars.

Karen LeFrak, socialite

A lot of men quietly wardrobe themselves at **Edward Archer** on Main Street in Southampton. He sells very, very understated tailored clothing that many who shop at Barneys or Bergdorf's wouldn't admit to buying because it's so low-key.

Steven Stolman, fashion designer

Photographed by Kenneth Chen



INSIDER INFORMATION: Clockwise from left, after a Palm steak, Robert Morton's ready for his heart attack; the scoop on the Candy Kitchen; Calypso's beachwear washes up at Polo; Sam's highly regarded pizza.



At **Dreesen's** in East Hampton, they have this insidious Rube Goldberg-like machine in the window that makes doughnuts. They're like little atom bombs—hot, crusty, but still moist. *Steven Stolman*

Shortcut

I don't even go on 27. I take **Town Line Road** to **Daniels Lane** to **Gibson** and then up **Sagaponack Main** to **Sagaponack Road**. I get out by Bridgehampton Commons. You totally circumnavigate Bridgehampton, which is a nightmare because the intersection on 27 becomes a huge logjam.

Matt Nye, fashion designer

The only shortcut out here is to do everything during the week and have things delivered on the weekends.

Jamee Gregory, socialite and journalist

Steak

There's nothing like a piece of meat from **The Palm**. Just add some fried potatoes and fried onions and, man, if you felt healthy all weekend, now you're ready for a good heart attack.

Robert Morton

The steak at Sagaponack's **Old Stove Pub** just really tastes good; I can't compare it to anything else.

Ross Bleckner, artist

Bookstore

BookHampton, on Main Street in East Hampton, is the biggest and best store. Rob Schumann, who runs it, will track down any book. The owners are always there, and the staff is terrific. They really, really believe in books, and they push them—but that's what a bookstore should do.

James Brady, author and columnist

Pizza

Sam's in East Hampton is the best pizza on this half of United States; I like Mario's Mix, with artichoke hearts, goat cheese, basil, and sun-dried tomatoes. It's to die, if you're having to eat out with a vegetarian.

Brent Newsom

La Parmigiana in Southampton is a great little inexpensive Italian joint like you'd find in your neighborhood in Manhattan, and they have the best pizza. It's run by this incredibly sweet Italian family, and you can buy stuff like old-fashioned antacid from Italy.

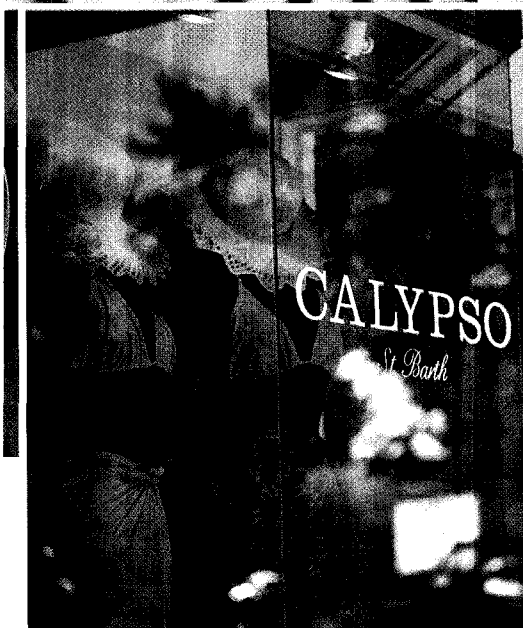
Alex Kuzcynski, Times media reporter

Fish Store

The Seafood Shop in Wainscott is fabulous; I've dealt with them for more years than I'll say. *Jonathan Canno, philanthropist*

I call ahead and have Southampton's **Clamman** cook my lobsters; I don't like to hear them scream.

Jamee Gregory



tion—it's more beachy than sole in some fancy sauce.

Nicole Miller

The Palm in East Hampton: The people who eat there every week are Ron Perelman, Penny Marshall, Martha Stewart—everybody. Another good one is **Alison by the Beach** in Sagaponack: It's pretty food.

Lizzie Grubman

Peconic Coast in East Hampton is like my dining room: The food is consistently great—as is the service—and they don't take reservations, so you know everyone has an equal chance. **Della Femina** in East Hampton is also very hard to beat.

Brent Newsom

The Lobster Inn in Shinnecock is casual and it's airy, and the food is fresh and tastes of the sea.

Ann Dexter-Jones,

style editor, Country magazine

Restaurant

Sant Ambroeus in Southampton easily serves the best food in the Hamptons without the scene. It's definitely a Euro-hangout for cappuccino in late afternoon and Sambuca, which Americans don't like because they think you've got a problem if you're drinking before five.

Clive Cook, CEO of InterCapital

Red Bar Brasserie's fun; the food's great—and there aren't that many major restaurants in Southampton, if you think about it.

Pamela Gross, executive vice-president, LuxuryFinder.com, and MetroGuide reporter on MSG

We go to **Paradise** in Sag Harbor a lot. **B. Smith's** nearby has a good seafood selec-

Bagel

Twice Upon a Bagel in Wainscott has the best bagels in the Hamptons, the best egg salad, and the best cinnamon roll in America. The bagels are as good as H&H, if not better.

Lizzie Grubman

Breakfast

The new hip-hip place is **Fairway on the Green** at Wainscott's Poxabogue golf course. **Paradise** in Sag Harbor serves a terrific breakfast. **Babette's** in East Hampton has egg-white omelettes; that's where President Clinton stopped by to see the lady who runs it.

Steven Gaines

Beach

Everybody goes to **Gibson** in Sagaponack, a sceney beach that feels public, even though it's private. *Lizzie Grubman*

If you walk along **Flying Point Beach** in Water Mill, there's a warm inlet of water where children can play because it's shallow. Also, there's never anybody at all on **Wyandanch beach** in Southampton.

Pia Lindstrom, television critic

Ice Cream

The Bridgehampton **Candy Kitchen** has a really yummy, yummy, yummy chocolate.

Lucy Sykes

Carvel opposite Bridgehampton Commons is just a throwback-to-the-fifties kind of place. Get the chocolate-and-vanilla swirl.

Chappy Morris

Sant Ambroeus in Southampton has \$185 ice-cream cakes and great flavors. In East Hampton, a Mister Softee kind of cone at **Poppy's Snowflake** is something special.

Steven Gaines

Pasta

Nick & Toni's in East Hampton, if you can get in—if your name is Mr. Gere.

Brent Newsom

Writers' Haunt

The American Hotel in Sag Harbor is still holding its own. There's a very swank, wonderful bar, and you can go in there late at night and see Michael Thomas and Candace Bushnell at one table, Thomas Harris at another, and Jimmy Buffett.

Steven Gaines

Local Hangout

Shippy's isn't glitzy, and it's patronized by the locals and the old-guard Southampton people. It has cozy booths, and there are delicious lobsters and baked potatoes.

Jamee Gregory

Barrister's in Southampton has pubbish, simple food; it's like J.G. Melon. Then there's **The Driver's Seat** in Southampton for the burgers and chili. **Rowdy Hall** in East Hampton makes the best onion soup I've ever had in my life.

Lizzie Grubman

Breadzilla in Wainscott—it's the world's worst name, and it looks like it's run by Woodstock hippies, but that girl, Nancy, she is gifted. The homemade doughnuts with raspberry fillings are just extraordinary.

Steven Gaines

Clotheshorse

Alexandra von Furstenberg is the most groomed; she's very pretty, she has a great figure, but most important, she just coordinates everything beautifully.

Also, **Lulu de Kwiatkowski**, because she's original and is not frightened of color. **Mica Ertegun** always looks fabulous; she has a wonderful ultrachic mélange.

Ann Dexter-Jones

Liz Cohen is so right-on for the Hamptons; she wears the newest thing from Scoop, the newest thing from Shoshanna, the newest in pashmina. It took me three years before I could work out which bikini to wear with which sarong to wear with which flip-flops with which bag. **Aerin Lauder Zinterhoffer** has the lifestyle, which comes through in her dress. **Tiffany Dubin** has the best handbags; whenever I've seen her, she has a new handbag for the beach. *Lucy Sykes*

Kid Stuff

Andrew & Co. in Sag Harbor is great for clothes, nothing dressy, just mostly T-shirts, little rain jackets, and things like that. I also like **The Wharf Shop** nearby.

Nicole Miller

I always go to **Harry Lillywhite's** in Southampton, where we get tricycles for 3-year-old kids. **Aunt Suzie's** in Southampton has wonderful dresses that look almost like couture for kids.

Denise Rich, fund-raiser and songwriter

Southampton's toy-and-candy store **Going Nuts** is probably my favorite in all the Hamptons. I actually tried to get a job there when I was about 5: I told them that I would ride around town on my bike with Going Nuts balloons, yelling, "Go to Going Nuts." I wanted them to pay me in candy. It didn't work.

Shoshanna Lonstein

Wine Store

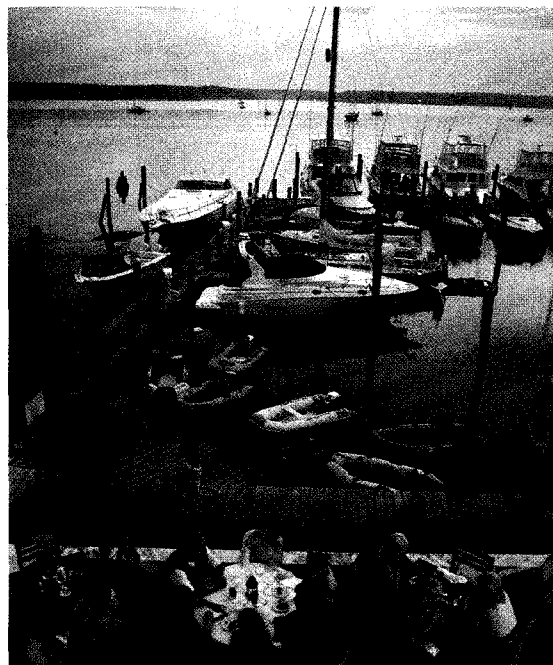
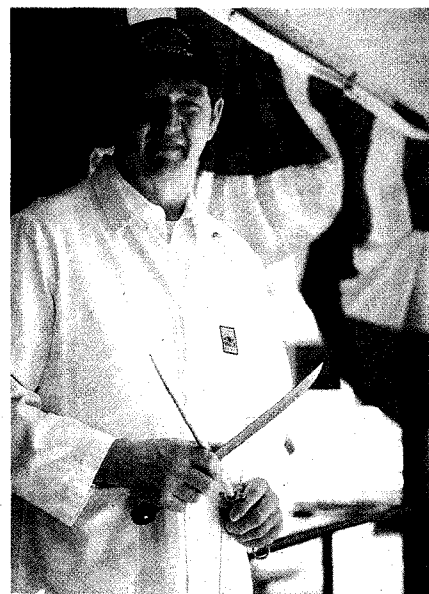
Herbert & Rist in Southampton won't give you the stuffy treatment. The selection is good, especially for European wines, like Rioja. And they don't mind coming around to my house and delivering it within about 5 minutes, so I never go thirsty.

Clive Cook

We always go to Wölffer's **Sagpond Vineyards** in Sagaponack: They have the best rosé.

Nicole Miller

If you find on a Sunday that you're having a lunch and you realize you don't have enough wine, all the liquor stores are closed, but you can go to the vineyards and buy it because they're governed by a different, agricultural law. *Pamela Gross*



Michael Cinque of **Amagansett Wines & Spirits** is a world-class sommelier, and patrons include Ron Perelman and Mort Zuckerman. It's as good as any store in the city.

Steven Gaines

Desserts

There are great pastries at **Sylvester & Co.** in Sag Harbor, and blueberry muffins that are really sour.

Nicole Miller

Kathleen's Bake Shop in Southampton has the most delicious chocolate-chip cookies. They're so buttery, they stick together and you have to peel them apart.

Karen LeFrak

Bloody Mary

The Driver's Seat in Southampton has a thick tomato thing with celery. It will straighten out your hangover—God, I sound like an alcoholic. *Andrew Sasson*

BANIC! PRODUCE



LOOKING OUT FOR NO. 1: Clockwise from left, **Green Thumb in Water Mill** is worth the scary turn off 27; **Steven Stolman benefit-wear**; **Nicole Miller** can buy rosé at **Sagpond** on a Sunday; **East Hampton Point** could be **Sausalito**; **Jimmy**, the **Bridgehampton Country Market's** butcher.



Butcher

Jimmy at the **Bridgehampton Country Market** has been doing my meat for seventeen years. **Dreesen's** in East Hampton is good, and the shop delivers; it's fabulous if you don't mind paying \$18 for veal scallopini. I get the same quality of meat from Jimmy at less than two thirds the price. If I need frenched lamb chops, I just phone him, I don't even bother my chef with it.

Brent Newsom



Grocery-shopping

Behind East Hampton High School, **Iacono Farms** is a real local fixture that sells chickens killed fresh that day, so it's the best chicken you can possibly get. But the farm tends to run out of them around noon.

Matt Nye

The place in Southampton, which is absolutely the best, is family-run **Catena's Market** for meat. It's much more expensive than anybody else, but it's worth it.

Mai Hallingby, socialite

Benefit

The **Parrish Art Museum** in Southampton does an amazing job; there's an arboretum with an air-conditioned tent over it that **Robert Isabell** designs.

Chappy Morris

Southampton Hospital is fun because everybody goes to it—everybody.

Jamee Gregory

Water View

The fact that the beach is here—and that it's so unpopulated—makes anywhere on any of the beaches special. And any beach is unpopulated if you walk about 500 yards to the right or left; it always amazes me that all these people choose to park their stuff in the same place. The bay at **Three Mile Harbor** is also quite beautiful.

Ross Bleckner

East Hampton Point is one of the few places that reminds me of **Sausalito**, where I was raised.

Brent Newsom

House

Jane Wenner's in Amagansett; architect **Ward Bennett** just cannot be faulted. The house is on the Double Dunes and it's all about the view, with wonderful, amazing vistas on every side. Also, **Billy Joel's** house nearby, designed by **Robert Stern**. When I walk in that house, I feel like Alice in Won-

derland who just drank the drink that shrunk her; the dimensions are great, and there's a fabulous widow's walk on the roof. And the French country house on Further Lane where **Jackie and Lee Bouvier** spent their youth. This is the ultimate house that my husband, Mick, covets every time we drive by.

Ann Dexter-Jones

You can almost pick out any house in **Sag Harbor**—those wonderful old Victorians with the porches and the wonderful roofs. As you enter from the Bridge-Sag Harbor Turnpike, that whole section by the museum is full of great houses. Also: Those two **Gwathmey Siegel** houses side by side on dunes in Bridgehampton; they were designed together so they have a vocabulary between them.

Preston Phillips, architect

Takeout

I can only afford Sagaponack's **Loaves & Fishes** once a month—it seems like it's \$20 for a quarter-pound of anything—but the lobster salad's incredible.

Andrew Sasson

Villa Italian Specialties across from East Hampton train station makes its own sausage; the "combo" sandwich is the best Italian hero I've found. Frankly, they don't need much touting—you damn near need a ticket to get in the door.

Brent Newsom

Antiques Shop

Chris Croft in Southampton gets shipments from England; it's not outrageous or whimsical furniture, it's just solid and very useful, like tables that you always use and nice armchairs. **American Wing** in Bridgehampton has amusing rattan and bamboo things that aren't expensive.

Mica Ertegun, interior designer

The **Cedric Dupont** collection in Southampton has some wonderful things—really, really fabulous things and very important antiques, not just medium things or the country type of antique. **Ann Madonia** on Job's Lane also has wonderful things, and I always go to the antiques show in **Southampton College**, usually at the end of August.

Mai Hallingby

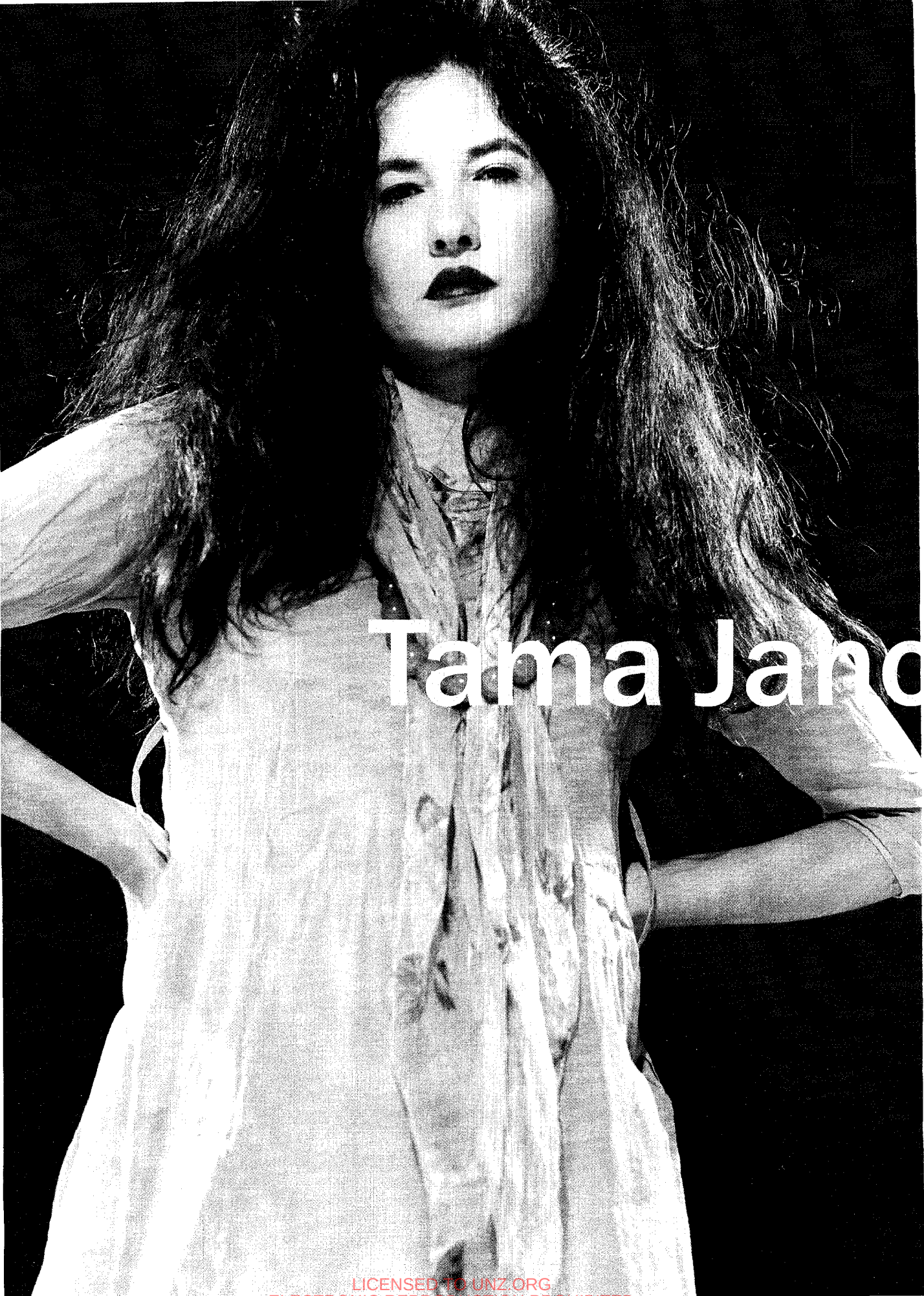
The **Bridgehampton Community House** has many antiques shows that are terrific for browsing, and you can get wonderful buys. Don't laugh—I got some stone poodles, the kind that greet you at the door. A few too many of them, but then, I own giant white poodles.

Karen LeFrak

There's a lot of old, great-looking stuff—real treasures—at **Ruby Beets** in Bridgehampton. I got a dressing table for my bathroom there; it's all sort of understated and distressed.

Pamela Gross

(continued on page 82)

A high-contrast, black and white portrait of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, dress with thin straps. The background is dark and out of focus.

Tama Jano

TAMA JANOWITZ IS, APPARENTLY, no longer a slave of New York. She's got a three-bedroom prewar penthouse sixteen floors up in the sky, with a wraparound deck that's completely serene save for the occasional plane. This is where the onetime chronicler of downtown-Manhattan angst wrote her sixth novel, *A Certain Age*; where she grows tomatoes, tends to two "panicky" dogs, and takes care of her shy 3-year-old daughter, Willow, whom Janowitz and her British husband, Warhol-estate curator Tim Hunt, adopted in China when she was nine months old. The place is terrific. It's also in Brooklyn, on a leafy street in Park Slope that seems a world away from the trendy urban environs where she cemented her literary reputation.

"Yeah, I was worried, 'cause you had to take one subway, then another subway, then you walk twenty minutes, and finally you were there and you feel, I'll never get out of Brooklyn," says Janowitz. On this humid July morning, the author is on her terrace, wearing a loose-fitting patterned dress over a pair of white silk trousers. Her hair is black and wild, and her toenails are bright yellow. Her full lips are, as always, lipsticked bright red, and she has a habit of

Curling her bare feet under her, Janowitz stares up at a cloudless sky. "Life is really excellent just hanging out up here, with the birds," she drawls. "Though I'd be a lot happier if I had a ferret."

SO I'M LIVING IN NEW YORK, THE CITY, AND what it is, it's the apartment situation. That's what kicks off the title story of Janowitz's famous 1986 collection, *Slaves of New York*. When she wrote it, Janowitz was a 28-year-old Barnard grad—the daughter of a poet and a psychiatrist—who'd received a grant from the N.E.A. at 22. *Slaves*, the first collection of short stories to hit the best-seller list since Phillip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus*, landed its pretty young author on the cover of *New York Magazine* and transformed her into an overnight media sensation. Flamboyant enough to garner reams of column inches, Janowitz made an easy transition from unknown downtown kook to late-eighties icon, finding herself as popular with the paparazzi as Donald Trump. She made a "hip-hype" literary video for MTV, appeared in Amaretto ads, arranged blind dates for Andy Warhol, and materialized on the airwaves whenever there was any talk of bohemia, twentysomethings, or life in New York in general.

The novel follows the misadventures of one Florence Collins, a blonde 32-year-old auction-house assistant director, on her hunt for a rich husband over a summer in the city and the Hamptons, a picaresque journey that is the flip side of *Bridget Jones*: It's a distinctly unfunny book. *Manhattan was a shabby world, inhabited by cardboard cut-outs, and Florence walked among them*, writes Janowitz. Her characters are propelled by status, greed, and fear. Envy eats Florence whole, as she sleeps with all the wrong men, takes unfortunate amounts of drugs, and bankrupts herself at Barney's to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars. *There were women younger than her who had published novels, writes Janowitz. Who were heading P.R. companies; there were women older than she who were more muscular, who were married to the heads of movie-production companies; there were always others who were more.*

DESPITE HER SELF-ENFORCED EXILE IN Brooklyn, Janowitz is not immune to the glittery lure of success. Last week she attended her celebrity-studded book party in the Hamptons, where guests toasted her "latest comeback." Not surprisingly, however, she's still a bit sensi-

After three straight disappointments, New York's original Lit Girl is back with a ballyhooed new novel, *A Certain Age*, a sad, skillful tale of nineties New York. She told you she could do it. BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

puffing them out when she's thinking hard. She doesn't look 42. "We were looking at houses in Harlem, but I said, 'Tim, I don't want a house. I've lived in a brownstone; they're always dark,'" she says. "Something falls off the roof and kills someone, we're going to be sued. Someone pours the garbage on the street—you get the ticket."

Shaking her head, Janowitz shuffles over to a spindly peach tree. "I don't know what to tell you, babe," she says. "Whether I'm critically well received, whether or not I sell books—of course it becomes progressively harder to get them published—nevertheless, it's what I do, every day." She pushes her chunky glasses up on her nose. "I keep saying, 'What else could I do? What else could I do?' On bad days, I think I'd like to be a plastic surgeon who goes to Third World countries and operates on children in villages with airlifts, and then I think, 'Yeah, right, I'm going to go back to undergraduate school and take all the biology I missed and then go to medical school.' No. No."

But after this explosive start came the predictable backlash. Janowitz's subsequent novels—*A Cannibal in Manhattan*, *The Male Cross-Dresser Support Group*, and *By the Shores of Gitchee Gumee*—drew uniformly scathing reviews. A notoriously demanding client, she ran through six agents in as many books, including ICM's powerful Amanda Urban. *Publisher's Weekly* cruelly dubbed her a "one-book phenomenon." She had become something of a publishing punch line.

THEN SHE WROTE *A CERTAIN AGE*. LONG BEFORE the book hit the stores, it had generated an enthusiastic buzz among publishing cognoscenti, inevitably evoking excited comparisons to *Slaves*. "I just feel really, really, really lucky this time," says Janowitz, taking a sip of iced coffee. "People are talking about it, trying to figure out who's who. That's exciting. Everyone thinks that a story is about some girl they went out with ten years ago. I'm like, I don't even know her."

"Every book I write, the media just keeps punching me in the face," she complains. She's angry over a *Vogue* squib on *A Certain Age*: "Needs to look up the definition of satire, reread her book, and die of shame." There is clearly a hurt about her career that goes deep. At one point in *A Certain Age*, Florence reluctantly agrees to go to a concert in Carnegie Hall. *The people looked even worse now that she was getting to observe them close up*, writes Janowitz. *There was a woman she recognized from the papers as a relatively well-known writer—probably in her late thirties, with long black frizzy hair, schlumpy, wearing a long plaid skirt and red sweater, completely out-of-style. Why didn't she do something to fix herself up, it seemed ridiculous to live in Manhattan and not be attuned to the right thing to wear and how to look. No wonder she hadn't had a successful novel in at least ten years.*

Please, Tama, don't go there. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL PETERS

AUGUST 9, 1999 NEW YORK 43

It's Show Time

Once, sconces like these were standard equipment in New York bathrooms, but when the mania for modernization hit the city in the seventies and eighties, they all but disappeared. Barry Lewin, a lighting fanatic, has recently turned up a cache from the twenties and thirties that once adorned the medicine cabinets of hotels in New York and Pennsylvania. They have porcelain plates and glass shades, and Lewin has cleaned and rewired each one (\$125 to \$150).

BARRY OF CHELSEA/154 Ninth Avenue, near 19th Street/242-2666

The Sole of France

If these shoes remind you of Provence, there's a good reason. Paris-bred shoemaker Paul Mayer says he was inspired by a kitchen tablecloth he discovered in Arles, the Provençal city where he spent many happy summers. His cotton flats have leather soles and a cushy terry lining, and though their spirit is southern France, they're made in Spain (\$119.75).

VILLAGE DESIGNER SHOES/1186 Madison Avenue, near 86th Street/534-4807

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BY CORKY POLLAN



High-Caliber

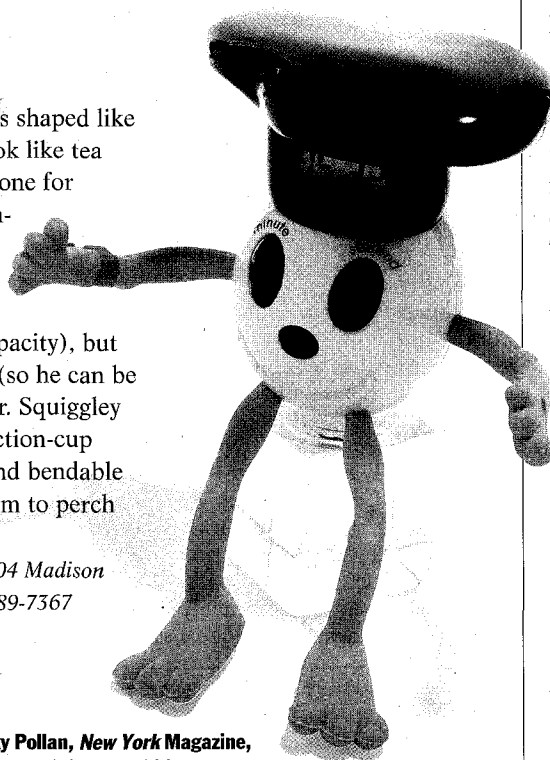
Here's a bulletin board that can hold its own in the sleekest home office. Stimulus, a California company, calls it the Bulletboard, and its silvery metallic surface hides a fiberboard core. Translated, that means you can use push-pins and magnets. And since a pin shaft rests against the metal coverings, the Bulletboard can hold heavier objects than the ordinary cork kind. It comes in three sizes (9 by 15, 15 by 21, and 21 by 33 inches) and can be hung horizontally or vertically (\$28, \$45, and \$68).

AMALGAMATED HOME/9 Christopher Street/255-4160

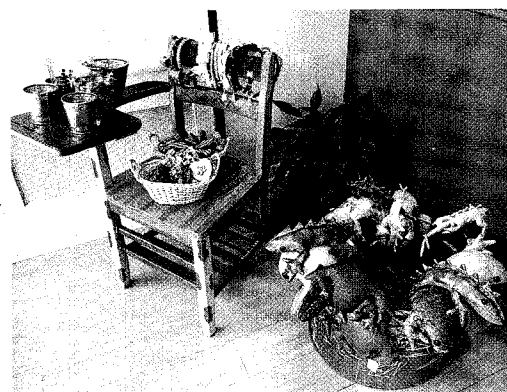
All in the Timing

We've had kitchen timers shaped like tomatoes, timers that look like tea kettles, and now there's one for those who are into whimsy, not illusion. Mr. Squiggley counts down in minutes and seconds (he has a 100-minute capacity), but he can count up as well (so he can be used as a stopwatch). Mr. Squiggley is PVC-plastic with a suction-cup seat, a magnetic back, and bendable rubber legs that allow him to perch anywhere (\$10).

S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/289-7367



Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.



Treasure Island

Kids Down the Block carries everything from diaper bags for baby showers to beanbag chairs for sweet-16 soirées. The shop is an offshoot of that Amsterdam Avenue institution West Side Kids (which accounts for the name), and it's co-owned and run by WSK owner Alice Bergman's daughter Jennifer. Their new emporium is filled with all the great stuff the two would see at gift shows that just wasn't right for their original shop. It's a tempting mix of nursery essentials (onesies, Moses baskets, crib quilts, sweaters), fun things for the toddler set (name puzzles, animal pull toys, bath puppets), stuff for the bubble-gum bunch (Frank Lloyd Wright blocks, lunch boxes, sleeping bags, jelly pens), and teen must-haves (journals, fuzzy organizers, mirrors, hair clips). There's also a smattering of treats (like silver jewelry and parenting books) for moms. (From 50 cents for a tattoo bracelet to \$98 for a Tote le Monde diaper bag to \$300 for a toy chest.)

KIDS DOWN THE BLOCK/490 Amsterdam Avenue, near 84th Street/496-1546

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SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL Nothin' but Net

Last year's laptop *may be a bit slower than an iBook—but it's half the price. A trip down (random-access) memory lane.*

BEFORE INVESTING IN A SPARKLING new \$4,000 laptop, ponder the concept of spending more for the privilege of taking your work away with you on weekends than you might on a used car to get you there. Then consider investing a lot less in a late-model used computer—chances are, you won't notice the difference (especially if you just need it for word processing and Internet access). And if you do need serious speed, soup the machine up with a bit more RAM. (Sources listed here offer warranties, so don't worry about getting a lemon.)

To check prices and determine your budget, log on to www.computerpricing.com. The Website lists up-to-date average sale prices for most used Macs and PCs. Of course, what you'll need depends on what you do; but according to *New York's* systems analyst, for efficient Internet access and word processing, you'll want at least 32 megabytes of RAM, a 33.6-Kbps modem, and a 2-gigabyte hard drive (as for processors, PC users should look for at least a Pentium 100-megahertz chip; Mac users, a Power PC running at 120 MHz or more).

Pre-Owned Electronics, accessible over the phone or online, has lots of refurbished Macs and PCs, as well as accessories—all at up to 75 percent off what they sold for as recently as a year ago. A recent peek found a Compaq Deskpro 4000 (300-megahertz) for \$679 or a Power Macintosh 8600 (200-megahertz) for \$899. On the phone, sales reps will even help you choose an older model and upgrade it for higher performance.

Warranties run for four months.

Discount PC International clears out reconditioned computers from corporate upgrades as well as overstock from companies like Dell, Compaq, and Hewlett-Packard. There's a good selection of desktops, priced from \$199 to \$599, as well as the occasional late-model laptop for around \$899. All are guaranteed for up to four months.

Wish you'd bought that now-discon-



tinued IBM notebook with the nifty butterfly keyboard? **IBM Refurbished PC Warehouse**, run by the company itself, sells off old IBM computers at a fraction of the price (a reasonably fast ThinkPad can be yours for well under \$1,000). You'll also find plenty of IBM accessories.

Pre-Owned Electronics (www.pre-owned.com; 800-274-5343); **Discount PC International** (www.discountpc.net; 800-696-1885); **IBM Refurbished PC Warehouse** (refurbishedpcs.financing.ibm.com; 800-IBM-5440).

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Picks of the Week

Liz Lange's stock sale offers moms-to-be the designer's sharp, simple maternity clothes for 50 to 70 percent off her regular prices. Khaki Capri pants are \$50, stretch T-shirts are \$45, silk twin sets are \$100, stretch-wool tunics are \$75, and cotton shift dresses are \$100. Sizes S-L. 1020 Lexington Ave., at 73rd St., second floor (717-9030); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Sat. 10-7; 8/2-8/14.

Bond 07, the hip NoHo clothing-and-accessories shop, is putting most summer styles on sale for up to half off: Cashmere Studio cardigan sweaters are \$275, sequined thong sandals are \$80, and stone-and-wire chokers are \$50. 7 Bond St. (677-8487); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 11-7, Thurs. till 8, Sun. noon-7; 8/2-8/31.

Joël Name Optique de Paris is taking 20 to 70 percent off all designer eyeglasses frames and sunglasses in stock, including styles from Giorgio Armani, Kowasaki, Beausoleil, Persol, Kubo, Lafont, Cynthia Rowley, and the shop's signature line. Prices are \$75-\$300. No eye exams. 65 W. Houston St. (777-5888); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 11-7, Sat. till 6; 8/2-8/31.

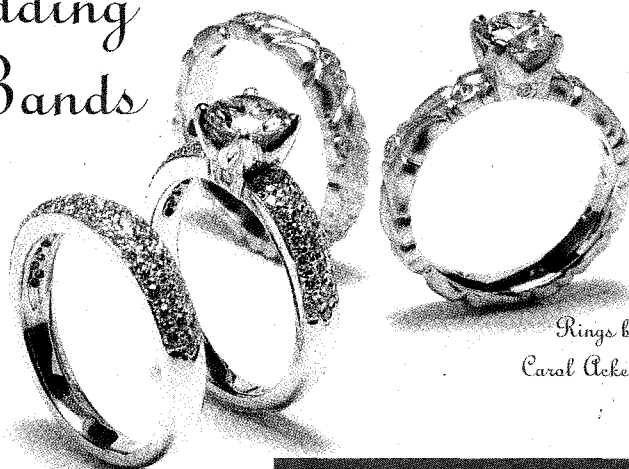
Rothman's Union Square is clearing out a huge selection of business clothing and accessories from designers like Calvin Klein, Hugo Boss, Joseph Abboud, Kenneth Cole, and Burberrys. Prices are all 30-70 percent off: Suits are from \$199, dress shirts are from \$29, shoes are from \$99, ties are from \$12. 200 Park Avenue South, at 17th St. (777-7400); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10-7, Thurs. till 8, Sat. 9:30-6; 8/3-8/14.

ALWAYS A DEAL

A Real Find

OVERWHELMED BY THE CONSTANT crowds at Century 21? For a reliable supply of trendy, top-name women's clothing and accessories at sample-sale prices, head to **Find Outlet**. The intimate, 1,500-square-foot shop gets brand-new stock straight from designers like Donna Karan, Helmut Lang, Stephane Kelian, Vivienne Westwood, M Collection, Paul & Joe, Pixie Yates, Vivienne Tam, Frou, and Anna Sui—and offers the whole lot at 50 to 80 percent off what you'd pay at Barneys. 361 W. 17th St. (243-3177).

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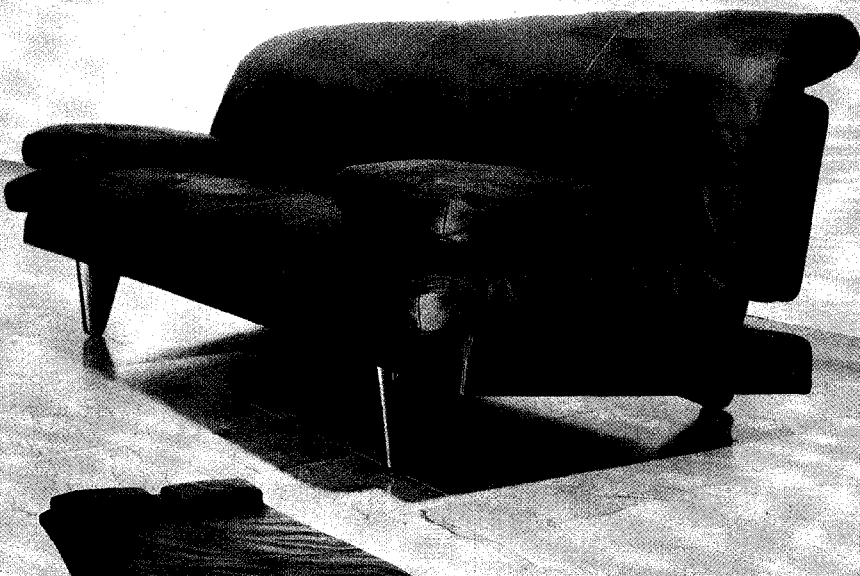
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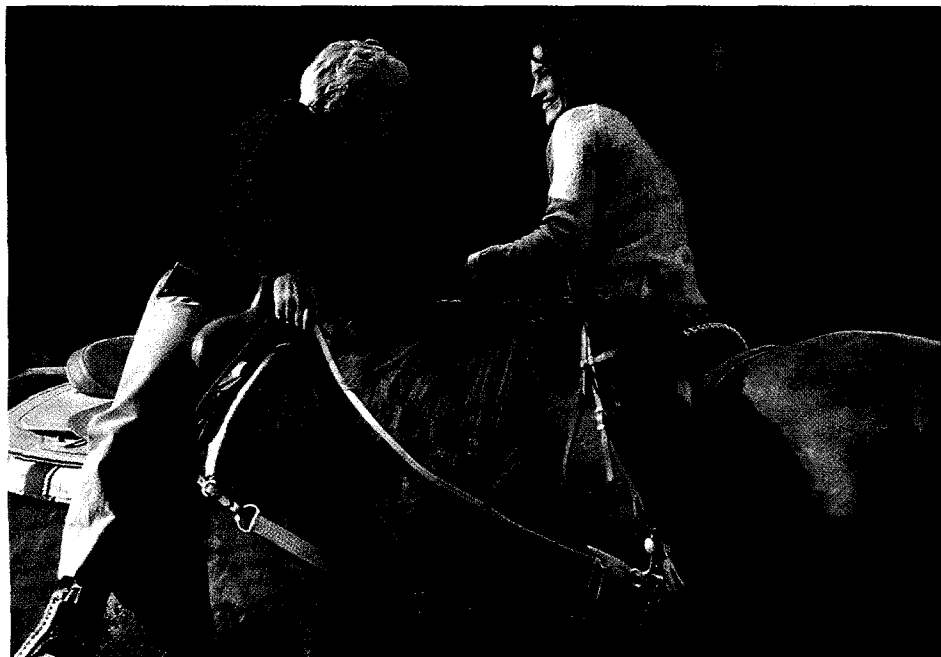
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MOVIES PETER RAINER

Get Me Rewrite

Cynical city columnist falls for rural man-eater—'Runaway Bride' proves no match for the great Hollywood romantic comedies it echoes.



Runaway Bride BEARS ABOUT THE SAME RELATIONSHIP to a full-bodied Hollywood romantic comedy as a stick-on tattoo does to the real thing. Its sole reason for being is the reteaming, nine years after *Pretty Woman*, of Richard Gere and Julia Roberts. Since *Pretty Woman* was one of the most commercially successful comedies ever made in this country, it's a safe bet that the two stars, angling for a reunion, waded through unsuitable scripts for a decade before once again taking the plunge. *Runaway Bride*, with its trumped-up mechanics, isn't much of a high dive. In Hollywood's Golden Age of romantic comedy, even stars like Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn needed a strong story and sharp dialogue in order to shine. But celebrity is its own reason for being now. We're not supposed to worry if these star vehicles have any gas in their tanks.

I bring up the Golden Age because *Runaway Bride*, starting with its title, halfheartedly hearkens back to an era of romantic comedies about madcap dames and saphead grooms and big-city newspapermen and small-town crotchets and the New York skyline at dusk. Gere plays Ike Graham, a *USA Today* columnist and part-time misogynist who, hard up for inspiration, jots down the complaints of a barfly in his favorite watering hole and turns it into his next byline. It seems there's a woman named Maggie Carpenter (Roberts) living in rural Maryland who has left a succession of grooms at the altar; with her latest wedding a week away, she's poised to do it again. Apparently, she dumps men for kicks. Graham

runs the column without checking it out, gets his facts wrong—he writes, for example, that Maggie is on her seventh try when it's only her fourth—and is duly fired. By his ex-wife, no less, now his editor (Rita Wilson). Seeking vindication, Ike—who represents the scourge of New York manners and New York journalism—descends on Maggie's little burg and gleefully insinuates himself into her life and the lives of her friends and family. He taunts Maggie about her upcoming nuptials to the local high-school football coach (Christopher Meloni) and how she'll surely run away again. He mocks her, whistling the theme song from *The Andy Griffith Show*. Because he did Maggie wrong, you might expect her circle to shun Ike. But except for receiving a surprise, unwanted punk dye job at the hands of Maggie's hairstylist best friend (the always terrific Joan Cusack), Ike all but becomes the town's honorary buddy—not because these folks are starstruck hayseeds but because they're decent and forgiving people who understand that Ike is really decent, too.

Isn't it a bit late in the day to offer up the boonies as an antidote to wicked city ways? Ike may liken Maggie's hometown, with its comfy neighborliness and its barber-shop quartet, to Andy Griffith's Mayberry, but the filmmakers—director Garry Marshall and screenwriters Josann McGibbon and Sara Parriott—truly view it as an oasis of good values. Marshall was the creator of such TV series as *Happy Days* and *Laverne & Shirley*; it's likely this sort of sitcom idealization has its own reality for him. But for us? The truth is, the boonies aren't really the boonies anymore; those awful city ways are everywhere. *Runaway Bride* isn't just out of step; it's out of touch.

When it first came out, *Pretty Woman*, also directed by Marshall, seemed to be out of touch, too. Except it turns out everybody still wanted to buy into that old happy hooker—Mr. Moneybags fantasy—at least as played by Julia Roberts and Richard Gere. Roberts was peerlessly charming in that film, and Gere, with his Armani threads and his silver-fox preening, was a deluxe dreamboat. Roberts is charming again in *Runaway Bride*; I liked her a lot better here than in *Notting Hill*, where, playing a movie star—as opposed to just *being* a movie star—she looked tense and miserable. In a scene in *Runaway Bride* with Cusack, she does a wonderful impression of a duck-billed platypus, and she's so spirited that, as in *My Best Friend's Wedding*, you don't really care that this character is a wedding-wrecker. Julia Roberts creates her own aura of sympathy; she could probably play Linda Tripp in a movie and audiences would still cheer her on. She's a

Remember the mane: Richard Gere courts Julia Roberts in *Runaway Bride*.

movie star who, at her most incandescent, doesn't appear to be aware of it; that's the essence of her down-to-earth glamour.

Gere, on the other hand, is *always* aware of his star vibes, and, although that may have worked for *Pretty Woman*, where he was basically playing a fantasy stud, it messes up the chemistry in *Runaway Bride*. Gere can't quite give himself over to Roberts because he's too infatuated with himself; he's getting high inhaling his own aura. Maggie and Ike are supposed to discover happiness with each other by being true to themselves. But who are they? The filmmakers undermine the sheer uncomplicated glossiness of these stars by trying to build emotional levels into their characters. Maggie tells Ike near the end that "you know the real me," but the real her seems just about as beguilingly vacuous as the unreal one. And the film's explanation for why she runs away all the time seems bogus, tidied up. We're supposed to think she knows all those grooms were wrong for her even though she can't articulate why, but since Maggie also seems to have had her flirtations with practically every other guy in town—from her best friend's husband to the desk clerk at Ike's hotel—mightn't there be something else going on here besides holding out for true love?

Ike finally awakens to the fact that his marriage collapsed because he never listened to his wife; so in the best pop-psych tradition, he learns to listen to Maggie. His inarticulateness masks hidden depths. He has a hankering for the literary life over journalism—he's partial to Yeats. He's also a devotee of Miles Davis, and whenever "It Never Entered My Mind" comes on the soundtrack, you feel wrenched. Introducing that deep, moody funk into this failed fluff is a miscalculation: It reminds us of a world of real feeling.

In brief: FRANCIS AND BLAKE FALLS, THE conjoined twins in **Twin Falls Idaho**, share the same blood but not the same heart. Blake, the stronger one, props up his sickly brother in the dreary gray-green hotel room they share on Idaho Avenue (hence the title). When they order up a hooker, Penny (Michele Hicks), for their birthday, the mood is so spiritless that they can barely blow out the candles on the cake. Michael Polish, who directed, stars as Francis; his identical twin brother, Mark, who co-wrote, is Blake. The effect of their collaboration appears to be a doubling of drabness; the uniqueness of this film's conception is canceled out by a lot of high-toned gloominess. Were the Polish brothers worried they might be accused of creating a carry act if they introduced a little lowdown joy? ■

Peter Rainer's 1998-99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

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Lost Generation X

Geoff Dyer's 'Paris Trance' follows Fitzgerald back to France—with ecstasy in place of vin rouge. But here, the City of Light is dimmer.

Paris Trance

BY GEOFF DYER

Farrar, Straus and Giroux; 274 pages, \$23

THEY SAY IT'S RISKY TO WRITE LIKE HEMINGWAY, but the real loser's game is imitating Fitzgerald. That's because certain things, by definition, can only be done once, and growing prematurely old and jaded while living the high life in Paris as an expatriate is definitely one of them. To take up the illusions Fitzgerald lost—the faith that the party never has to end,

the notion that beauty, thrills, and romance can last in perpetuity—and pretend to believe in them again in order to re-lose them just doesn't work. Still, writers try, particularly young men. And though it's a loser's game, well, so is life, and some stabs at beating the odds are better than others.

Paris Trance, by British writer Geoff Dyer, is one of the nimbler reworkings of Fitzgerald—and of Hemingway too. And make no mistake about it, that's what it is: a fully self-conscious reconfiguration of the twenties expat classics, complete with a smattering of borrowed lines from *The Sun Also Rises*. Dyer calls these lifted phrases "samples," using the lexicon of hip-hop music, but because they're so few and so quietly smuggled in, they don't really affect the reading experience, they just alert us to Dyer's postmodern mind-set. He's imitating, he knows he's imitating, and, as such, he's also making a statement about the whole idea of imitation. That all experience is borrowed experience.

That new things are really old things rearranged. You know the drill, that whole postmodern thing.

The narrator of the novel is not its hero but its hero's biggest admirer, *Great Gatsby*-style. The hero is Luke, an Englishman in Paris who arrives with some vague intention to write a novel but quickly gets sidetracked by a burning love affair. Alex, the best friend who tells Luke's story, lets us know early that it won't end happily and that it will illustrate certain bitter truths about the self-defeating human heart. Of course, we know from the choice of setting alone that loss and disappointment are in the offing, since what else can expats in Paris really expect? The central convention of the expat novel is that its ending is fixed from its beginning, that paradise

will be lost and left. Doom is absolutely guaranteed. This is supposed to help us savor more deeply the transient joys and triumphs preceding the crack-up.

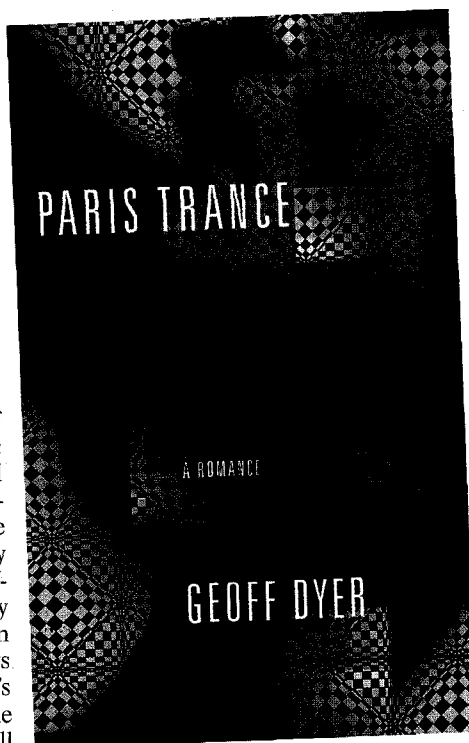
Dyer understands his genre. Expats must always be escaping something, but it's best if that something is vague and ill-defined; a hidden war wound, a messy love affair. Luke is escaping England, that's all we know, its dreary, drizzling, monochromatic tedium. He's a movie buff, and at first he spends his time huddled in theaters, where his favorite game is cataloguing film clichés. Once he meets Nicole, his Serbian lover, and Alex and his lover, Sahra,

his conversations center on these tropes, over which the group is able to bond. They analyze the role of Styrofoam cups in detective movies; they deconstruct *The Great Escape* and other POW films. The conversations turn into full-blown raps, most of them fairly amusing and on-target, and prove Dyer's point that what links us nowadays isn't shared experience but shared reactions to the all-enveloping cultural miasma.

Sealing yourself into a blissful capsule is the original sin of expat novels, the defining, catastrophic act that winds and sets the cuckoo clock of doom. Once you've chosen your bar, your cocktail, and your party-mates, it's only a matter of time before everything goes bust. Indeed, the only real room for innovation in the expat novel is choice of nightlife. Dyer chooses the rave scene—a demi-monde far more important to British writers than to Americans, for some odd reason. For years now, the world of ecstasy

and house music has figured so prominently in British youth novels—as a trapdoor into sexual wonderlands, as a classless psychological melting pot, as an alternative to grim maturity—that you'd think the sixties had recommenced there, filling the night with candy-colored paisley. In America, we've been busy making money, but in Europe they've all been dancing, apparently.

As Luke falls more deeply in love with Nicole, an enigmatic speaker of broken English who never really emerges as a character but only as an object of adoration, Dyer reveals an addiction to high-end paradox. Every emotion contains its opposite. Appearances are at odds with essences. Thus, being incredibly happy is tantamount to being miserable, and someone who acts one way is really another way. This perverse cast of mind, this habit of neg-



The plot is pure Fitzgerald, and Dyer samples Hemingway. But the whole is less than the sum of its parts.

ativity, breeds real insights now and then, but after a while it gets mechanical, generating reams of pat profundities that inspire us to nod reflexively before we're really sure that we agree with them. "The hankering to make of truth something ennobling and pure is itself a falsification." "Her chasteness was somehow the outward proof, the external manifestation, of a potential for sexual abandon all the more alluring for being hidden, invisible." Such conspicuous displays of intellect or, at least, of intellectualism, feel oddly coercive at times, manipulative.

This becomes a real problem in the case of Luke, who never quite assumes the tragic stature that Alex imputes to him. Luke is a beery slacker, a soccer fan, and a wannabe writer aimlessly in search of the perfect girl, the perfect dumb movie, the perfect all-night high. But without a World War I for a

"... Dyer loves his masters, he loves the whole Lost Generation attitude, and if he could go back in time and write his story straight, he would. As it is, he can only get close to what he loves at a sort of art-student remove ..."

dark backdrop and a World War II to put clouds on the horizon, his burning quest for kicks just doesn't mean much in the scheme of things or at least not as much as Alex keeps saying it does. "But there was a sense, I think, in which he did fulfil his destiny. There are people who are destined to have lives like this and, in some way, his falling short was a kind of triumph. ..." This is straight *Gatsby*, straight *Tender Is the Night*, with no postmodernism about it. Sometimes an ironic sense of genre is just a way to give yourself permission to flat-out copy something, to rip it off. Sort of like lying with your fingers crossed.

That seems to be Dyer's problem: He loves his masters, he loves the whole Lost Generation attitude, and if he could go back in time and write his story straight, he would. As it is, he can only get close to what he loves at a sort of art-student remove, by sampling and playing intertextual games. The real love object in *Paris Trance* isn't Nicole, whom Luke ultimately leaves so as to freeze-frame their perfect love affair, but the expatriate novelists themselves, whom Dyer can only gaze at but never quite touch.

Walter Kirn's 1997-99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

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THEATER JOHN SIMON Putting on Heirs

Brian Friel's 'Aristocrats' is a solidly crafted Chekhovian pastiche set in modern Ireland; 'Dear Liar' is a comic peek at Bernard Shaw in love.

WHEN ONE SPEAKS OF AN IRISH ARISTOCRACY, one usually means the Protestant, Anglo-Irish world of great country houses. One thinks of Lady Gregory, Lord Dunsany, and the kind of people Yeats cozied up to. In *Aristocrats* (1979), Brian Friel imagines an old Catholic family, the O'Donnells: a gentry without titles but with a sense of entitlement.

Like most of Friel's other characters, they live in fictional Ballybeg village in romantic Donegal. Their home is the large and decaying Ballybeg Hall; it is summer, in the mid-seventies. Upstairs lies the bedridden patriarch, District Justice O'Donnell, suffering from Alzheimer's and tended by Judith, 40, his eldest daughter. The

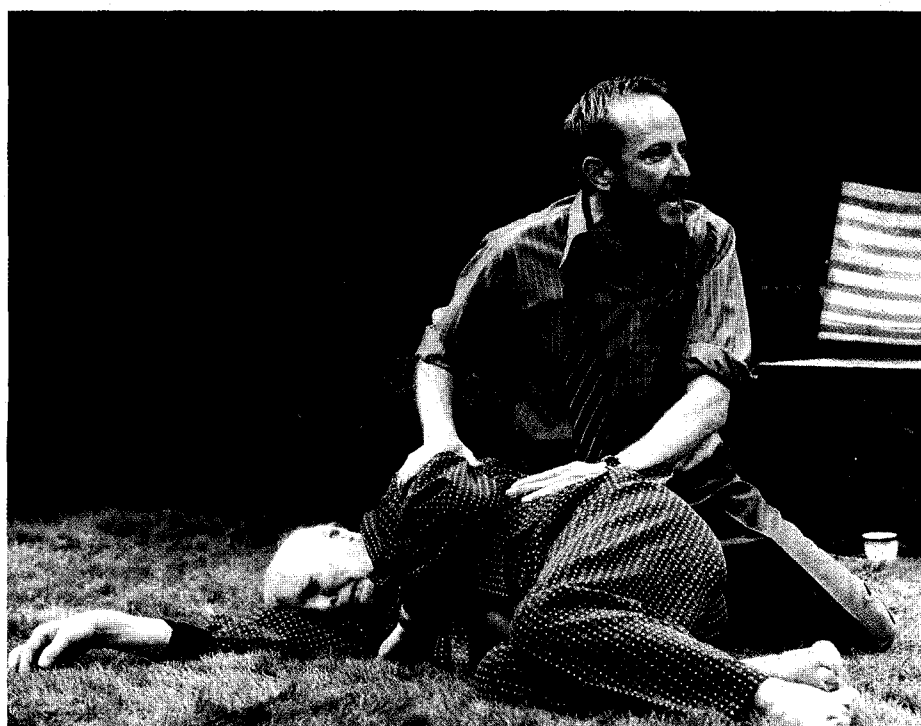
sons and whom he is constantly trying to reach by telephone. No one has ever met Helga, and since Casimir is given to spinning fantastic tales as family history, she may be a fiction. Impending is Claire's wedding to a rich, much older merchant—a sad marriage of convenience.

In front of the house and occupying the forestage is what was once a tennis court, then a croquet lawn, and now just some seedy grass, a decline paralleling that of the O'Donnells. Here they tend to lounge, drinking, dreaming, or just irritating one another and bearing witness that, thanks to Brian Friel, Chekhov is alive and well in modern Ireland.

Only two things will happen in this imploding yet reverberant play, begotten by *The Cherry Orchard* on *Three Sisters* as a titillating tour de force. Certain patented Frielian characters are present, notably the American scholar who doesn't quite get it, and the witty, upward-mobile malcontent, head in a storm cloud, feet in a Sargasso Sea. There is also the stouthearted woman going to waste, and the lyrical younger one sacrificed to economic necessity. But Casimir, the fantasist who plays imaginary croquet with invisible mallets and balls and whose entire private life may be a fiction, is a fine, tragicomic, one-time-only invention.

Unfortunate, in my view, is the near-continuous Chopin piano music, whether on an offstage piano or on an onstage tape recorder. And the repeated incomplete phone calls to Hamburg come to feel like a somewhat lame running gag. Yet such offstage characters as the quirky telephone operator who butts in on family affairs, and the spinster church organist whose repertoire is not only limited but also inappropriate enhance the sense of reality.

Best is Friel's ability to suggest much through a few choice monosyllables. This can be comical, as when Casimir elicits from Tom that his father, too, is dead: "I'm very, very sorry." "Thank you." "It is a great loss." "Indeed." "When did he die?" "When I was three months old." Or it can be poignant, as when, at departure time, Eamon touches Alice's face where he hit it: "It's healed." "Is it?" "Almost." "I heal quickly." "Sorry." "I've packed your things." "Thanks." How much sheepish remorse, resentful irony, swallowed pride, and strangulated gratitude are packed into seventeen syllables. Equally, there are those vertiginous tirades that enter through the funny bone and exit through the pierced heart.



Irish curse:
Peter Dix
and Frank
McCusker in
***Aristocrats*.**

youngest, Claire, 27, is playing Chopin offstage. Before us, in the study, Willie Diver, a local tradesman and entrepreneur sweet on Judith, is affixing an intercom to the sickroom. Tom Hoffnung, an American scholar staying with the O'Donnells, is taking notes for a book on Catholic aristocrats.

Visiting are Alice, the middle daughter, and her husband, Eamon, grandson of the sisters' nanny, an ill-matched, heavily drinking couple now living in London. Another guest is Casimir, the only son, oddball and failed lawyer now humbly employed in Hamburg and married to the petite bourgeoisie Helga, with whom he has three

Ben Barnes's staging for the Gate Theatre, imported by Lincoln Center Festival '99, does a clean job, and the visuals, though more modest than Friel's specifications, work. The three sisters are expertly handled by Catherine Byrne (Judith), whose one look and two words can speak trilogies; Donna Dent (Alice), whose bibulous mockery is both poison dart and boomerang; and Alison McKenna (Claire), who disallows self-pity to turn maudlin.

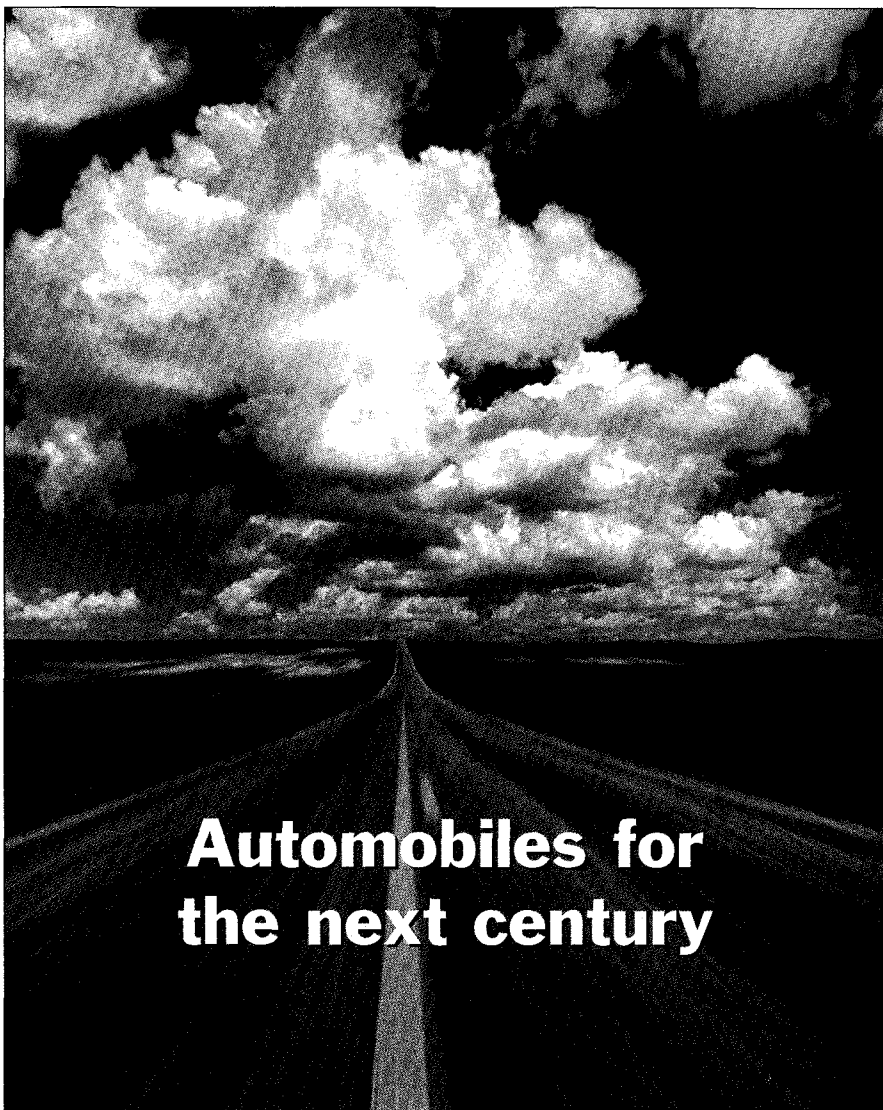
Among the men, Frank McCusker carries off Eamon's braggadocio with bravura, and the others are right behind him, although Mark Lambert's Casimir seems less compelling than Niall Buggy's at the Manhattan Theatre Club in 1989. What transcends everything here is the feeling of a culture, perhaps even a country, in its death throes. A host of angels could not sing it to its rest better than Brian Friel.

BERNARD SHAW (HE DID NOT LIKE HIS FIRST name, George) had strange, generally platonic relationships with a number of actresses, none more so than that with Mrs. Patrick—Stella—Campbell (he did not like her first name, Beatrice, but was in love with her). Though unconsummated, the affair lasted till her death in 1940, and the woman who created Eliza Doolittle onstage was also one partner in a famous correspondence from whose hundreds of letters Jerome Kilty has extracted an epistolary comedy, *Dear Liar*, revived by the Irish Repertory Theatre.

This now flirtatious, now barbed exchange, in which the author of *Pygmalion* plays, with varying success, *Pygmalion* to a sometimes worshipful, sometimes recalcitrant Galatea, makes for a bumpy, frequently frolicsome, and eventually melancholy traversal. If you relish a play such as A. R. Gurney's *Love Letters* (one of several descendants of *Dear Liar*), you should groove on this one. But even if you don't, you will be gently but firmly prodded to reflect on what men and women will or won't do to each other, on the transience of the seemingly eternal, and on the eternity of the seemingly transient.

Donal Donnelly, a gifted and likable actor who has impersonated Shaw before, makes him a bit too emphatic, didactic, and earthbound, and is a tad too short of stature for a man whose gangliness very nearly epitomized him. But Marian Seldes, though not looking anything like Stella, is utterly winning, and handles histrionic outbursts and sardonic asides with equal poise, thus forging a winsome unity out of tantalizing—and sometimes tiresome—manifoldness. If her Stella comes off better than G.B.S., it is the doing as much of Marian Seldes as of Beatrice Stella Campbell.

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Short of Breadth

John Eliot Gardiner's period readings of Schumann's major works weren't as revealing as promised, but they had moments of bracing vigor.

SEASONED CONCERTGOERS MIGHT WELL HAVE wondered about the startling disclosures promised by Lincoln Center Festival's **Schumann Revealed** project, four programs played by the Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique conducted by John Eliot Gardiner. After all, Schumann's major orchestral works have been central to our musical life for more than a century, and by now they have been viewed from nearly every possible interpretive angle. True, the composer's skills as an orchestrator were once in doubt, and many conductors—most famously Mahler—had no hesitation in “fixing” the trouble spots. But that practice ceased some time ago, and now it's customary to play the four Schumann symphonies undoctored and hear them as the original masterpieces they always were. Nor does Gardiner arrive as a pioneer by playing Schumann on period instruments—Roger Norrington's London Classical Players and Roy Goodman's Hanover Band got there first several years ago.

So the “revelations” at these concerts were no more nor less than what one expects nowadays from any conductor who plays the standard repertory: Gardiner's personal take on what constitutes truth and beauty in Schumann's symphonies. His ideas are nothing if not up to date—so fashionable, in fact, that future generations are apt to consider his lean, confrontational approach just as passé as some now find the romantically inflected performances of yesteryear. As musicologist Richard Tarus-

kin has pointed out, it would be a mistake to embrace today's carefully researched period-instrument performances as the last word on how to play these works or as authentic re-creations of what the composer expected to hear—exactly how an orchestra sounded when it played Schumann's Symphony No. 1 in 1841 is unknowable. What we are being given is entirely modern and anchored in the here and now: a historically informed approach filtered through contemporary sensibilities.

That means using a streamlined, medium-size orchestra of period instruments that are encouraged to cultivate textural transparency, incisive articulation, and a driving rhythmic urgency—Schumann with a decided edge. Strings made from animal gut bite into their notes with sharp downstrokes, wooden mallets on leather-skinned timpani rap out a tight tattoo, the winds speak with brisk tangy accents, and woodsy valveless horns bray lustily. The astringently unsentimental tone of such music-making is worlds removed from the majesty, generosity of spirit, and creamy rich sound characteristic of orchestras when they played Schumann 50 years ago. This brave new aesthetic is intolerable for some, who stay home with their Furtwängler and Karajan recordings when Gardiner comes to town. Others find such a bold reimagining of a familiar composer a tonic, and they turned out in quantity. Numerous musicians, mostly British, have climbed on the same bandwagon, but Gardiner, whose records are said to sell better than those of almost any other living conductor, is clearly the man of the hour.

I found it all very bracing and invigorating—up to a point. So much determined objectivity, fresh-scrubbed cleanliness, and manic driving energy finally got on my nerves midway through this marathon, when even my old Furtwängler records began to look very enticing. In the end, Gardiner's demystified, dry-eyed Schumann struck me as lacking color, expressive variety, and spiritual nourishment, an approach that seems to close more doors than it opens. I was also disappointed to hear so few textual revelations, all highly touted in advance and presumably drawn from the original manuscripts. Aside from a gently modulated period instrument that Schumann would have recognized, along with some dynamic niceties, there (continued on page 56)

**Gardiner
conducts the
Orchestre
Révolutionnaire
et Romantique
at Lincoln
Center.**



DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

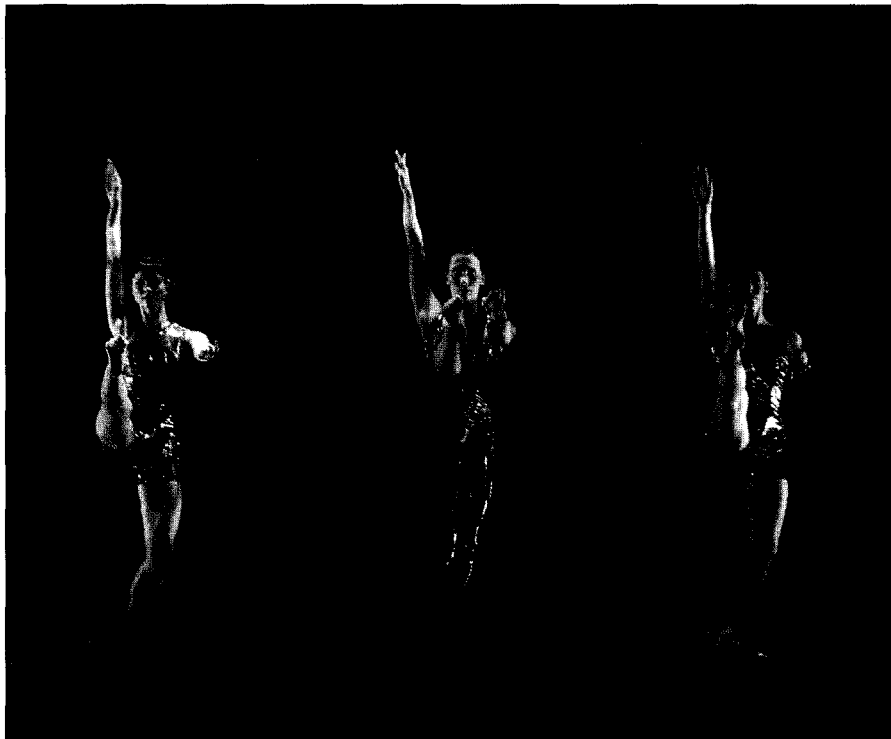
Golden Pond

In the serene 'Pond Way' and other works both old and new, glimpses of Merce Cunningham's enduring genius; from Europe, crowd-pleasing pretentiousness.

AT 80, Merce Cunningham, THE grand old man of modern dance, finally made it to the New York State Theater in a full-scale engagement with his company. There his dances, old and new, demonstrated his evergreen genius through their quiet but persistent iconoclasm, their sophisticated invention, and their stunning beauty. The 1959 *Rune*, the 1975 *Sounddance*, and the 1995 *Ground Level Overlay*—raptly and robustly performed—seemed like focal points from which to consider Cunningham's unceasing pursuit of new ways to consider space and human motion. The 1958 *Summerspace*—danced on this occasion by members of the New York City Ballet, the classical company having done it as a repertory item back in 1966—served as a delightful, irony-tinged reminder that Cunningham functioned effectively as a crossover choreographer before the term had been coined.

Of the two big works new to New York, I preferred *Pond Way*, a lyrical, meditative affair—accompanied by a hypnotic Brian Eno score, outfitted by Suzanne Gallo in white harem garb, and danced before a Roy Lichtenstein drop in which the artist's familiar black dots evoke a world that is nearly all water and sky, a minuscule fishing boat and its rower almost hidden in a low corner. The entire piece suggests that nature is large; man, small—a characteristic Cunningham tenet appropriated from Zen thought. While all of Cunningham's stage compositions display the odd yet exquisite balance of Asian landscape painting, *Pond Way* seems to emphasize particularly the subtle harmonies of off-center arrangements.

Biped, by contrast, is assertive and futuristic—the dancers, clad in Gallo's iridescent tank suits, penetrating into a fathomless, incorporeal, and quite possibly dehumanizing outer space. Abstract and figural projections on front and back scrims, achieved through the latest in computer technology by Shelley Eshkar and Paul Kaiser, are an unwitting throwback to the explorations of Alwin Nikolais half a century ago. Gavin Bryars's score, with its eerie hollow echoes, contributes to the intergalactic effect. At times, the dancers appear to be flying or diving; at others, they move with the spasmodic angularity attributed to robots, their faces expressionless masks. Toward the finish, they regain their fluidity, even dance in couples (what could be more human than that?), but then ominously start melting down. Could *Biped* be Cunningham's nod to the millennium?



Merce Cunningham's *Biped*, at the New York State Theater.

The novelty of the engagement—a distinguished component of the Lincoln Center Festival—was *Occasion Piece*, a duet of sorts for Cunningham and Mikhail Baryshnikov, a great admirer of the choreographer and surefire box-office insurance. Leave it to Cunningham to make the occasion tasteful and wonderfully wry. He placed the pianist Stephen Drury onstage to play John Cage's *Music for Marcel Duchamp*, in which a haunting little phrase is doodled, note by note, on stretches of silence, and set the scene with Jasper Johns's see-through containers inspired by Duchamp's *The Large Glass* (originally used for *Walkaround Time*). Cunningham, whose range of motion is drastically restricted by the infirmities of age, was so potent in his guise of benign wizard, he nearly upstaged the merely middle-aged Baryshnikov, who devotedly executed the impossibly torqued phrases assigned him. As their bodies related obliquely in the space, these two legendary artists seemed to acknowledge each other with the love and respect of mutual—and indefatigable—toilers in the field.

THE CZECH CHOREOGRAPHER Jirí Kylián HAS CREATED AN EMPIRE with the Nederlands Dans Theater in the course of his 24-year leadership. (He relinquishes his administrative duties this year but will remain active on the artistic side.) NDT now comprises three companies—the main one; a junior division in which careers are launched; and

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a chamber group of charismatic perform-
ers over 40, dancing material tailored to
their particular abilities. The repertoires of
NDT I, II, and III are largely of Kylián's
creation; indeed, NDT can be thought of
as his instrument, as the New York City
Ballet was Balanchine's and the Royal
Danish Ballet Bournonville's. Kylián's
achievement has an enthusiastic fol-
lowing in the Hague, NDT's home
base, and in Europe as a whole, where
the choreographer's brand of pic-
turesque angst fits perfectly into the
dance norm. What's more unusual (given
the difference between old-world and
new-world taste in dance), he's admired in
the States as well, as attested by the stand-
ing ovations NDT received during its re-
cent stint at the New York State Theater.

My overall reaction of doubt, dismay,
and terminal boredom, then—though I
enjoy occasional Kylián works—is clearly
a minority report. For this engagement, a
Lincoln Center Festival event, NDT
brought Kylián's evening-length *One of a
Kind* (an homage to the worth of the in-
dividual, inspired by the 150th anniver-
sary of the Dutch Constitution) and a
mixed bag of shorter pieces, including a
gross-humored one by company member
Paul Lightfoot. My problem with Kylián's
dances begins with their pretentiousness.
Essentially abstract, they lay claim to
meanings way beyond the scope of the
movement and the patterns in space the
viewer actually sees. I'm deeply suspi-
cious of program notes that declare, "The
whole piece should not make any logical
sense, it is too intuitive and abstract for
that," or "When you go home after seeing
this piece you should have some existen-
tial thoughts," or, with its amorphous
punctuation, "A journey in time—light
and space, addressing the ambiguity of
aesthetics—performances and dreams." I
also distrust the general air onstage of
High Significance, which owes far too
much to the handsome chiaroscuro of the
lighting and the future-chic costumes. If
the feeling embedded in the choreography
were deep and genuine, it seems to me,
things wouldn't look so sleek.

My other big problem with Kylián is his
signature vocabulary. It blends selected
elements of classical ballet with Graham-
esque modern dance and the postmodern
strategy of co-opting actions from an
eclectic variety of sources. Neither classi-
cal nor modern dance is employed in its
full, challenging range, and neither genre
evolves through Kylián's use of it. Kylián's
mix—the house blend, if you will—is es-
sentially uninventive, though I must say
his dancers look terrific performing it.
Still, is this what we want dance reduced
to—looking terrific?

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available
at newyorkmag.com.

Davis continued from page 54

was nothing unusual about Robert Levin's
otherwise rather crabbed performance of
the Piano Concerto. All sorts of dramatic
restorations were promised, but the reve-
lations never materialized as the familiar
score traced its course, business as usual.

It was instructive to hear both the early
(1841) and revised (1851) versions of the
Symphony No. 4, although I doubt that
there will be a rush to return to the rarely
performed original. In this case, the first
to tinker with the orchestration of a Schu-
mann symphony was Schumann himself,
and Gardiner, who seems congenitally sus-
picious of a composer's second thoughts,
predictably prefers the more lightly scored
first edition. Some of us, though, are per-
verse enough to think that the weightier
sound of the revision more effectively con-
veys the solemn grandeur of the sympho-
ny's musical thought and design.

The grand finale came in Avery Fisher
Hall, where Gardiner conducted his or-
chestra, Monteverdi Choir, American Boy-
choir, and six vocal soloists in *Scenes
From Goethe's 'Faust,'* a score that Schu-
mann struggled with for nine years toward
the end of his too-short life. Several
distinguished conductors have cham-
pioned this disheveled work in recent
times—Benjamin Britten, Erich Leins-
dorf, Pierre Boulez, Claudio Abba-
do—without convincing the world
that Schumann ever really succeeded
in meeting Goethe on a comparably
inspired musical level. I don't think
Gardiner made the most compelling
case, either, but it is always interesting to
hear this ambitious score for the many
beautiful pages it does contain.

Whatever one may think of Gardiner
and his musical priorities, he is definitely
an original who resembles no other con-
ductor on the international scene. He sel-
dom makes guest appearances with other
orchestras—virtually never in this coun-
try—and a wide-ranging discography that
runs from Lehár's *The Merry Widow* to
Britten's *Spring Symphony* attests to his
catholic tastes. Next to Gardiner's inde-
pendent image, eclectic enthusiasms, and
general popularity, conductors like
Levine, Mehta, and Abbado who pursue
more predictably conventional careers are
beginning to look like relics from a by-
gone age. Even those maestros must have
sensed that something is wrong now that
record companies show such little interest
in them. Gardiner, on the other hand, en-
joys a close relationship with Deutsche
Grammophon, which seems eager to re-
cord whatever he pleases. Love them or
hate them, Gardiner's performances are
the ones that a great many audiences now
prefer to hear.

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are avail-
able at newyorkmag.com.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD Big Mouth

An HBO documentary reveals the best and worst of taboo-busting stand-up comic Lenny Bruce, equal-opportunity offender—and liberal martyr.

PAULINE KAEI, WHO SAW LENNY BRUCE IN SAN Francisco clubs around the same time I did, in the early sixties, would later write of “a treacherous glint under those heavy lids”—and of a “cool pimp’s mask of indifference [that] was almost reptilian.” He was, she wrote, on nobody’s side: “He wanted to reach audiences and hold them, yet the only way he knew how was to assault them with obscene jokes about everything that could conceivably be sacred to them. For the people sitting there, complacency was impossible. No matter how hip they thought they were, he would find ways to shock them.” Yes, indeed. Because you never knew what he’d say next, he was dangerous, if not to public morals then certainly to peace of mind. Besides all those dirty words subsequently turned into Supreme Court ditties by George Carlin, and the crudest of ethnic slurs, there were jokes about Jimmy Hoffa and the pope. And he made fun of Jacqueline Kennedy in Dallas. And to this day, I feel guilty and embarrassed for having laughed at his throwaway line on the Leopold-Loeb murder case: “Bobby Franks was snotty.” Don DeLillo, who also speaks in tongues, caught this hand-grenade quality perfectly in *Underworld*, in which an imaginary Lenny going on about the Cuban missile crisis was a Cold War counterpoint to J. Edgar Hoover in biker drag.

It’s this quality that was altogether missing from the Cliff Gorman impersonation in Tom O’Horgan’s 1971 Broadway play *Lenny*, and from Dustin Hoffman, too, playing the same part in Bob Fosse’s 1974 film version: Both were much too nice, somehow zhlubby and lovable on their way to martyrdom. The performance artist we meet in Robert B. Weide’s remarkable documentary **Lenny Bruce: Swear to Tell the Truth** (Monday, August 9; 10:15 P.M. to midnight; HBO) is darker. He is, in fact, in his narrow dark suit with his narrow dark tie, a Man in Black—like all those fifties guys, from Ed Sullivan to Rod Serling to Sinatra’s Rat Pack. If we still don’t know how he got from *Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts* in 1948 (“Kiss me, Gregory—I’ve been Pecked!”) to a heroin overdose in 1966, at least we see the reptile in him, sense the seething contempt. And there is little question the cops were out to get him.

Such a wealth of home movies (L.B. in a sailor suit), early TV snippets (L.B. with Buddy Hackett and Steve Allen), parental advice (his showbiz mom, Sally Marr, let him get away with anything; his uptight father wanted him to become a chicken farmer), exploitation films (L.B. with his shiksa stripper wife, Honey), edgy humor (a mocked-up tabloid with the headline 6 MILLION JEWS FOUND ALIVE IN ARGENTINA), kinky sex (drug-zonked four-somes), Hugh Hefner (sucking on a pipe for the Playboy boob-tube show), and many, many busts (for narcotics, for obscenity, and, though they never really said so, for blasphemy, by note-taking cops so dimwitted that they mistook his parody of the Roman Catholic benediction for a mimicking of masturbation).



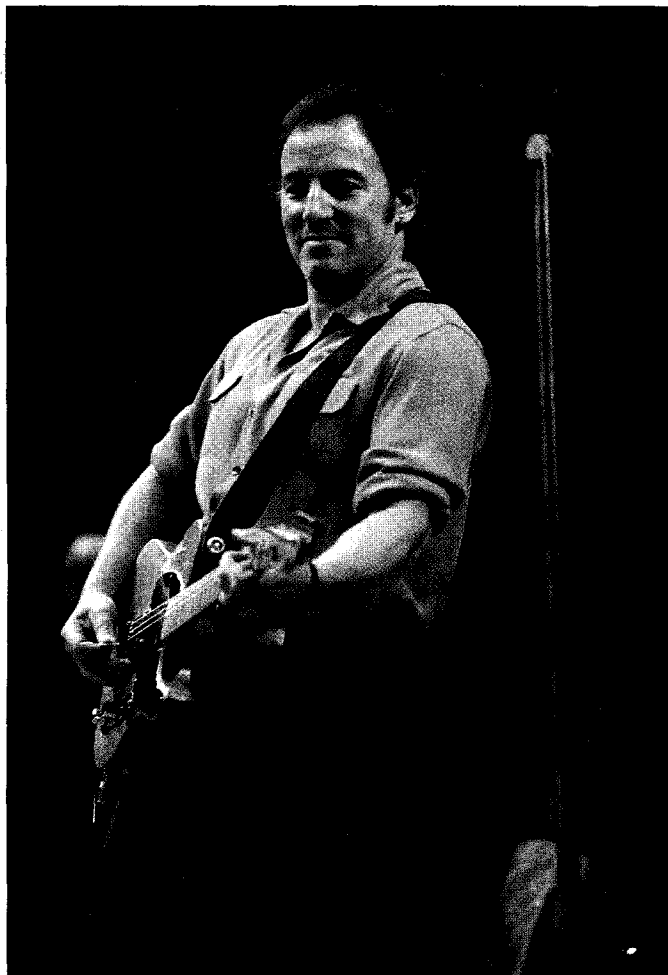
Mother Sally and ex-wife Honey are comfortably volatile for Robert Weide’s inquiring mike; neglected daughter Kitty, less so. *The Realist* editor Paul Krassner, who bailed Bruce out with his personal paychecks from *Cavalier* magazine, drops in all too briefly. Civil-liberties lawyer Martin Garbus deplores a police-and-prosecutor hounding of him from one town to the next after he infuriated them by beating his first obscenity rap in Philadelphia in 1961. Richard Kuh, the New York assistant D.A. who made it impossible for the man he still calls Lenny ever to work again, is contemptibly smug on camera. (Imagine a comic who sold out Carnegie Hall at midnight in the middle of a blizzard not being allowed to tell jokes at the Café au Go Go in the Village.) Best of all is Nat Hentoff, affable, beard- (continued on page 60)

Hounded:
Comic Lenny
Bruce, during
one of many
obscenity
busts.

POP MUSIC ETHAN BROWN

True Believer

Rock and roll may be out of fashion, but Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band prove that emotional and artistic daring outlasts pop.



Hungry heart:
Springsteen
preaches at the
Continental
Airlines Arena
July 20.

IT WOULD BE HARD TO IMAGINE ANYONE IN POP MUSIC less of-the-moment—or a more fervent believer in rock—than Bruce Springsteen.

This became clear when some of my painfully hip D.J.-culture friends heard I had scored a pair of tickets to the opening night of Springsteen's sold-out three-week engagement at Continental Airlines Arena. One sniffed: "You must be joking."

The charges against Springsteen are these: He's the embodiment of Reagan-era jingoism (never mind that "Born in the U.S.A." told of a Vietnam vet's disillusionment with his country or that *Nebraska* offered a withering critique of Reaganomics); he's a working-class poseur, a millionaire rock-and-roller who dons blue jeans as an affectation (sure, Springsteen is rich, but as U2's Bono pointed out in his speech at Springsteen's induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame this year, he has never embarrassed us with celebrity excesses);

his Luddite adherence to rock and roll is by definition regressive in an age of technology (a particularly stupid charge, as if musicianship and songwriting could somehow become outdated).

Such misinterpretations of Springsteen's career are reminiscent of the perception that Elvis was a racist. Despite his profound love of the blues and gospel music (and the fact that Sun Records' Sam Phillips probably never said the infamous line, "If I could just find a white guy who sang like a . . ."), Elvis still carries this rep as a bigot.

The news that Springsteen would be embarking on a reunion tour with the E Street Band after more than a decade did smack of a kind of Elvis-at-Vegas pomposity. But even if you are a loyal Springsteen fan, the tour might bring to mind a historic event along the lines of Elvis's triumphant return to form in his 1968 NBC special. That comparison seems wrongheaded: Elvis's astonishing performance in '68 came after a long period of artistic stagnation. What's more, as Peter Guralnick points out in *Careless Love*, the second installment of his masterly Elvis biography, the '68 special did not herald a new era of reinvigoration for Presley but rather one shining moment in the decline of a once-towering artist.

What was Springsteen, who had never looked back or rested on nostalgia, doing launching a reunion tour among the uncritical masses in New Jersey, anyway? Re-examining his artistry, that's what. Instead of offering a greatest-hits version of his career, reprising the ecstatic, anthem-choked four-hour workouts that made him famous, or simply indulging in an endless self-serving jam session with his old bandmates, Springsteen went against the grain. He offered a kind of *introspective* of his work, a show that drew its most powerful moments from his most solemn material. The cries of "Bruuuce" that resounded through the arena and the fawning press coverage heralding the native son's return seemed desperately out of touch with the challenging performance.

The show's opener, "My Love Will Not Let You Down," set the tone for the night. Recorded in the early eighties but not released until recently, on the Springsteen boxed set *Tracks*, the song was far from an obvious choice with which to return to the stage with his E Street Band. But the straight-ahead romantic rock of "My Love" was recast here, as if Springsteen were saying to his audience, *Believe in me, and I will not let you down*.

Sure, it would be hard to let down an audience as devoted as this one; the night's set moved, sometimes uncomfortably, through profoundly unrelated (one could even say themeless) territory. There was the gritty optimism of "Promised Land"; the desolate, almost unbearable grimness of (continued on page 60)

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET JOSEPH O'NEILL

Fit to Be Thai

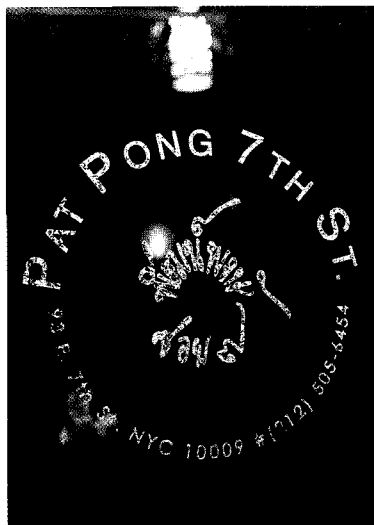
Pat Pong's eclectic Thai suits its polyglot East Village neighborhood, while Saffron livens up the already thriving Indian scene in NoMad.

SOME NEW RESTAURANTS SO cannily address local needs that they immediately and seamlessly fit into the fabric of their neighborhoods. Take, for example, **Pat Pong** (93 East 7th Street; 505-6454), a tiny, twenty-seat Thai restaurant between First and Avenue A that the Underground Gourmet wandered into one recent summer's evening with no great expectations. A plateful of pad Thai and a bowl of mocha-tofu ice cream later, this cheap no-liquor-license joint had taken its place in the Gourmet's culinary wardrobe of East Village essentials.

Decoratively, Pat Pong has the allure of the demure: a modest sprinkling of copper tables, sponge-painted yellow walls, some small but earnest paintings, and multicolored lanterns that are a clue to the bemusing fact that Pat Pong is named for the red-light district of Bangkok. Also startling is the appearance on the menu of a kielbasa-and-vegetable spring roll (\$5). This Polish-Thai gastronomic centaur signals either over-inventiveness or a commendable resistance to good cooking's greatest foe, perfunctoriness. Thankfully, it's the latter: As Pat Pong uses only fresh local produce in its dishes, why not (the chef figured) make use of the sausages that are as East Village as Jim Carroll?

The freshness of the ingredients is evident in the loosely packed vegetable summer roll (\$5), which comes with the tamarind dipping sauce that is the consort to quite a few dishes at Pat Pong. A breakfast cereal gone mad, the crispy rice noodles with vegetables (red peppers, scallions, carrots) and sweet plum sauce (\$6) are crunchy and amusing. The curry-potato-and-vegetable puff (\$5) is akin to the samosa, and its puréed contents work well with a cucumber-and-red-onion salad. The most interesting starter is the medley of toasted coconut, peanuts, ginger, onions, and dried shrimp with a lemongrass dipping sauce: Wrapped up in a lettuce leaf and swallowed whole, this hard-to-find dish is a rare treat (\$7).

There are some terrific entrées here (in huge portions, to boot). Beef medallions in tamarind curry sauce—eat this with aromatic black sticky rice (\$1.50)—are hot,



light, and subtle (\$10). Stir-fried julienne ginger chicken with shiitake mushrooms (\$9) is smoky, fresh, and crisp, and the aforementioned pad Thai (\$9) is superb: The stir-fried noodles' partners—shrimp, egg, tofu, bean sprouts, and peanuts—are not overchopped or overused, and consequently there is none of the mushiness or excessive peanutiness that can mar this dish.

Other items may give some pause. Chicken salad with Pat Pong spicy vinaigrette (\$7) is served with a powerful fish sauce that, with its blue-cheesy, bad-breath flavor, makes specialist demands on the palate; rice-noodle pancakes—chow fun, basically—are served in a gelatinous pool stocked with marinated pork, Asian broccoli, and shiitake mushrooms (\$9): okay, but out-classed by their menu-mates. Grilled jumbo shrimp (\$13), a monstrous trio of tiger prawns marooned on a lush island of basil leaves, spinach, red peppers, bok choy, and mushrooms, are not as tasty as they should be—the prawns lack that hint of smokiness and the green curry sauce is undone by too much coconut milk.

Homemade ice cream (\$6) is Pat Pong's specialty (owner Anong Leetrakul used to run Pravinie Gourmet Ice Cream on St. Marks Place), and you can take your pick of flavors ranging from green tea to red bean to durian to taro root with black sesame seeds. Tea (\$3 a pot)

is also available in stupefying variety.

Pat Pong is open Sunday through Thursday, 4 P.M. to 11 P.M., Friday and Saturday, 4 P.M. to midnight. Cash only.

A KOSHER PURVEYOR OF VEGETARIAN FOOD, **Saffron** (81 Lexington Avenue, at 26th Street; 696-5130), which opened in May, has insinuated itself into its neighborhood—north of Madison Square, aka NoMad—with a Janus-like efficacy: It notionally faces Tabla, the swish and hugely chic Madison Square Indian newcomer, and also the Indian restaurants that long have quietly flourished in this neck of the woods (sometimes known as Curry Hill). Bright and uncluttered, Saffron has none of the murky introspection that beglooms so many of the local yokels; nor, though it specializes with great suc-

Red light: Pat Pong's name and décor evoke Bangkok's tenderloin district.

cess in the fashionable cuisine of southern India, does it have any of the *Wallpaper** chic of the West Village's Surya, or its bothersome hoopla.

The key to southern-Indian cooking is to create an all-conquering allspice that will impart flavors and aromas to dishes in the absence of ghee. At Saffron, varying mixtures of turmeric, paprika, cloves, black pepper, bay leaves, coriander, cumin seed, saffron (of course), and other mouth-waterers are deployed to great effect. Everything I tasted here tasted good. Everything. The breakfast snack idli (steamed-rice-and-lentil patties dusted with cumin and chili; \$3.95) was spongy and sour and well matched with a green spicy coconut chutney. Tomato uttappam (\$5.95), a large pancake of lentil and rice flour, functioned as a delicious tomato-and-coriander pizza. And hara bhara kebabs (\$3.95)—veggie-burgers of spinach, green peas, and potato—were delicately spicy and moist.

The entrées? Again: all-singing, all-dancing. The crêpelike saffron dosa (\$8.95) floats into view like a giant stingray and is mottled with yellow stains of subtle, addictive mustardy saffron. The masala dosa (\$7.95) is a spectacular *Times* of India-size lentil-and-rice crêpe filled with potatoes, carrots, onions, and nuts. The Saffron khas (\$14.95) is a thali plate offering cheese (homemade from kosher milk), yellow rice, potato and pea curry (spicy), okra curry, spicy lotus-root, mango mousse, palate-cleansing yogurt and cucumber, plus two baggy pooris. On it goes: pindi chole (\$8.95) are chickpeas cooked from Mother's recipe from the Punjab (Saffron does not limit itself to southern-Indian dishes); daal makhani (\$8.95) are black lentils in a spicy cream sauce that features fresh ginger and green chili.

If you can attract the attention of the staff—an extra busperson or three would not go amiss in this leisurely family-run restaurant—you could do worse than ordering some dessert: gazar halwa (\$5.95) is a deliciously moist carrot cake infused with saffron, orange, rose water, and cardamom.

Saffron has no liquor license, but, as at Pat Pong, ingenious relief is at hand. Sip a falooda rose-water milkshake (\$3.45) or a Madras lassi (\$2.95), a strained-yogurt drink that, mildly seasoned with garlic, green chilis, and coriander, is a true thirst-buster for NoMadians or, indeed, nomads from other parts of town.

Saffron is open Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. and 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. Saturday and Sunday, noon to 10:30 P.M. All major credit cards. ■

Joseph O'Neill's 1998–99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Leonard continued from page 57

ed, almost rabbinical, analogizing Lenny's free-association monologues to the jazz riffs of Charlie Parker and John Coltrane.

Toward the end, his only material was legal briefs. (Eighteen months after his death, an appeals court overturned his New York conviction.) After Richard Pryor, after Robin Williams, in the stand-up era of Chris Rock—who on HBO proposed solving the violence epidemic by charging \$5,000 for every bullet sold, after which he guaranteed, "No more innocent bystanders!"—it's hard to imagine how Bruce was ever perceived as a threat to the republic. But go back to his record albums and the bootleg tapes, and maybe you'll see that the republic really deserved it. He was, as Pauline Kael observed, "uncompromisingly not nice."

Kurt & Courtney (FRIDAY, AUGUST 6; 10 TO 11:40 P.M.; Cinemax) is an entirely different kettle of fishiness. Supercilious Brit Nick Broomfield arrives in Seattle trailing clouds of gossip and condescension to investigate the shotgun death of Kurt Cobain and to film himself doing so, as if he were Heather in *The Blair Witch Project*. Before he talks to his first witness, the punker's wonderful aunt Mary, Broomfield already has so much animus for Courtney Love that it amounts to erotic strangulation. So Courtney won't talk to him? I wouldn't talk to this guy, either, not after following him around for a hundred minutes of leading questions to half the lowlifes on the West Coast. Aunt Mary, who encouraged Kurt's music and teaches school kids about drug abuse, is the only nice person we meet. The rest—private eyes, paparazzi, pornographers, and Courtney's dreadful father (who brags about having set pit bulls on her)—have a grunge investment in a conspiracy theory according to which Love had Kurt murdered. Never mind that Nick decides late in his self-aggrandizing show that he doesn't buy this theory—nor that anybody who ever saw *Nirvana Unplugged* on MTV was surprised that Cobain committed suicide. By giving these creeps so much face time to hyperventilate on camera, Broomfield lends credence to their manias. There's a word for this, and the word is *scurrilous*.

YOU WILL WANT TO WASH YOUR MIND OUT with beauty, radiance, and wit. So be sure to tune in to **Bernadette Peters in Concert** (Saturday, August 7; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Channel 13). It's half Stephen Sondheim and all ravishing red-haired ringlets, and it will remind you why you went to *Annie Get Your Gun* despite the critics: Bernadette Peters is the reason for musical theater. ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Brown continued from page 58

"Youngstown," a depiction of factory life from his Dylanesque album *The Ghost of Tom Joad*; the blue-collar, live-for-the-weekend escapism of "Out in the Street"; and the broken dreams of "The River"—with scarcely few pop moments (excluding a rousing version of "Hungry Heart" and a house-lights-on, all-guns-blazing version of "Born to Run") to bring the audience together in an easy unity.

Much of the show's considerable power lay in Springsteen's ability to recontextualize songs about heartbreak and reconciliation into his relationship with the E Street Band, whom he laid off at the end of the eighties. In other words, this wasn't a show for Springsteen-obscurity hounds or set-list geeks. "If I Should Fall Behind," an often overlooked, beautifully written love song to wife Patti Scialfa from his 1992 solo album *Lucky Town*, gained new resonance as members of the E Street Band took a turn at the microphone reciting the lyric: "I'll wait for you / If I should fall behind / Wait for me."

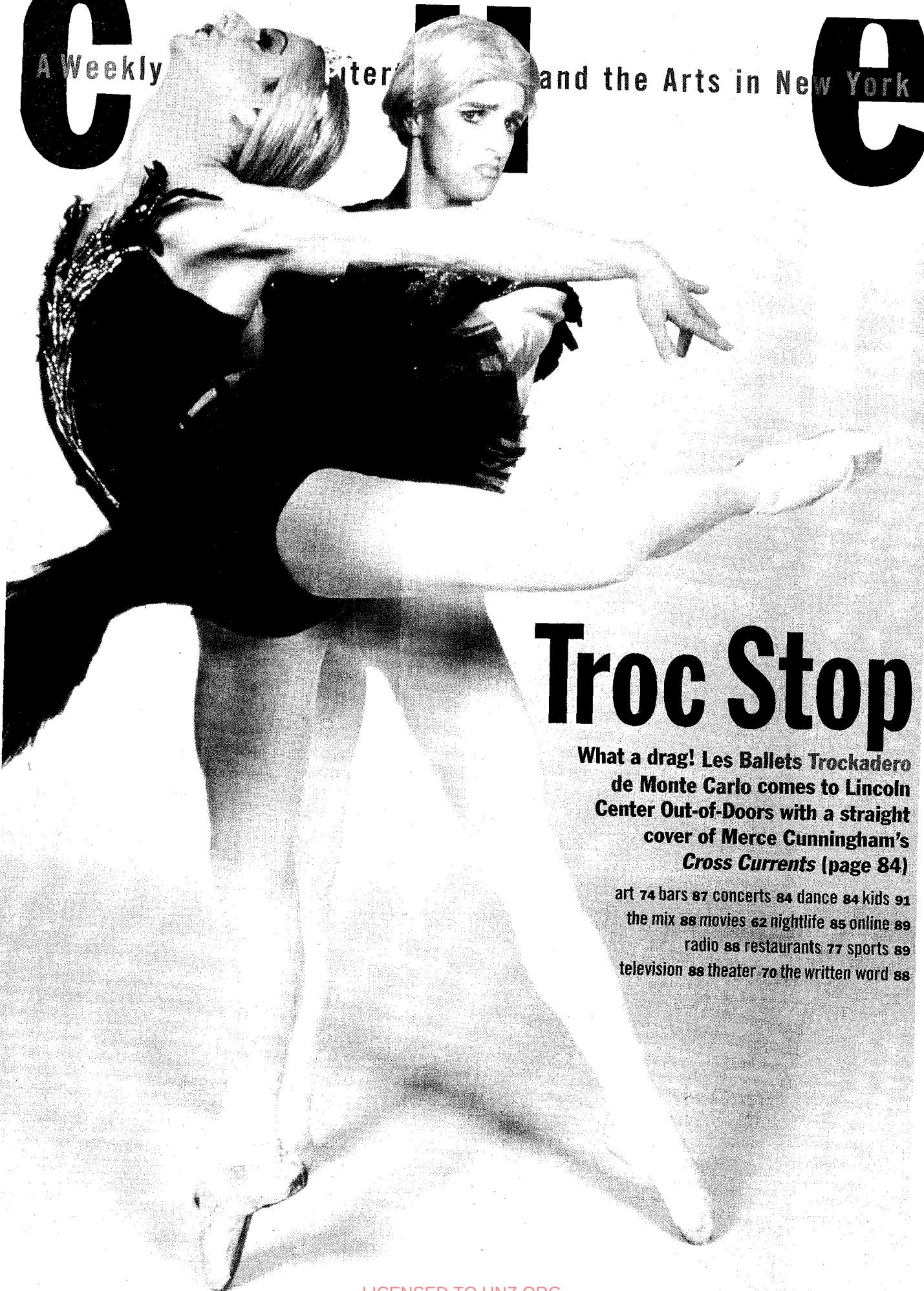
Springsteen interrupted "Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out" to relate, preacher-style, that he had "traveled down the avenue of fear, the avenue of depression, the avenue of sexual pleasure . . . but I was always alone." And then he introduced each band member, the band's camaraderie clearly serving as a salve to Springsteen's loneliness. Springsteen and the E Street Band's sense of self-mockery kept this from devolving into a rock-and-roll version of a locker-room pat on the back: When Springsteen introduced Steven Van Zandt as a cast member of *The Sopranos*, the guitarist plucked out a twangy version of the theme from *The Godfather*.

It's this sort of humor that Springsteen's detractors—who see him as an earnest poster boy for the proletariat—always seem to miss. Even as he held magisterial power over the audience (he asked for quiet and got it) during the autobiographical "Freehold," Springsteen offered not an oversincere paean to his hometown but an acerbically funny look at small-town life.

Springsteen's consistent defiance of his audience's expectations and refusal to cater to their worst instincts is, in many ways, the very definition of punk rock. That's probably heresy to young music critics. Springsteen's belief in the transformative power of rock and roll and the ecstasy to which music can take us makes him truly oppositional in a world where irony and sarcasm pass for insight. ■

Ethan Brown's 1999 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

C **NY** **e**
A Weekly **NY** **e**ter and the Arts in New York



Troc Stop

What a drag! Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo comes to Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors with a straight cover of Merce Cunningham's *Cross Currents* (page 84)

art 74 bars 87 concerts 84 dance 84 kids 91
the mix 88 movies 62 nightlife 85 online 89
radio 88 restaurants 77 sports 89
television 88 theater 70 the written word 88

movies

Illuminata... Grand Illusion... Mystery Men

New Films

The Acid House—Opens 8/6. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

The Adventures of Sebastian Cole—The year is 1983, and Sebastian Cole is a teenager in upstate New York whose stepfather, Hank, has decided he'd rather be a woman named Henrietta. Sebastian's mother and sister are not pleased. Sebastian is still bored. Opens 8/6. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R).

After Life—Heaven's caseworkers help the newly dead select one memory to travel with them for eternity. Written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu. Shown with *Bunny*, this year's Oscar-winning animated short film. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) Cinema Village.

American Pie—With three weeks to go, four friends make a pact to lose their virginity by the end of their senior year in high school—each with his own raunchy, sometimes humiliating but endearingly juvenile strategy. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) CO WorldWide Cinemas.

Arlington Road—This overheated and undercooked thriller mixes the *Do You Know Who Your Neighbors Really Are?* genre with the *Do You Know You're Being Targeted by Terrorists?* flick. Jeff Bridges plays a college professor in Washington, D.C., whose FBI wife was offed in a Ruby Ridge-style face-off and who now is paranoid about paramilitary operatives. Or is he just making good sense? (7/19/99) (1 hr. 17 min.; R) CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—Michael Myers's Austin Powers is a marvelously kooky comic creation, and kids especially seem to love him. This new film featuring the Carnaby Street shagster and part-time spy is very funny as long as it sticks with Austin and his furball, snaggle-toothed weirdnesses. (Rainer; 6/21/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews 84th Street.

Autumn Tale—Eric Rohmer's autumn entry in his "Tales of Four Seasons" quartet is not as diagrammatic as some of his earlier films. He may be a moralizing philosopher, but he has his playful side. The plot for the film is almost too close to the sort of thing Hollywood attempts: A best friend (Marie



Opening Able to Leap Tall Buildings in, Well...

Following in the footsteps of more mainstream (and capable) superheroes like Flash Gordon, Superman, and Batman and Robin, *Mystery Men* arrives this week to fight evil in theaters near you. The action comedy, based on the "DarkHorse" comic by Bob Burden (which first appeared as a spin-off of his "Flaming Carrot" series), includes screwball heroes Mr. Furious (Ben Stiller), the Bowler (Janeane Garofalo), the Shovel (William H. Macy), the Blue Raja (Hank Azaria), the Spleen (Paul Reubens), and Invisible Boy (Kel Mitchell). Opens August 6.

Riviere) fixes up a widowed vintner (Beatrice Romand) by pretending to be her in the newspaper personal ads. It's a charming film. (7/19/99) (1 hr. 50 min.; NR) Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) Main Street Cinemas.

Big Daddy—Adam Sandler plays a layabout law-school grad who accidentally ends up with custody of a 5-year-old boy and learns how to be a papa. This mix of *The Kid* and *The Champ* with the usual Sandler slacker shtick is being hailed as a step forward for him. It's more like a step backward into sappiness. (1 hr. 43 min.; PG-13) Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Blair Witch Project—A nifty, scary, zero-budget dramatic feature about a documentary crew that investigates a local legend—the Blair Witch—in the remote woods in Maryland, and, as we find out right at the start, doesn't live to tell the tale.

The cast (Heather Donahue, Joshua Leonard, Michael Williams) shot and improvised much of the footage; the writer-editor-director credits are shared by Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez. (1 hr. 27 min.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Buena Vista Social Club—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Cabaret Balkan—A series of dark, violent vignettes interwoven through the course of one evening in Belgrade and based on the Yugoslav play *The Powder Keg*. Directed by Goran Paskaljevic. (About 2 hrs.; NR) Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

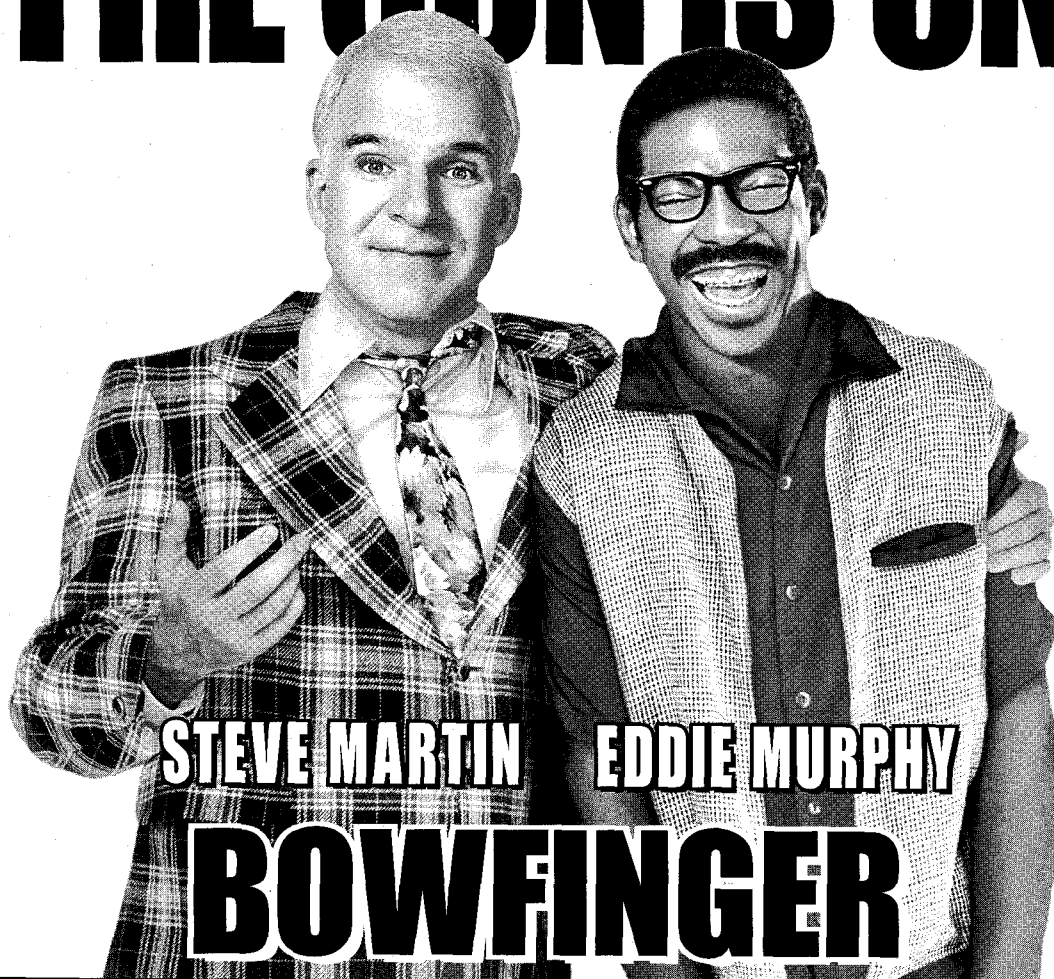
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MAGAZINE

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CASTING BY MARGERY SIMKIN MUSIC BY DAVID NEWMAN COSTUME DESIGNER JOSEPH G. AULISI EDITOR RICHARD PEARSON PRODUCTION DESIGNER JACKSON OBOVIA DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY UELI STEIGER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BERNIE WILLIAMS KAREN KEHELA
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No purchase necessary. Seating for the screening is on a first come, first served basis.

OPENS NATIONWIDE ON AUGUST 13TH

Deep Blue Sea—A science experiment goes terribly awry when genetically altered sharks become...too smart. With Saffron Burrows, LL Cool J, and Samuel L. Jackson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Defying Gravity—The story of a gay frat boy who falls in love with one of the brothers in his fraternity house. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Quadr Cinema.*

Dick—Kirsten Dunst and Michelle Williams play two teeny-boppers who witness the Watergate break-in and thus, help take down Nixon. *Opens 8/4.* (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13)

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most

boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Disco Dolls in Hot Skin—A 3-D adult film in which several silly characters run about looking for a yellow piece of paper and having sex. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; XXX) *The Screaming Room.*

Drop Dead Gorgeous—Kirstie Alley, Ellen Barkin, Denise Richards, and Kirsten Dunst star in a black comedy about a Minnesota beauty contest and it's ruthless participants. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemat; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The film-

makers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

Entrapment—Sean Connery stars as Mac MacDougal, the greatest art thief in the world, in this mildly diverting knockoff of movies as diverse as *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Topkapi*. Catherine Zeta-Jones is the insurance investigator who becomes his partner. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Eyes Wide Shut—Stanley Kubrick's last film is about a swank Upper West Side couple, William and Alice, played by Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, whose marriage is derailed when the wife reveals to her husband an imagined erotic longing. Despite his supersophisticated sheen, William's a naïf, and his wife's confession sends him into a nocturnal dreamlike quest that encompasses a hooker's ratty Village pad and, later, a Long Island mansion where a masked ball is being played out with rutting couples and lots of chanting. (Rainer 7/26/99) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Gambler—Karoly Makk's film intertwines the narrative of Dostoevsky's famous story with events from his own life. Stars Michael Gambon, Jodhi May, and Luise Rainer. *Opens 8/4 at Film Forum.* (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The General's Daughter—John Travolta stars as an Army investigator who attempts to nab the murderer of a colonel—the general's daughter—and finds himself up to his chin in military scandal and smarm. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemat; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Genghis Blues—A documentary about blind blues legend Paul Pena and his journey as he learns the art of multi-harmonic Tuvan throat singing. (1 hr. 28 min.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Haunting—Based on the same Shirley Jackson novel, *The Legend of Hill House*, that was the basis of the fine 1963 Robert Wise film, this new version, directed by Jan De Bont, is a smash-and-grab fiasco featuring a talented cast, including Liam Neeson, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Lili Taylor, and Owen Wilson, sinking to the level of the project. Neeson plays a researcher into the "dynamics of fear," who assembles his subjects in the remote Hill House under the cover of studying sleep disorders. You may want to sleep through this film, but the assaultive tactics keep you all too awake. (Rainer, 8/2/99) (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

An Ideal Husband—Director Oliver Parker has adapted Oscar Wilde's 1895 play with a superb cast—Rupert Everett, Jeremy Northam, Julianne Moore, Cate Blanchett, Minnie Driver, John Wood—and reworked it into something more naturalistic and contemporaneous than Wilde intended. Certain roles, such as the ones played by Moore and Driver, are expanded, and, near the end, he rewrites Wilde so that the play threatens to turn into a cliffhanger. Sacrilege aside, most of this plays rather well, but what's missing is more of the Wildean tone—the sense of life as an exquisite, farcical artwork. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Illuminata—A charming film by actor-director John Turturro that explores love, and other follies, as experienced by the members of a theater company in 1905 New York. Starring an ensemble

Opening Keeping It Fresh

'So many romantic comedies are about people falling in love." John Turturro says over the phone in his soft Queens accent. "I wanted to see what happens next." And so began the actor-director's adaptation of Brandon Cole's play *Illuminata*, about a charmed and folly-filled turn-of-the-century theater company. "Normally, there are only two people who can love, and all the other characters just serve as catalysts to facilitate or test the love of these two people. I wanted everybody to be capable of love; I wanted all these other relationships and characters to happen." Set in 1905, the film nevertheless betrays a very modern sensibility about the dynamics of relationships, and it switches from high farce to high drama on a dime. After editing the rough cut of the film, Turturro turned to composer William Bolcom to compose the score. "The minute I saw it, I had a musical idea," Bolcom recalls. The idea impressed Turturro: "It's magnificent what he did, I mean the guy—and I don't say this lightly—is a real genius." In just two weeks, Bolcom wrote an accompanying score as rich and exciting as any of the characters, and, at least in one of the final scenes, where all the players are motionless, it serves as the action. "That piece is actually much longer," Turturro admits, "which is why the scene is so long, because I wanted to use as much of that music as possible. If it were up to me, I would have had it last forever." *Opens August 6.*

BRETT KELLY AND NICK MEYER



Photograph by Eric Liebowitz/Artisan Entertainment.

ble cast led by Turturro, Katherine Borowitz, Susan Sarandon, Rufus Sewall, Christopher Walken, and Ben Gazzara. *Opens 8/6.* (About 2 hrs.; R).

Inspector Gadget—Matthew Broderick, Joely Fisher, and Rupert Everett star in the live-action spin-off of the popular cartoon. (1 hr. 20 min.; G) *Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemat; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Iron Giant—Animated film about the adventures of a boy and a giant from outer space. *Opens 8/4.* (1 hr. 14 mins.; G).

Lake Placid—When a 30-foot man-eating crocodile is discovered in a lake in Maine, Oliver Platt, Bridget Fonda, Brendan Gleeson, and Bill Pullman come to the rescue. Written by David E. Kelley. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Limbo—David Strathairn is an Alaskan fisherman still reeling from a long-ago accident; Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is the town newcomer who snaps him out of it. Written and directed by John Sayles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

A Little Bit of Soul—Geoffrey Rush in "a Faustian Satire about immortality, science, politics, and chickens." *Opens 8/6 at The Screening Room.* (1 min.; 24 hrs.).

The Lovers on the Bridge—The 1991 love story of two vagabonds living on the Pont-Neuf. With Juliette Binoche, Denis Laant, and Klaus-Michael Grüber. Directed by Léos Carax. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

The Mummy—Brendan Fraser is a dashing explorer who fights to save the world from the curse of the Keeper of the Dead. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Muppets From Space—In a search for Gonzo's roots, Jim Henson's fuzzy friends are off on another madcap adventure. Starring Miss Piggy, Kermit, and Fozzie Bear. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemat; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

My Life So Far—Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Malcolm McDowell, and Colin Firth star in this coming-of-age about a boy growing up in Scotland during the twenties. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

Mystery Men—A band of oddball superheroes—including Mr. Furious, the Bowler, the Shovel, and the Spleen (try and guess what his super power is)—fight the evil forces of the supervillain, Casanova Frankenstein. With Ben Stiller, Janeane Garofalo, William H. Macy, and Paul Reubens. *Opens 8/6.* (About 1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13).

Notting Hill—Julia Roberts plays the most famous movie star in the world, who falls for a stammering, courtly travel-book-store owner, played by Hugh Grant, who loves her for herself and not her celebrity. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwch Twin; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Red Violin—An epic about the passion and tragedy that surround an instrument as it travels through three centuries. With Carlo Cecchi, Greta Scacchi, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by François Girard. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Rosie—The story of an adolescent girl's troubling experiences growing up in Belgium. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

***Run Lola Run**—Franka Potente, the star of this excitingly kinesthetic action comedy, has the lean look of a champion sprinter. She's like a new-style industrial-age automaton: a sleek machine. The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has

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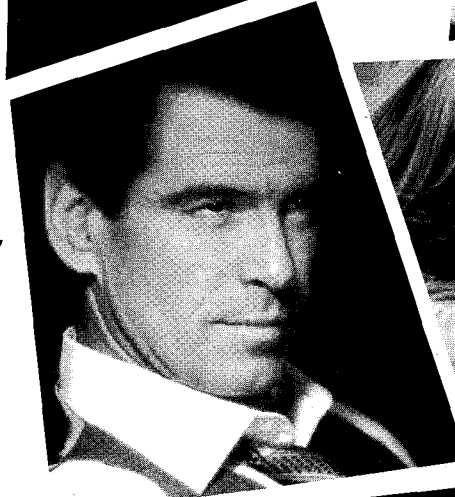
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made a movie that really zips along. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Runaway Bride—See Rainer, page 48. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hy-lan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) CO Worldwide Cinemas.

Shiloh 2: Shiloh Season—The continuing story of a boy and his best friend, a beagle. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) Main Street Cinema.

Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis and a little boy with dark ESP powers. Opens 8/6. (1 hr. 45 min.; R)

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut—Trey Parker and Matt Stone's animated spawn sing songs, learn to curse...and do so fervently while also saving Canada from their parents, and defeating the Devil himself. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay; Clearview's First and 62nd. Sony Lincoln Square; Cinemart.

Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace—George Lucas has been quoted as saying that actors are still the best way to portray people, but, watching his new movie, the first in a trio of prequels, you get the feeling he wishes he could dispense with actors altogether. Ninety-five percent of this film was created in the computer; only about 200 shots were not altered digitally. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Pavilion.

Summer of Sam—Spike Lee's movie about the Italian-American Bronx community and how it reacted to the Son of Sam murders in the summer of 1977 has some startling Weegee-like scenes of mayhem but most of the film plays like *Do the Right Thing* in Scorsese camouflage. (About 2 hrs.; R) Loews Village; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Loews 19th St. East; CC Sutton; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.

Tarzan—Disney's latest animation feature has some first-rate visual effects involving the ape guy surfing the treetops and battling leopards. The visual techniques outstrip the storyline, which is mostly Disney kitsch bubbling up through Edgar Rice Burroughs kitsch. Tarzan is given a hyper-physiquest look that is somewhere between Fabio and the Prince of Egypt. When he meets Jane, he's so worked up that he swings through the sky on vines; it's eco-autoeroticism. He might have not been so deprived if the animators had seen fit to introduce a few Africans into the jungle. But there's nary a one. Perhaps Disney thought the best way to get around the ooga-booga stereotype was to eliminate blacks altogether. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) CC Village East; Guild 50th Street; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; UA Marboro; Cinemart; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Tea With Mussolini—Franco Zeffirelli directed this movie based on his memoirs of growing up in Florence in the wake of World War II. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) The Screening Room; Clearview's 59th Street East; CO Worldwide Cinemas; Clearview's Metro Cinema.

The Thomas Crown Affair—A remake of the slick 1968 Steve McQueen film, starring Pierce Brosnan, Rene Russo, and Dennis Leary. Opens 8/6. (About 1 hr. 40 min.; R).

Those Who Love Me Can Take the Train—Several distraught relatives and friends ride the train to the funeral of a loved one. In French with English subtitles. Opens 8/4 at Cinema Village. (2 hrs.; NR).

Trick—Christian Campbell, Tori Spelling, and John Paul Pitoc star in a film about a young gay man with aspirations of writing musical theater. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square.

Twin Falls Idaho—See Rainer, p. 49. (1 hr. 40 min.; R)



Opening Russian Roulette

After 56 years, two-time Oscar winner Luise Rainer returns to the screen this week in *'The Gambler.'* The film, which stars Michael Gambon as the troubled Fyodor Dostoyevsky and Jodhi May as his devoted stenographer, begins its two-week engagement at Film Forum on August 4.

CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.
The Velocity of Gary—The triangular love story of a bisexual porn star, his boyfriend Gary, and his girlfriend Mary Carmen. Starring Vincent D'Onofrio, Salma Hayek and Thomas Jane. (1 hr. and 41 mins.; R) Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Violent Cop—Takeshi Kitano is a renegade cop who brings down a corporate run drug-ring when his emotionally disturbed sister is kidnapped. In Japanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) Cinema Village.

Wild Wild West—Barry Sonnenfeld's follow-up to *Men in Black* stars Will Smith and Kevin Kline as James T. West and Artemus Gordon, special government agents in the post-bellum South who save America from the diabolical machinations of the legless wonder Dr. Arliss Lovelace, played, with a nice gleam of comic menace, by Kenneth Branagh. This is rumored to be one of the most expensive movies ever made—just a few ice floes short of a Titanic—and yet it's not clear from the hectic emptiness of what's onscreen if anybody knew why it should be made. The pairing of Smith and Kline is a fizzle, and the Jules Verne-ish special effects, which include a flying machine and an 80-foot mechanical tarantula, lack visionary magic. They're more like computer-generated Tinkertoys. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II.

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) Quad Cinema; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace.

The Wood—In the uncertain hours before Roland's (Taye Diggs) wedding, he strolls down memory lane with his two best friends and recounts their experiences growing up in Inglewood. With Omar Epps, Richard T. Jones, Sean Nelson, and

Malinda Williams. (About 1 hr. 30 min.; R). (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) Loews Village; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay.

Manhattan Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97-101 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) Notting Hill; Runaway Bride.

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *An Ideal Husband*; *My Life So Far*; *Run Lola Run*; *Twin Falls Idaho*. Opening 7/16: *The Blair Witch Project*.

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Arlington Road*; *Buena Vista Social Club*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Lake Placid*; *Tarzan*; *Trick*.

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *After Life*; *Genghis Blues*; *Violent Cop*. Opening 8/4: *Those Who Love Me Can Take the Train*.

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *American Pie*; *Inspector Gadget*.

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Lovers on the Bridge*; *The Acid House*; *The Gambler*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The Haunting*; *Summer of Sam*; *The Wood*.

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Autumn Tale*; *Cabaret Balkan*; *Defying Gravity*; *The Winslow Boy*.

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin*; *Tea With Mussolini*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Inspector Gadget*; *The Matrix*; *Muppets From Space*; *The Red Violin*; *Runaway Bride*; *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace*; *Wild Wild West*.

Photograph from Film Forum.

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Election*; *Limbo*; *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace*.

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *Lake Placid*; *Summer of Sam*; *The Winslow Boy*.

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *American Pie*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *An Ideal Husband*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Lake Placid*; *Run Lola Run*; *Trick*.

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Arlington Road*; *Runaway Bride*.

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The Haunting*; *Summer of Sam*.

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 2nd Ave. (505-6397#558) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*; *American Pie*; *Arlington Road*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The General's Daughter*; *The Haunting*; *An Ideal Husband*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Runaway Bride*; *Wild Wild West*; *The Wood*.

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*; *Inspector Gadget*; *My Life So Far*.

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *An Ideal Husband*.

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Run Lola Run*.

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Summer of Sam*.

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Tea With Mussolini*.

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace*.

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Eyes Wide Shut*.

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Analyze This*; *Entrapment*; *The Mummy*; *Rushmore*; *Shakespeare in Love*; *Tea With Mussolini*.

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Tarzan*.

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Runaway Bride*.

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The General's Daughter*.

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Dinner Game*.

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *American Pie*; *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *The Haunting*; *Lake Placid*; *The Wood*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *The Blair Witch Project*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Summer of Sam*; *Tarzan*.

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Red Violin*.

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*; *American Pie*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *The Haunting*.

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *American Pie*; *Lake Placid*.

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Deep Blue Sea*.

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Runaway Bride*.

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Arlington Road*; *Big Daddy*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *Runaway Bride*; *The Wood*.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Drop Dead Gorgeous*.

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Arlington Road*; *Big Daddy*; *Lake Placid*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Lake Placid*.

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th

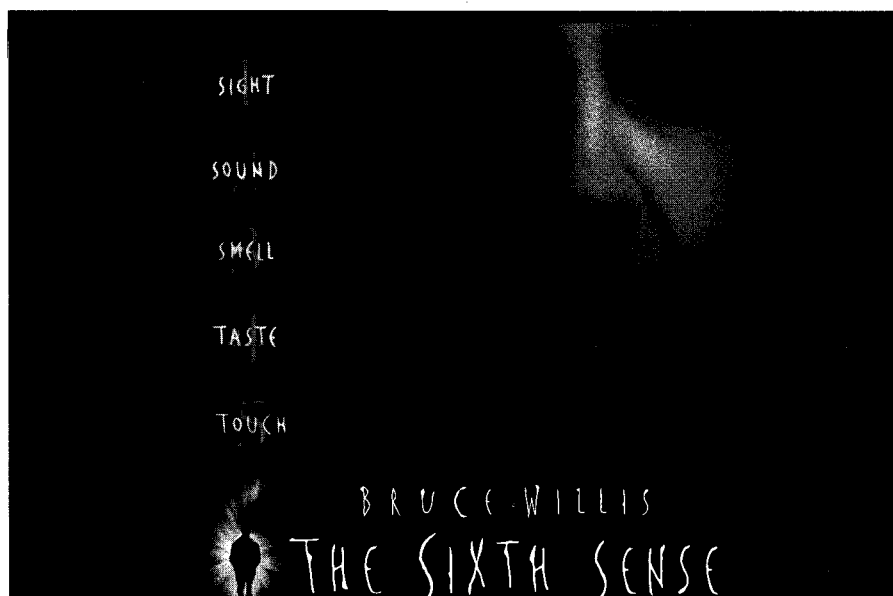


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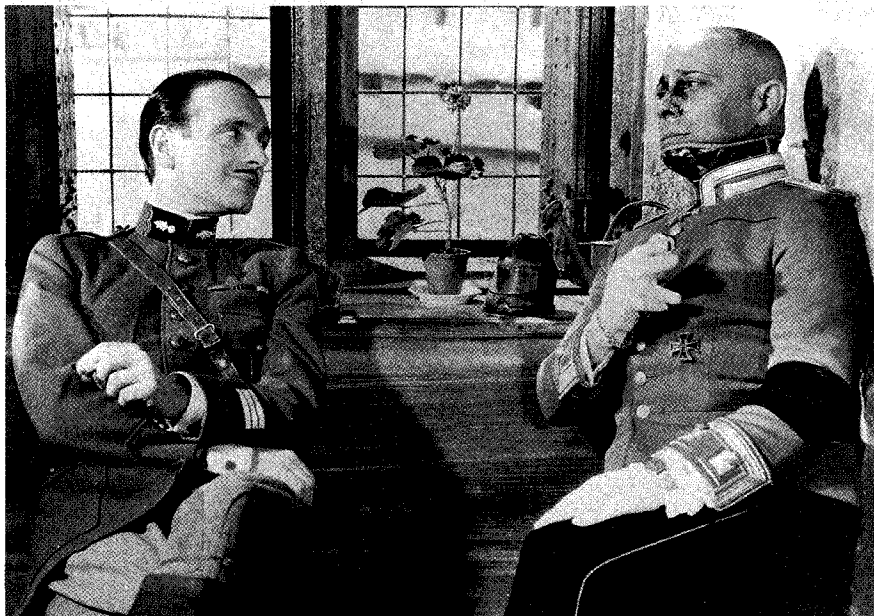
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and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Deep Blue Sea*; *Tea With Mussolini*.

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Blair Witch Project*; *Eyes Wide Shut*.

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) Call theater for showtimes.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Autumn Tale*; *Buena Vista Social Club*; *Cabaret Balkan*; *The Red Violin*; *Rosie*; *Run Lola Run*; *Twin Falls Idaho*.

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Pie*; *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Wood*.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Runaway Bride*.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *The Wood*.

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*; *Arlington Road*; *Big Daddy*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The General's Daughter*; *The Haunting*; *An Ideal Husband*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Runaway Bride*; *Summer of Sam*; *Tarzan*; *Trick*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The General's Daughter*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Lake Placid*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*; *Tarzan*; *Wild Wild West*; *The Wood*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Runaway Bride*; *Wild Wild West*; *The Wood*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Lake Placid*; *Runaway Bride*; *Tarzan*; *Wild Wild West*; *The Wood*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Autumn Tale*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Run Lola Run*; *Summer of Sam*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) Call theater for showtimes.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Deep Blue Sea*; *Inspector Gadget*; *The Wood*.

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) Call theater for showtimes.

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) Call theater for showtimes.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*.

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *The Blair*

Witch Project; *Deep Blue Sea*; *The General's Daughter*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*; *Wild Wild West*; *The Wood*.

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*; *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace*.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Lake Placid*; *Runaway Bride*.

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *The Blair Witch Project*; *The Haunting*; *Lake Placid*; *Muppets From Space*; *Tarzan*.

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The General's Daughter*; *The Haunting*; *Lake Placid*; *Runaway Bride*; *Wild Wild West*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Deep Blue Sea*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *The General's Daughter*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Muppets From Space*; *Tarzan*; *The Wood*.

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) Call theater for showtimes.

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (886-4900) *American Pie*; *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*; *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The General's Daughter*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Runaway Bride*; *Tarzan*; *Wild Wild West*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *Runaway Bride*.

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (441-9835) *Autumn Tale*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *An Ideal Husband*; *Notting Hill*; *Run Lola Run*; *The Dinner Game*; *The Velocity of Gary*.

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Baby Geniuses*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*; *Shiloh 2: The Shiloh Season*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Harmonists*; *The Red Violin*; *Tea With Mussolini*; *The Winslow Boy*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Deep Blue Sea*; *Runaway Bride*.

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) Call theater for showtimes.

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *Lake Placid*; *The Wood*.

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Deep Blue Sea*; *Lake Placid*.

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Deep Blue Sea*; *The Haunting*; *The Wood*.

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Lake Placid*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*; *Tarzan*; *Wild Wild West*.

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *American Pie*; *Arlington Road*; *Big Daddy*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The Haunting*; *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace*; *Wild Wild West*.

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *American Pie*; *The Haunting*; *Lake Placid*; *Runaway Bride*.

UA MovieWorld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Eyes Wide*

Shut; *Inspector Gadget*; *Lake Placid*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *American Pie*; *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *The General's Daughter*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*.

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *American Pie*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The Haunting*; *Runaway Bride*.

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *American Pie*; *Arlington Road*; *Big Daddy*; *The Blair Witch Project*; *Deep Blue Sea*; *Drop Dead Gorgeous*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The General's Daughter*; *The Haunting*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Lake Placid*; *Muppets From Space*; *Runaway Bride*; *Tarzan*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 8/8: "John Ford: Western Poet." 8/7: *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962) and *Sergeant Rutledge* (1960). 8/8: *How the West Was Won: The Civil War* (1962) and *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, \$4.50-\$8.50. Members and children under 4 free.

BAM Rose Cinemas—8/3: *The Lady From Shanghai* (1948). 8/4: *Heart* (1998). 8/5: *Blue in the Face* (1995). 8/6-8/8: *Citizen Kane* (1941). 8/9: *Dr. Strangelove* (1964). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 8/2: *Carmen Jones* (1954). 8/9: *Roman Holiday* (1953). Rain dates for each: the

next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Different Light—8/8: *Test Pilot* (1938). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—7/30-8/12: *Some Like It Hot* (1959). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/19: "Just Before Nightfall ... The Cinema of Claude Chabrol." 8/3: *A Double Tour* (1959). 8/4: *A Judgment in Stone* (1995). 8/4-8/5: *Poulet au Vinaigre* (1984). 8/6-8/8: *La Rupture* (1970), *Wedding in Blood* (1973). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings \$8.50-\$15.

Museum of Modern Art—Ending 8/3: "Márta Mészáros: A Retrospective." 8/3: *Riddance* (1973). Through 9/14: "To Have and Have Not" series. 8/3: *The Blue Kite* (1993) and *Bringing Up Baby* (1938). 8/5: *The Blue Kite* (1993), *A Life Apart: Hasidism in America* (1997), and *Brother's Keeper* (1992). 8/6: *Art for Teachers of Children* (1995), *Brother's Keeper* (1992), *Happy Together* (1997), *The Match Factory Girl* (1990), *Blue* (1993), and *Arguing the World* (1997). 8/7: *Arguing the World* (1997), *Art for Teachers of Children* (1995), *Local Hero* (1983), and *GoodFellas* (1990). 8/8: *The Match Factory Girl* (1990), *Blue* (1993), *A Life Apart: Hasidism in America* (1997), and *Happy Together* (1997). 8/9: *Sans Soleil* (1982), *Local Hero* (1983), and *GoodFellas* (1990). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with \$9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"Silent Film Series ... Style Before Sound." 8/4: *Fine Feathers* (1915) and *The Whirl of Life* (1915). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

The Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Midnight showings of *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin XXX* in 3-D. Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—8/7-8/8: *House of Pleasure (Le Plaisir)* (1954). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); \$6 members, \$7 nonmembers.

Sales continued from page 29

Progress, hip-hop-style, is the clothing line Jay-Z and Dash are working on—Roc-A-Wear, due out this fall—and the movie company they're developing. "I want to make films," says Jay-Z. "An action flick with a good narrative." Dash says that whatever they do, it will, like Jay-Z's music, reflect the experience they both had coming up on the streets. Dash had a back-and-forth look at both Harlem and the Hamptons, where as a teenager he hung out with more affluent friends (he was a scholarship student at the South Kent School in Connecticut). "I saw that people are having fun—and they're doing it legally and shit," Dash says. "And I wanted to be able to have that, to dictate my own destiny."

"I feel like I'm that person that's bridging a whole gap," says Jay-Z. "I'm coming back to Marcy and saying, yeah, you know, Ivana Trump, she's talking like *this*, and Sandra Bullock, she's crazy cool. I'm sharing my experience."

The night of his July 4 party, however, the neighbors around Goose Creek got tired of sharing the air space and, at around midnight, called the police. "I didn't speak to the officers," says Jay-Z, "but I heard they were pretty cool about everything." As the party didn't have a permit, the music was ordered off, but people stayed on for another hour. "They didn't want to go home," says Dash.

After that, it was a screening of Queen Latifah's *Set It Off* in the house's movie theater. Around 30 people remained, including Bullock, Puffy (sticking close to Bullock), Lil' Kim, and Adrien Brody, the sloe-eyed actor in *Summer of Sam*. The reveling continued into the wee hours. "Ally b."—or Bernstein, another Lizzie Grubman flack—"was buggin' out," Dash says. "She was runnin' around like, 'Omigod, omigod, what are you doing?'" He laughs. "She thought we were gonna rip up the joint."

"We sent her into the kitchen," says Jay-Z, "and gave her some cornflakes."

All in all, Jay-Z's first foray into the Hamptons sounds like a success. "It was real laid-back," says Jay-Z, whose permanent digs are in Fort Lee, New Jersey. "I might have to get me a permanent place out there."

But not like Goose Creek. "We ain't ready for no \$20 million mansion," says Dash. "Not yet. But we're definitely going back." In a way, it's what they've always dreamed of. "Do I want to see someone get shot in his ass, or do I want to get on a private helicopter and fly to the Hamptons?" he adds. "It's not a tough question."



Series Cultural Diversity in Astoria

This week, the Socrates Sculpture Park's Wednesday-night open-air cinema continues its celebration of Astoria's rich diversity with Mexican filmmaker Emilio Fernandez's 'Maria Candelaria' (1943) as part of its "Living on the Edge" series hosted by Ocularis. Films begin at 8:30 P.M., and admission is free. At Broadway and Vernon Boulevard; call 718-956-1819.

theater

F. Murray Abraham... *Naked Will*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Kat and the Kings—The 1999 Olivier Award-winning musical about an all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in Cape Town, South Africa, during the 1950's. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 8/6 for an 8/19 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Voices in the Dark—A spine-tingler about a popular radio therapist who receives menacing phone calls while vacationing in the Adirondacks. Starring the twice-Tony'd Judith Ivey; written by John Pielmeier, author of *Agnes of God*. \$35-\$60. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for an 8/12 opening. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. \$35-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996 and won the Tony award here in 1998. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with George Segal, Buck Henry, and Wayne Knight. \$45-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened

3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*
Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; Steve Blanchard plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer here. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. \$25-\$85. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$40-\$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.)

Now starring the ravishing Ruthie Henshall as Velma Kelly. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that

casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. As Larry, Ciaran Hinds conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man, and Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) \$15-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Arthur Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. (Simon: 2/22/99.) \$45-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Onstage Datelines, USA

Unfortunately, most plays about relationships tend to have all the strain of a first date and none of the laughs. But when Jere-

my Dobrish, founder of the Adobe

Theatre Company, chooses to

direct one, odds are it has

a sufficiently loony spark.

Maybe Baby, It's You, an

evening of eleven boy-

meets-girl vignettes inter-

perspersed with recorded obser-

vations about mating from

passersby in Central Park, is

his latest undertaking;

written and performed by

Charlie Shanlan and

Shari Simpson,

the play runs

through Au-

gust 15 at

the Currican

Theatre.



Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. \$20-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre*, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. \$55-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre*, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. \$35-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre*, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Briscusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Phymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsising the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theatre*, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theatre*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. \$25-\$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre*, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theatre*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one WASP—and an assortment of historical characters. \$31-\$125. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts*, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$35-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theatre*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Side Man—A must. This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is nar-

rated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Andrew McCarthy now stars. \$25-\$60. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre*, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65-\$75. At the *Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. \$60. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Walter Kerr Theatre*, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).

Off Broadway

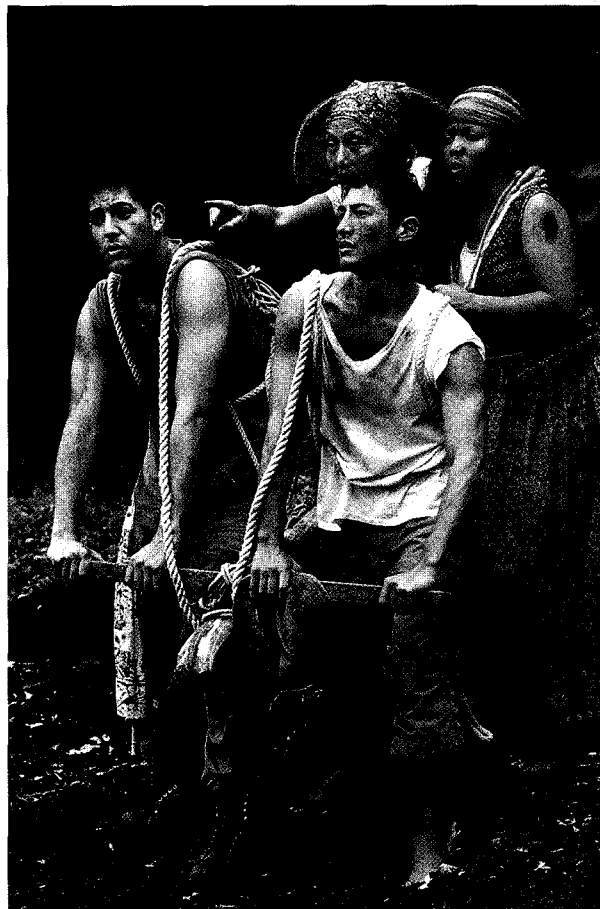
Previews and Openings

It's My Party (And I'll Die if I Want To)—F Murray Abraham and Joyce Van Patten star in this Australian tragicomedy about a man who's convinced he's got 111 minutes left to live. Written by Elizabeth Coleman; directed by Jeannie Berlin. \$45. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8. Previews begin 8/3 for an 8/19 opening. *ArcLight Theatre*, 152 W. 71st St. (307-4100).

Jar the Floor—A drama exploring the bittersweet bonds between four generations of African-American women, set on great-grandma's ninetieth birthday. Written by Cheryl L. West; starring Irma P. Hall, Regina Taylor, Linda Powell, and the prodigiously gifted Lynne Thigpen. \$10-\$45. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. In previews for an 8/11 opening. *Second Stage Theatre*, 307 W. 43rd St. (246-4422).

Now Playing

After the Fair—A romantic musical based on Thomas Hardy's short story *On the Western Circuit*, with book and lyrics by Stephen Cole and music by Matthew Ward. Starring a cast of Broadway reliables, including Michele Pawk (*Cabaret*) and Jennifer Piech (*Titanic*). \$40-\$45. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church at the Citicorp*



Previews I Remember Mama

Ma-Yi Theater Ensemble, the only Filipino drama troupe in town, tackles 'Mother Courage and Her Children,' setting Bertolt Brecht's parable of capitalism and its discontents on the southern island of Mindanao in the Philippines when the nation was faltering on the brink of martial law. A solid cast stars; Tazewell Thompson, former resident director of the Arena Stage, directs. Previews begin August 6 at the Connelly Theatre.

Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (239-6200).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$45-\$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

The Brave—Scottish playwright Sharman Macdonald's thriller about murder and sexual politics in North Africa. Presented by the Goldthread Theater Company; starring Aasif Mandvi, creator and star of the Obie-winning *Sakina's Restaurant*. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater*, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. \$35-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre*, 410 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's coming-of-age story, performed by



Opening The Blair Fell Project

Blair Fell, ordinarily an author of cheerful perversity (previous works have featured singing nuns, vampires, and Siamese twins), sobers up in 'Naked Will,' an examination of the sexual preferences and longings of William Shakespeare. Opens August 4 at P.S. 122.

Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. \$45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. \$37.50-\$45. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty's comedy about the love affair between George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the celebrated London stage actress who originated the role of Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion*. Donal Donnelly plays him, Marian Seldes plays her, the Irish Rep presents, and Charlotte Moore, as always, directs. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$36.50-\$39. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. \$45-\$47.50. Mon. and Wed.-Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. \$40-\$45.

Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (239-6200).

A Good Swift Kick—A frenetic songfest from John Forster, the satirist who did *How to Eat Like a Child and Pretzels*. Some subjects the author considers include Jefferson's DNA, cultural imperialism, and the final thoughts of a deer crossing the turnpike. \$50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).

Goodbye My Friduchita—Priscilla Lopez, the Tony-winning actress who originated the role of Morales in *A Chorus Line*, portrays an even more willful and full-toned character—the late Mexican painter Frida Kahlo—in this new bio-drama by Dolores C. Sandler. \$20-\$25. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 8/7. The Directors Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (712-7458).

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics. \$20-\$49.50. Mon.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened 2/14/98. Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).

Hurrah at Last—A new play by Richard Greenberg about one of his favorite (and most expertly handled) subjects: a tormented writer. Starring Reg Rogers; directed by David Warren. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 8/22. Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A contemporary musical about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. \$49.50-\$52.50. Mon.-Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

I'm the One That I Want—After a long hiatus, Margaret Cho is back on the stand-up circuit, breathing sass and lading out generous helpings of L.A. dish. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30. Through 8/14. Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).

If Love Were All—A musical comedy about Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward. Adapted from his works; featuring his songs. Starring Twiggy and Harry Groener. \$45-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

The Joy Luck Club—A stage adaptation of Amy Tan's multigenerational tale of Chinese-American women, their mothers, and their daughters. Written by Susan Kim; presented by Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. \$45. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. \$45-\$65. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 8. Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (463-0060).

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. \$45. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime."

\$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopelessly phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the *Cathilian lithp geth* a tuneless thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$20-\$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. \$24.50-\$49.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).

Summer of '69—Play "Circle Game"! The songful story of Woodstock, told through dialogue and tunes of the times, performed by a group of eight. Listen for Jefferson Airplane, Joni Mitchell, Bob Dylan, etc. \$40. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl. (307-4100).

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. \$19-\$48. Mon. and Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).

This Lime Tree Bower—What do you know? This early play by Conor McPherson has it all: rib-tickling wit, mind-jolting insight, and heart-refreshing humanity, neatly blended. This despite the fact that its three characters take turns monologizing, there being only two lines of dialogue. In tying together several bizarre but believable stories, McPherson will have you both in stitches and at the edge of your seat. You become almost conspiratorially involved with the characters, the offstage ones nearly as real as the three onstage. (Simon: 5/31/99.) \$30-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/15. Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).

Thwak—More nifty trickery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. Likely to give the words *extended run* a whole new meaning. \$25-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., then a reception at Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$65-\$75. Thurs.-Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (239-6200).

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. \$32.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) \$35-\$49.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

American Living Room Festival—A summer salad of works by new and emerging directors, musicians, puppeteers, etc. \$12. Shows and performance times vary. Through 8/29. HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).

Benten Kozo—A return engagement of Jim Simpson's Obie-winning Kabuki-gangsta musical, based on Kawatake Mokuami's nineteenth-century drama about a princess and her missing fiancé. The Bat Theater Co. presents. \$20-\$35. Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 8/8. Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (226-0051).

Bismörgasbordwunderwerk—A New York debut production from Squonk, a Pittsburgh-based group whose works are often as attention-getting as the names they choose for it. Everything they do is a multidisciplinary mishmash; so is this. \$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30. Through 8/28. P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).

The Great Debate—Creation vs. evolution, the musical. Characters include Darwin, Einstein, and Darrow; the overall tenor promises to be non-sectarian. Music, book, and lyrics by Mona Johnian. \$12. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (1-800-829-2631).

Hospital—Axis Company's high-tech, big-screen, five-episode exploration of the dream life of a boy in a coma. \$10. Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 9/17. Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. (807-9300).

Maybe Baby, It's You—Eleven vignettes about mating by Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian, supplemented by recorded musings on love from random street philosophers in Central Park. Directed by Adobe Theatre's Jeremy Dobrish. \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/15. Currican Theatre, 154 W. 29th St. (841-0109).

Minotaur—A hip-hop concert drama based on the Greek myth. Written by Jonathon Ward; composed, directed, and choreographed by José Joaquín García; presented by Urban Youth Theatre. \$3 donation suggested. Tues. and Wed. at 1, Thurs. and Fri. at 7. Through 8/11. Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400).

Mother Courage and Her Children—Ma-Yi Theater Ensemble tackles Bertolt Brecht's play by setting it on the southern island of Mindanao in the Philippines, when the nation was faltering on the brink of martial law. A solid cast stars. \$15. Tues.-Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Previews begin 8/6 for an 8/13 opening. Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (581-8896).

Naked Will—Blair Fells, ordinarily a bard of cheerful perversity (previous works have featured singing nuns, vampires, and Siamese twins), sobers up in this examination of the sexual preferences and longings of the Bard himself. \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 7:30. Through 8/28. P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).

No Strings Attached—A summer festival of works by Richard Foreman, dean of the New York avant-garde. \$12. Performances are seven days a week, alternating between Nada, 167 Ludlow St., and the Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. Call 420-1466 for various shows and shouttimes. Through 8/14.

Richard III—Staged entirely around a 1984 baby-blue Malibu. (*My kingdom for a Ford!*) Presented by Expanded Arts, as part of their Shakespeare in the Parking Lot series. Free. Wed.-Sat. at 8. From 7/9 through 8/7. Municipal Parking Lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. Call 253-1813 for tickets and details.

Romeo and Juliet—Obie-winner Angela Goethals stars in this site-specific production. \$10. Thurs.-Sun. at 6. Through 8/8. Outdoor Garage at the Present Company Theatorium, 196-198 Stanton St. (420-8877).

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fanciful creations around a 500-gallon tank. \$25. Tues.-Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. Through 8/15. HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick

St. (647-0202).

The Tempest—Spirits! Clowns! Giant puppets! A whimsical, interactive version of Shakespeare's watery tale, in which picnicking viewers would be well-advised to bring umbrellas and guard their cookies. Presented by the Hamptons Shakespeare Festival. Free, with a suggested donation of \$10. Wed.-Sun. at 7. Through 8/15. Theodore Roosevelt County Park, Montauk. Call 516-267-0105 for directions and more information.

They've Got Death Bound Up—Hugo Bardallo's adaptation of a charming Uruguayan fable, rounded out with music and dance. Presented by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre; performances are in Spanish,

though English plot synopses are available. Free. Previews begin 8/3 for an 8/11 opening. *Show rooms through outdoor spaces in all five boroughs; call 354-1293 for exact locations and performance times.*

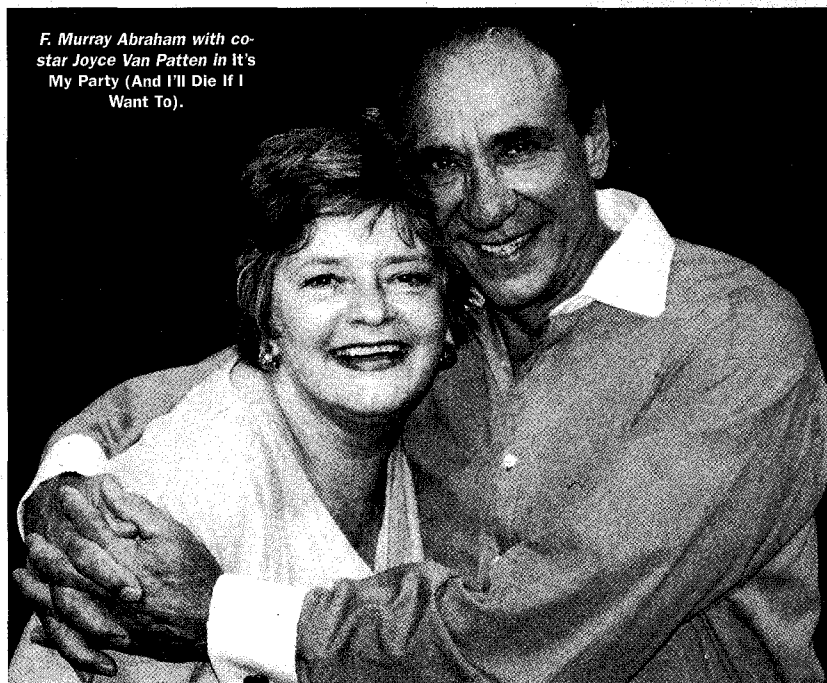
Twelfth Night/Titus Andronicus—In the former production, Orsino and his attendants wear cowboy hats, Olivia and her handmaidens wear Victorian gowns, and the clowns wear lederhosen. The latter production promises to be more "classical." Hudson Valley Shakespeare Company, renowned for its cheerful irreverence, presents in rotating rep. \$18-\$28. Through 8/21. Boscobel Restoration, in Garrison. Call 914-265-9575 for specific schedules, showtimes, and directions.

Previews

No Small Parts, Just Small Stages

On the glee, the intoxication, the sheer blinding adrenaline rush that a small theater can unleash in a big actor! F. Murray Abraham explains: "It's very primal. Thrilling! You're right in their laps! It's theater as I imagine it was in the caveman days, where everyone's entertaining one another!" He stops, momentarily disoriented by own exuberance, and then sighs with contentment. "This is my day off. I've had a glass of wine for lunch. Two." And lots of sun: He languidly confesses he's calling from the Catskills, where he and his wife are sunbathing on their deck—"Completely naked! Getting a real tan! You should be here!" Anyway. The last time Abraham worked in a theater as small as the 99-seat ArcLight, where he's currently starring in Elizabeth Coleman's *It's My Party (And I'll Die If I Want To)*, was more than 30 years ago, when he was doing multiple roles in *The Fantasticks*. In the past couple of decades, he's done almost strictly king-size stuff: *Waiting for Godot* at Lincoln Center, *Angels in America*, and movies, movies, movies, including *Amadeus*, which won him an Academy Award. So one can hardly blame him if this sudden descent into the world of New York microtheaters has inspired him. "You don't need to push to be heard!" he continues. "Many more nuances happen." Of course, many fewer zeros appear in his paycheck, which now amounts to a paltry \$300 per week, but Abraham's agent is a forgiving man—"he'll let me do this for a while"—and besides, those 99 seats will be filled with some of the highest profiles in New York, considering that Jeannie Berlin, daughter of Elaine May, is directing, and the producers are all part of the extended Mike Nichols family. Everyone adores this Australian tragicomedy, about a man who's convinced he's got just 111 minutes left to live. "I can't tell you how much this means," says Abraham. "I've been doing this for 35 years, and I'm waking up at four in the morning, thinking about this show."

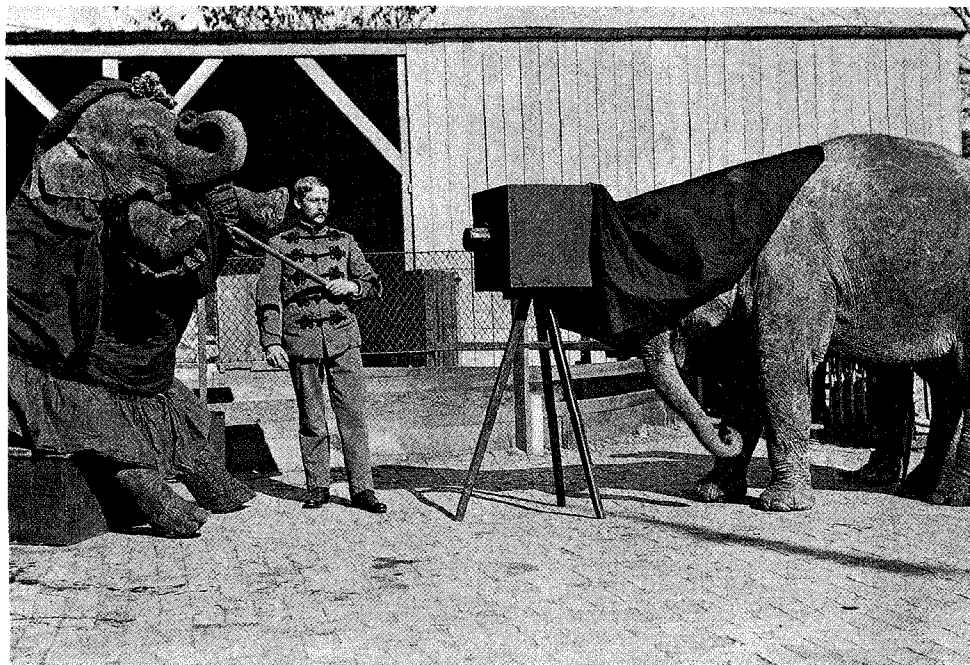
JENNIFER SENIOR



F. Murray Abraham with co-star Joyce Van Patten in *It's My Party (And I'll Die If I Want To)*.

art

Animals . . . Remedi Project . . . Carousel



Photography Three-Ring Gallery

When he wasn't photographing murder victims, Weegee had a thing for shooting circus animals. Famed abstractionist Edward Quigley also liked to document the life of his pet cat Sam. And turn-of-the-century photographer William H. Rau was fascinated by elephants (left, a 1904 photo by Rau). Explore these beastly passions along with the work of more than a dozen other twentieth-century photographers in "Animals Are Funny People." At De Lellis, 47 East 68th Street; through September 18.

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herbert Brown—Paintings executed on subway posters in the sixties; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Aristodimos Kaldis—A survey of monumental late paintings from 1974 to 1977 by the Greek-American artist (1899-1979); through 8/29. Foundation for Hellenic Culture, 7 W. 57th St. (308-6908).

57th Street Area

Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux—Correspondence, diaries, sketchbooks, portrait drawings, photographs, and watercolors highlighting the life and work of Eyre de Lanux (1894-1996), an American who married a French diplomat and settled in Paris in 1918, where she worked variously as a furniture designer, painter, sculptor, illustrator, and writer; through 10/8. Smithsonian's Archives of American Art Regional Center, 1285 Sixth Ave. (202-357-2700), Mon.-Fri. 9:30-5.

Teo Gonzalez/Carlos Estrada-Vega—Methodical arrangements of small drops of paint on canvas/Paintings composed of many individually stretched and painted canvases. Through 9/4. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Norman Lewis—Abstractions on paper made between 1945 and 1975 by the artist (1909-1979), whose work is currently the subject of a traveling exhibition organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 8/13. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

May Stevens—Recent drawings and prints that depict mysterious images of boats and rowers; through 8/30. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ross Bleckner—New etchings teeming with small organic shapes resembling cells; through 8/30. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Bill Jones/Ben Neill—*Pulse 48*, a collaborative "fractal symphony" by Jones, a photographer and installation artist, and Neill, a performer, composer, and inventor of the Mutantrumpet, a hybrid electronic-acoustic instrument; through 9/11. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Martin Ramirez—Sixteen drawings that have not been previously exhibited, by the Mexican-born artist (1895-1963), who was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and spent more than 30 years, until his death, in a California mental hospital; through 8/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Susan Wanklyn—Recent grid paintings and drawings; through 9/18. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Chelsea

John Geary—Drawings, video, and sculpture; through 8/6. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Andrew C. Kromelow—The artist's "Poor Boy Country Club" installation, featuring a pop-up, collapsible log-cabin distillery; through 8/30. Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Joe Walters—Recent sculptures; through 8/28. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Other

Matt Harle—Cast-rubber and cast-acrylic-paint wall sculptures the artist calls "strips," which are suspended from or dangling in front of a wall; through 9/14. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 25th Ave. bet. 75th and 76th Sts., Jackson Heights (718-899-0700), Mon.-Fri. 7-7, Sat. 10-4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (249-4470). Recent works on paper by Collins, Johns, Morris, Ruscha, Starn, Therrien, Weiner; through 9/11.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Pattern," paintings, drawings, sculpture, and photography by Agee, Bovasso, Crile, Morisse, Obrosey, Siena, others; through 8/27.

57th Street Area

Barquet—41 E. 57th St. (644-9090). "Today and Everyday," a playful exhibition of works for children, including Romero's miniaturized sculptures of furniture, Suro's gargantuan Q-Tips and Alka-Selzer tablets, and works by Alys, Arce, Conte, Mazal, Wizon, others; through 9/3.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). American realist paintings and works on paper by Artz, Hagin, King, Loftus, Sullivan, Touchton, others; through 8/31.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Twenty-seven small black-and-white photographs by Colorado-born Francesca Woodman, with works by Artschwager, Baldessari, Horn, Kiefer, McQueen, Oldenburg, Orozco, Richter, others; through 8/31.

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (243-3335). Paintings by Richard Devriendt; group show of drawings by eighteen artists; through 9/11.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Recent acquisitions, featuring prints by Käthe Kollwitz and works by Coe, Grosz, Klinger, Schiele, Moses, others; through 9/3.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). An exhibition of works from the posters and books of the Zabriskie Editions publishing company, including photographs by Brancusi and Atget, sculptures and

monoprints by Mary Frank, and works by Batho, Caponigro, Feldstein, Stieglitz, Strand, others; through 10/9.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). "Thirty Years of Artists' Book Publishing in Germany," published works from the sixties to the nineties, including works by Baselitz, Johns, Polke, Zaugg, others; through 9/18.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Sculptures by gallery artists, including works by Abakanowicz, Botero, Popper, others; through 9/1.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). "Reproductive Choice: Obstacles to Self-Determination," pro-choice works by Ms. Jiji, through 8/27; works by Charles Hovland, through 8/27; a new installation by Dorothy Jiji, through 8/26; works by Bangs, Goodwin, Thomas, and Pryor, through 8/26.

Bound & Unbound—601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). A retrospective of Boekie Woekie, the Amsterdam publisher and art bookshop, including works by Henriette, Roth, Voss, others; through 9/18.

French—601 W. 26th St. (247-2457). Landscapes, still-lives, interiors, and sculptures in the gallery's new location by Adkins, Carey, Dunlap, Ferrin, Tannis, others; through 8/31.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). Works by Albers, Beck, Noland, and Semmel, and black-and-white photographs of found children's clothing by Nancy Shaver; through 8/10.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (627-4819). "Stars and Stripes: The Flag in Photographs, American Folk, and Outsider Art," works by Hawkins, Dellschau, others; through 8/24.

Other

Long Island University—Brooklyn Campus, University Plaza (718-488-1198). Outdoor sculpture by Ballengee, Burke, Dennis, Gonzalez, Hickman, and Jensen; through 10/30.

Newhouse Center—Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Visions of Childhood," photographs of children from the Victorian era to the present by Bey, Cameron, Carroll, Fuss, Goldin, Mann, Weston, others; and "Play Things," paintings, sculptures, and photographs that reflect childhood games and toys by Blake, Burden, Kalka, Pensato, Phelan, Wilson, others; through 10/3.

Photography

Henri Cartier-Bresson/Ezra Stoller—Iconic photographs; through 8/31/Photographs of the new TWA terminal. Through 8/13. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Animals Are Funny People," silly, pet-friendly photographs by Erwit, Quigley, Wegman, Winogrand, Ylla, others; through 9/18.

Carlos Emilio—Photographic landscapes of nearly geometric order; through 9/18. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777). Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (voluntary contribution 5-8), Sat. and Sun. 10-6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors. "Sea Change," contemporary photographs of seascapes by Adams, Cooper, Flick, Klipper, Stewart, West, Yamazaki, others; and "Myths, Dreams, and Realities in Contemporary Argentine Photography," with works by Casaballe, Diaz, Gil, Lestido, Valansi, Zout, others; through 9/26.

David LaChapelle—Photographs by the artist, whose commercial work has been seen in the campaigns of Jean-Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani, MTV, Pepsi, and Levi's; through 9/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596). Photographs of Beatle-mania by Harry Benson, through 9/4; photographs of eleven American

presidents from the pages of *Time* magazine, through 9/25.

Francesca Woodman—Black-and-white photographs taken between 1972 and 1981, the year the artist died, that depict images of her with found objects; through 8/31. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Museums

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Urban Mythologies: The Bronx Represented Since the 1960s." Works by John Ahearn, Renee Cox, Maya Lin, Gordon Matta-Clark, Pepon Osorio, Tim Rollins & K.O.S., others; through 9/5. . . . "Con(text): Words, Text, and Meaning in the Permanent Collection." Works from the museum's permanent collection by Glenn Ligon, Carrie Mae Weems, and others; through 9/5. . . . "Artists in the Marketplace: Nineteenth Annual Exhibition"; through 10/31. . . . "Art and Media School: Annual Student Exhibition"; through 9/19. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$3, \$2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Beyond Technology." The latest installment of the museum's "Working in Brooklyn" series, featuring works that use various technologies by the Brooklyn-based artists Rico Gatson, Perry Hoberman, Roxy Paine, Fatimah Tuggar, and Janet Zweig; through 9/12. . . . "Impressionists in Winter: *Effets de Neige*." Paintings of winter scenes by Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, and Gauguin; through 8/29. . . . "Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. . . . "Winslow Homer: Illustrating America." Approximately 75 wood engravings selected from a collection of more than 225 works given to the museum by Harvey Isbits; through

10/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Tues.-Fri. 10-5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors (admission to "Impressionists in Winter" is \$9.50 adults, \$7.50 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Surrealism: Two Private Eyes, the Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections." Approximately 700 works from the collections of Daniel Filipacchi and the late Nesuhi Ertegun, longtime friends who assembled two of the most important private holdings of Surrealist art; through 9/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through 12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Thurs.-Mon. 11-6; \$8, \$5 seniors and students.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture"; through 11/14. . . . "Klee Cities." Paintings, drawings, and works in other media by Paul Klee depicting cities, drawn from the museum's Berggruen Klee Collection; through 9/5. . . . "Gustave Moreau: Between Epic and Dream." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the French Symbolist painter (1826-1898); through 8/22. . . . "Cézanne to Van Gogh: The Collection of Doctor Gachet." Works by Van Gogh, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and others that originally were in the collection of Dr. Paul-Ferdinand Gachet (1828-1909), among them some 50 paintings and drawings that have never before been lent by the Musée d'Orsay, Paris; through 8/15. . . . "Barbara Chase-Riboud: The Monumental Drawings." Twenty-four drawings by the sculptor and writer that memorialize historical, literary, and artistic

On View School of Visual Arts instructor Kevin O'Callaghan has conspired with his students to construct a whimsical, whirling hundred-year pop history of America in carousel form. "The Turn of a Century" replaces the traditional ponies and horse buggies with Howard Stern's mouth and Madonna's baby carriage. Andy Warhol and Albert Einstein spin with Chuck Berry and Lucille Ball. (Sorry, kids, you can look but you can't touch or ride—not even on Evel Knievel's motorcycle.) Grand Central Terminal's Vanderbilt Hall; August 6 through September 9.



figures; through 9/5. . . . "Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux." A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; through 8/29. . . . "Devotions and Versions: Prints and Books From the Late Middle Ages in Northern Europe"; through 8/29. . . . "Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture"; through 11/14. . . . "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." The first American exhibition devoted exclusively to the Kenyah-Kayan art of central Borneo; through 1/16/2000. . . . "Magdalena Abakanowicz on the Roof." A selection of the artist's sculptures on display on the museum's rooftop; through 10/30. . . . "American Folk Art in the Metropol-

itan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and portrait miniatures by Rufus Hathaway, Edward Hicks, Joshua Johnson, Ammi Phillips, and others working within naïve and provincial traditions in the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through 9/5. . . . "Treasures of Early Photography From the Rubel Collection." Works by William Henry Fox Talbot, David Octavius Hill, Robert Adamson, Roger Fenton, and Julia Margaret Cameron; through 9/19. . . . "The Practice of Japanese Art: An August and Accomplished Heritage." Buddhist and decorative painting and calligraphy, along with ceramics, lacquers, metalwork, and woodblock prints; through 1/30/2000. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500-1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Different Roads: Automobiles for the Next Century." An exhibition of nine

contemporary automobiles that embody fresh approaches to automotive design; through 9/21. . . . "Fame After Photography." A survey examining how photographic images changed the representation and meaning of fame over the last 200 years; through 10/5. . . . "The Un-Private House." The first project of the Lily Auchincloss Series of Architecture Exhibitions, examining 26 homes by international architects whose designs reflect the transformation of the private house in response to changing cultural conditions and recent architectural innovations; through 10/5. . . . "Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and Print Collecting: An Early Mission for MOMA." Approximately 100 of the nearly 1,600 prints left to the museum by Mrs. Rockefeller, by George Bellows, Emil Nolde, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Diego Rivera, and others; through 9/21. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 10:30-6, Thurs. 10:30-6, Fri. 10:30-8:30 (4:30-8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$10, \$6.50 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"The Time of Our Lives." Works on the subject of age and aging by more than 60 artists; through 10/17. . . . "Keith Piper: Relocating the Remains." multimedia installations that digitally remix the last fifteen years of the British artist's collages, paintings, and sculpture; through 10/17. . . . "Offside: Dolores Zinny and Juan Ignacio Maidagan." A stairway installation by two emerging Argentine artists; through 10/17. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12-8, (free Thurs. 6-8); \$5, \$3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Philippe Starck: Furniture & Objects." A survey of furniture and household objects by the contemporary designer; through 8/29. . . . "0044: Contemporary Irish Art in Britain"; through 8/29. . . . "Animal-Anima.Animus"; through 8/29. . . . "David Reed Paintings: Motion Pictures"; through 8/29. . . . "Anna Oppermann: Being Different (Why Is She So Different?) 1970-1986"; through 8/29. . . . "Site-Specific Project by Claude Lévêque"; through 8/29. . . . "Paintings by John Tweddle From the Robert C. Scull Collection"; through 8/29. . . . "Pavilion by Philip Johnson." A D.J. booth and dance pavilion designed by the architect for "Warm Up." P.S. 1's second annual outdoor D.J. series; through 9/11. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$5 suggested donation.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900-2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8 (6-8 pay what you wish on the first Thurs. of every month); \$12.50, \$10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a \$2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Talent I Dream of Java

Most Web designers are forced to contrive gimmicky, garish banner ads, roll-overs, and repetitive Shockwave animations for their e-commerce employers. Frustrated with the bells-and-whistles craze, designer Josh Ulm and a group of talented digital artists have found refuge in The Remedi Project (REdesigning the MEdium through Discovery, at www.theremediproject.com). The two-year-old site offers a cultish, sometimes angry but often playful digital gallery—and it's not selling anything! Each season, Ulm asks several digital artists to exhibit new works alongside projects by Remedi's ten founding members. Ulm says he saw "too many Web designers being held back by their clients. We kept saying, 'If we could do it our way . . .'" So I figured, why don't we just go ahead and do it?" Ulm swears, "I tell designers they can do whatever they want as long as they do something very different from their commercial work." Now some of the Internet's best professionals display their most unprofitable

creations on his site. In artist Patric King's online introduction to his summer exhibition, he denounces the commercialization of the Web but adds, "Lead me to a venue that uses the Web to talk about the rest of life, and baby, I'm so there." Caterina Fake's utterly minimalist *Mt. Fuji* derives from a traditional Japanese metaphor for eternity: "If you take the finest piece of gauze and lightly touch Mount Fuji every hundred years," she explains, "the mountain will disappear." Each time her digital image of the mountain is viewed, a single pixel vanishes and the mountain almost imperceptibly erodes. Brooklyn-based founder Matt Owens says, "It's all about bringing back personality to the Web. There's so much crap out there, it's crazy. Even so, if you go into an agency and say, 'I do this Remedi stuff online,' everyone freaks out. Even within the *Über-Orwellian* world of the Internet, there's this very personal, very design-centered, and surprisingly work-centered world."

LOGAN HILL



Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 8/4 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 7/31.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 8/4 at 2: "Posters." On view from 7/30.

Ground Rules:

In summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photographs courtesy of The Remedi Project.

restaurants

Sloping South... Farmer's Almanac... Sugiyama

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (809-5508). (M-E) AE, MC, TM, V.

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tongs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. 80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) (\$).

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lampshades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. 107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) (\$).

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinna-



Object of Desire Splitsville

Just as City Hall's meat-and-potatoes menu barks back to a more cardiovascularly innocent, mid-century phase in America's culinary evolution, its new banana split is an out-and-out regression to childhood. Crispy monkey cookies dance on three scoops of ice cream—banana, chocolate, and vanilla—bracketed by a banana sliced lengthwise in a deeply satisfying ooze of spiced cherry compote and hot fudge. (131 Duane Street; 227-7777.)

mon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zepole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course,

they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. 107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. 38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M-E) AE.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. 317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and

Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black An-

gus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

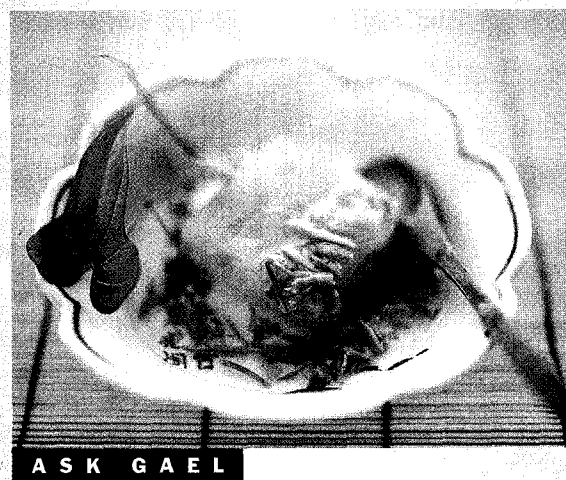
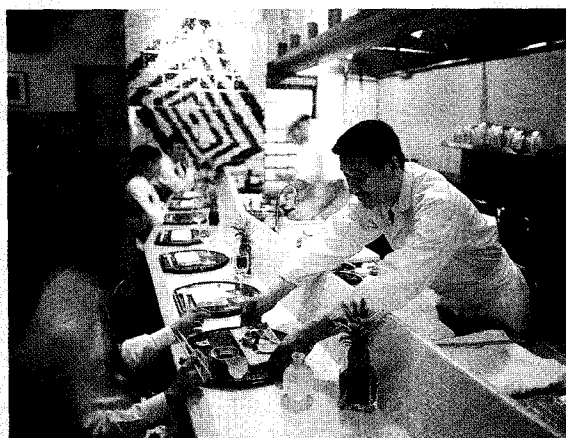
Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. 83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fetunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I-M) (\$).

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) 190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.



I'm longing for seriously sensuous adventure.

If you're game for the esoteric, the summer kaiseki dinner at Sugiyama will wake even the most jaded taste buds. Settled front-row center at the counter, we surrender to chef Nao Sugiyama's whim—a dose of salmon roe in sake to begin, then tofu in a teasingly subtle broth and a stunning basket of sashimi. He tantalizes us with cubes of unidentifiable gel in a warm root-vegetable broth, then offers grilled sweetfish, a summer-only import. Each of us gets a wooden gizmo with wire mesh at one end to cut our own bean-curd noodles and then minnowlike bits of lotus root in plum wine—a Japanese shooter. Sugiyama whirls and dashes about orchestrating the kaiseki parade for every table, from a \$45 mini-sampling to a \$60 eight-course tasting and the ultimate at \$150. For us, abalone and octopus bits with ice cubes in Sprite is a stunning climax, and the tart jolt of grapefruit gel a fitting finale. Given the flow of chilled sake, the \$200 bill seems reasonable. (251 West 55th Street; 956-0670.)

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungey feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No

cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croûte, and cassoulet. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.

LeGans Bistro & Bar—Those romantic, cobblestone-paved streets of the meat-packing district seem a perfect setting for a French bistro like this new one, offering a menu of staples like bass, rack of lamb, and cod, all finished with a Provençal-ish flourish. 46 Gansevoort St. (675-5224). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. 342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. 281 Bleecker St. (633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. 36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangría. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with

cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

I Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, I Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri remoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like “pinchos” of vegetables with goat cheese, and chicken with eggplant, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Novità—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattrformaggio. 8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club-like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a mas-

sive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches, and soups change daily. 110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco-ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. 209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) (\$).

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimpata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Lola—Lola's famous fried chicken is one of those dishes whose popularity guarantees it a perpetual place on the menu, but the kitchen has much grander aspirations. Think seared-tuna-and-seaweed salad with black rice and tobiko caviar, and paella de mariscos with grilled garlic flatbread. There's live music Tuesday through Saturday and a justly famous gospel brunch on Saturdays and Sundays. 30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, V.

The Tonic—Thanks to design features like a century-old mahogany-and-cut-glass bar, this new American restaurant and tavern manages to feel like old New York. The cooking, courtesy of Chris Gesualdi, couldn't be more modern: Reggiano-

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some New York advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (S) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, MC = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. “AE only” indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



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crusted sea bass and shrimp scampi with curried basmati rice and broccoli indicate his global influences. 108 W. 18th St. (929-9755). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. 538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Diners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli

with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. 455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife Building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. 922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of

tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. 987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. 123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NI-

First Taste Dixie Chick

With her well-worn white straw hat and the family Polaroids on the wall, the first thing that Terrie Mangrum calls to mind is Lucinda Williams: Southern, smart, and talented. Having given up the life of a sometime model and bartender in un-Dixieish Paris and Manhattan, she is now offering interpretations of Southern cuisine at Sweet Mama's, her homey and feminine (but not cutesy) Park Slope restaurant that I think of as a Tennessee bistro. Who is Sweet Mama? It is neither Mangrum's mother (Polly) nor her grandmother (Avis) but her great-grandmother, Daisy McGhee, who is known as Sweet Mama to the hometown folks in Bethesda, Tennessee ("Sixty people—most of whom farm tobacco—and three churches to accommodate them," recalls Mangrum). If Bethesda had a restaurant (it doesn't, but it does have a gas station with a Coke machine), it would have a menu like this one, where, true to Dixie form, the vegetable side dishes outnumber the entrées. There are fried pickles, spicy baked beans, squash casserole, thick-sliced tomatoes served simply with salt and pepper, and at least ten other things, all of which go well with a little ham or bacon. Mangrum's food is faithful to her roots, but she is not afraid to break with a tradition that regards the addition of onions and celery to chicken stock as, in the words of her mother, "fancy food." Similarly, when she turned to her aunt for advice on some unsuccessful biscuits, her aunt asked if she was using lard. Mangrum said she wasn't. Her aunt countered, "Well, then you are not making biscuits." Among Mangrum's innovations is a whole trout stuffed with sage bacon and cornmeal; a Coca-Cola-braised ham; a white barbecue chicken in a sui generis glaze of mayo, vinegar, black pepper, sugar, and lemon juice; shrimp with cheese grits and pepper; and an immodest (but not inaccurate) "best fried chicken." It is all so redolently down-home that if you listen closely to the passing traffic on Seventh Avenue you might, for a second, hear car wheels on a gravel road. (168 Seventh Avenue, near 1st Street; 718-768-8766.)

PETER KAMINSKY



Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

NAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the \$19.99 prix fixe dinner or the \$12.95 lunch. 342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Dillon's—An Irish-American pub and restaurant with the requisite hospitable welcome, chatty bartenders, and a separate dining room serving American dishes like filet mignon, herb-crusted Atlantic salmon, corned beef and cabbage, Maryland crab cakes, and beef stew. 245 W. 54th St. (307-9797). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the Royaltan (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the \$14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. 135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchis with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. 24 W. 55th St. (767-0555). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus seiche in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crépinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany. 224 W. 49th St. (320-2929). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms.

Serious wines, too. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. 58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. 950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M-E) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. 121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). 125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) in the lower level of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. The rooftop terrace is open seasonally for a lighter bite, a glass of wine, or an espresso. 601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the

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Hoffman continued from page 41

Hotel

The Maidstone Arms in East Hampton is just a brilliant, stunning place; they also have separate outdoor cottages and a terrific kitchen. Each one of the eight rooms at **The American Hotel** in Sag Harbor is decorated differently; they're exquisite. They're my friends over there, and I called and said a top exec at Warner Bros. Pictures was coming; they said, "Oh, no, forget it," and they blew me off.

Steven Gaines

I've stayed at **Sunset Beach**, which is beyond; it's like staying at the Chateau Marmont, it's so well designed and chic and fabulous inside.

Lucy Sykes

Flowers

Artistry in Flowers in Southampton, where the owner is the most accommodating young man. He knows the people you're sending them to, and he knows where they might place them, he's been around so long. I could spend a couple of hours watching them arrange flowers at **Mecox Gardens** in Southampton: They have beautiful, impeccable style.

Karen LeFrak

Topiaire in Southampton does everybody's flowers. The woman there comes to the house to see what your décor is and she works with you; she always gets things there the same day or the day you want them.

Pamela Gross

Sushi

What's so great about **Sen** in Sag Harbor? That it's Japanese, and it's out here. The sushi is very fresh. I go there a few nights a week.

Ross Bleckner

Garden

Marty Richards has an oceanfront house in Southampton with a legendary rose garden. **Jack Lenor Larsen** at Round House in East Hampton and **Bob Dash** of Madoo in Sagaponack both run foundations based on their gardens. **Charlotte Ford's** in Southampton is a beauty; it's about 10 acres, and she has a pond. She's got everything from a driveway lined with perfectly manicured crab-apple trees to the traditional cutting garden.

Preston Phillips

Barber

Ralph's Barbershop in Southampton is right out of *Mayberry R.F.D.* He's a young man, a beefy bass fisherman who lives in Sag Harbor, and he's got a one-man operation. He gives a great haircut for \$12, but it's (continued on page 90)

birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Campagna—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Jolo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frittes is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

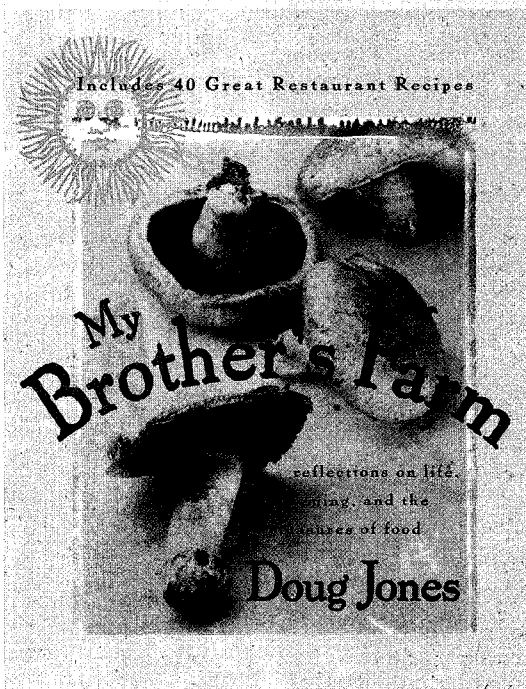
Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit

In Print Doug Jones has carved out a bucolic career for himself (and his partner, Nicole Littrell) delivering fresh, locally grown produce from tristate farms to sunlight-deprived, salad-loving Manhattan apartment-dwellers. Now, in his first book, *My Brother's Farm* (G.P. Putnam's Sons; \$21.95), Jones manages to simultaneously deflate the urbanite's romanticized fantasies of life on the farm and make all us office shut-ins jealous of his back-to-nature (or at least, back-to-the-delivery-van) lifestyle. In this lighthearted memoir of his introduction to the agrarian life, Jones explains, among other things, how vegetarians get fat, how to bribe uncooperative doormen, how to cultivate a forgotten, debris-strewn acre beneath the Brooklyn Heights Promenade, and how to make kitchen wine with little more than a grape press and a prayer. He's also managed to persuade chefs at restaurants like Ferdinando's Focacceria, Babbo, Pearl Oyster Bar, and Col Legno to contribute more than 40 simple recipes that make superlative use of the season's harvest.



with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) (\$).

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order.

2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) (\$).

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the \$29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. 222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. 328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) (\$).

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. 2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. 255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) (\$).

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (\$).

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Patel continued from page 33

lines open at noon ten days ahead. "On Wednesdays, we come in early, drink a lot of coffee, and answer the phones," explains a staff member. "Tables are gone in 40 minutes." Even Wainscott's unassuming **Alison by the Beach** is booked two weeks ahead for Saturday nights, says an assistant manager.

Late-planners know to call the American Hotel, where nonguests are allowed to reserve tables in the restaurant downstairs one day before they want to eat. Even so, says a manager, "be sure to call in the morning." Find yourself with no reservations whatsoever? Line up for toro and yellowtail at Sag Harbor's **Sen**—one of the few sushi restaurants in the area—but get there before it opens at six. Show up at eight, and you might stand on the sidewalk for almost two hours. Even take-out's a hassle: Picking up a \$48 pound of lobster salad at **Loaves & Fishes** on a Saturday afternoon means sweating it out on a half-hour line behind a bunch of Italian tourists in sarongs; getting a breakfast sandwich at the dusty, dim **Sagg General Store** takes half an hour on the weekends.

Keeping Up Appearances

Many a commuting female wouldn't dare be seen with curly hair, even on the weekends; that means popping into a salon somewhere between Gibson Beach and Bridgehampton Polo. But most early-evening blowout spots at even the cheesiest salons have long since been booked, "by June at the very latest," confides an employee of Southampton's **La Carezza**. Prefer to rub shoulders with Southampton's high society before the next big benefit? Secure standing hair and makeup appointments at the **Kevin Maple Salon** in May. "A dozen or so people do," Maple says. "That's all my appointments." By the weekend, there's also an eight-to-ten-person waiting list. And if you're considering taking your Westie to the **Artists & Writers** softball game, book his trim at Wainscott's **Pet Details** or Southampton's **Classy Canine** at least ten days in advance.

If your share started in July, you never had a prayer of acquiring the right clothes. On Memorial Day weekend, 28 girls wiped out **Scoop Beach's** entire first shipment of three dozen \$195 Free Love halter tops in a mere three hours (25 more are biding their time on a waiting list). By the second weekend in June, Scoop also said good-bye to \$155 Shoshanna strapless dresses in pink and blue and those \$52 red Susanna Monaco tube tops. Unless you can wait up to twenty minutes for a dressing room on a Saturday afternoon, you'll have to eyeball the fit. ("I've got five

of them," sighs the owner. "And I've still got these girls changing out in the open in my store.") Next door, at **Calypso St. Barths**, the summer's hot items—\$150 sari Capri pants, \$175 bustle skirts, and \$210 thong sandals—are long gone in most colors. The truly desperate are on a 100-person waiting list. Now they're after a new \$200 metallic-pink mule—21 pairs were sold last weekend alone.

The Remains of the Day

The crowds, not surprisingly, roil in the direction of the shore, waiting at least half an hour to park, even at fashionable, permit-only beaches like **Gibson, Georgica**, and **Flying Point**. But those who seek amusement inland can find themselves in a similar bind. Sagaponack's **Topping Riding Club** had a 50-person waiting list by early June. "We'll get another flurry of calls in August from people who want to lease a horse to show in the **Hampton Classic**. Unfortunately, it's too late for them," says co-owner Emily Aspinall. They should have called in March. At **Summer Kicks** in East Hampton, getting into the 10:45 A.M. Saturday Gotham Box class is like winning the lottery: Hopefuls ring up on Wednesday mornings, when the phones open, and leave their names on an answering machine. If your reservation happens to be accepted, make sure to arrive early—some swing by at 8 A.M.—to sign up for a prime front-row spot. "There can be 40 or 50 people in there at a time. And the room's not that big," complains one boxer who's found herself at the wrong end of a flying fist.

Take Back the Night

At the end of the day, relax and rent a movie. Turns out, picking up a flick at **Blockbuster Video** in Water Mill is a lot like snagging a parking spot in front of the **Penny Candy Shop**—a squadron of people are all after the same thing you are. "People out here like the intelligent movies, not the junky stuff," notes Phil, the manager. "They love anything with John Travolta; he's a high-class person." The shop stocks up on as many as 40 copies each of movies like *Payback*, *Meet Joe Black*, and *A Simple Plan*—all of which are out for most of the weekend. "People ask me to call when the movie comes back," says Phil. "But why would I call when someone's already here waiting for it?"

It's become routine to buy Saturday-night movie tickets before breakfast; but even on a recent Sunday, tickets to an **East Hampton Cinema** showing of *Eyes Wide Shut* at 6:45 P.M. were sold out a full three hours before showtime.

Welcome to Waithampton: We're sure you'll stay a while.

in concert

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 3

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio segreto* Overture and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 9 in E flat, *Exultate, jubilate*, and Symphony No. 41 in C. With soprano Ruth Ann Swenson and pianist Lars Vogt. Adam Fischer, conductor. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; \$20-\$40.

Wednesday, August 4

Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival—Flutist Maria Martin, clarinetist Alan Kay, violinist Ani Kavafian, and others perform works by Mozart, Tower, Rameau, and Schumann. Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church, 2429 Montauk Hwy. (741-9073), at 8; \$25.

Musicians From New World Symphony—Perform Saint-Saëns's *Airs de Ballet* for flute and piano, Mozart's Quintet in A major for clarinet and string quartet, and Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor for piano, violin, and cello. Wölfler Estate Sagpond Vineyards, 139 Sag Rd., Bridgehampton (516-537-5106, ext. 17), at 6:30; \$30.

Thursday, August 5

Kremerata Baltica—Performs works by Walton, Herrmann, Takemitsu, and others, as part of the Mostly Mozart Festival. Gidon Kremer, conductor and violin. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; \$20-\$40.

Friday, August 6

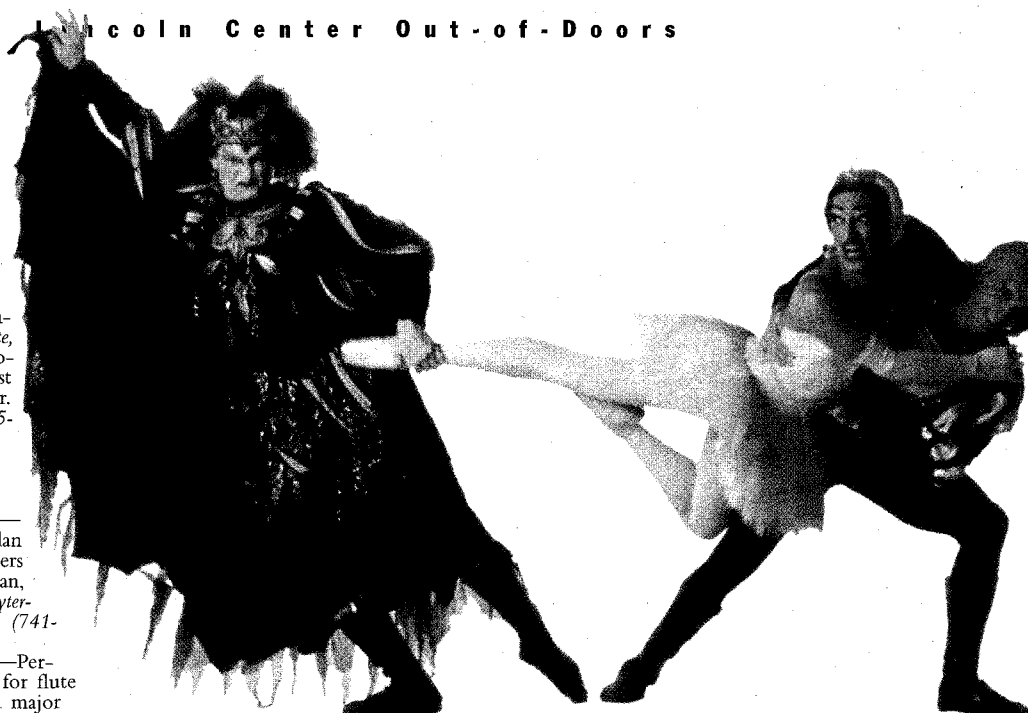
Kremerata Baltica—Performs Vask's *Musica dolorosa* for strings; Pärt's *Tabula Rasa* for violin, viola, strings, and prepared piano; excerpts from Tchaikovsky's *Les Saisons*; and Piazzolla/Desyatnikov's *Las Cuatro Estaciones Portenas* for violin and strings, as part of the Mostly Mozart Festival. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; \$35.

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs C.P.E. Bach's Sinfonia No. 24 in B minor and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 24 in C minor, Violin Concerto No. 5 in A, and Symphony No. 29 in A. With pianist Ivan Moravec and violinist Kyoko Takezawa. Neeme Järvi, conductor. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; \$18-\$38.

Summargarden—The Luna Quartet performs works by Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, Cecilie Ore, Chen Yi, Myriam Marbe, and Karen Tanaka. Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. (708-9491), at 8:30; free.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Previews Men en Pointe

Mixing irreverent parody with spot-on technique, the all-male dance troupe Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo is a consistent favorite with dance aficionados and neophytes alike. This Saturday, the Trocs will show off their skills at the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors festival, performing a joke-free—albeit still in drag—rendition of Merce Cunningham's *Cross Currents* as part of an otherwise humorous program. (See "Dance.")

Saturday, August 7

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 8/6.
Summargarden—See 8/6.

Sunday, August 8

Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival—Flutist Maria Martin, violinists Ani Kavafian and Mark Peskanov, and others perform Vivaldi's Concerto in G minor for flute and strings, Sonata No. 12 in D minor for two violins and continuo, Concerto in C major for piccolo and strings, and *Four Seasons*. With Vivaldi's verses recited by Sheldon Harnick. Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church, 2429 Montauk Hwy. (741-9073), at 6:30; \$25.

Monday, August 9

Takács String Quartet—Performs Mozart's String Quartet in D, Beethoven's String Quartet in E minor, and Dvorák's Piano Quintet in A with pianist Andreas Haefliger, as part of the Mostly Mozart Festival. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; \$15-\$35.

Opera

New York Grand Opera—Performs Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, 8/4 at 7:30. Rumsey Playfield, Central Park (245-8837); free.

Dance

Celebrate Brooklyn! Festival—Choreographers-in-residence Lawrence Goldhuber, Heidi Latsky, and Maria Claire Garrison hold an open rehearsal and workshop with discussion of their methods and techniques. Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 52); free.

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—The all-male comic ballet company performs Merce Cunningham's *Cross Currents* and repertory works, 8/7 at 8 (rain date, 8/9). Damrosch Park Bandshell, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.

Oregon Ballet Theatre—Performs two programs of New York premieres, including James Canfield's *CQ*, Kristy Edmunds's *January Postcard*, Trey McIntyre's *Speak*, and Josie Moseley's *With*, 8/3-8/6 at 8, and 8/7 at 2 and 8. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$28.

Tibetan Festival—A program of traditional Tibetan dance, music, and religious rituals, featuring dance groups Chaksampa and Cholsum, and monks from the Namgyal and Nechung monasteries, 8/10 at noon. World Trade Center Plaza (435-6600); free.

Up! On the Roof—Torque Dance, Artichoke Dance Company, Doug Elkins Dance Company, and others perform three evenings of dance to benefit Kids of NYU Medical Center, 8/6-8/8 at 8. Programs vary; call for information. John Jay College, 899 Tenth Ave., between 58th and 59th Sts. (533-2544); \$25.

nightlife

Guillaume... Blondie... Armatrading

Concerts

Air Supply—8/8 at 7. Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Road, Westbury (516-888-9000). \$32.50.

Barenaked Ladies—With Beautiful South. 8/4 at 8. Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (307-7171). \$28-\$35.

Blondie—8/8 at 7:30. Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (307-7171). \$39, \$29, \$15.

The Cult—With New American Shame. 8/3 at 7:30. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$27.50-\$30.

Howie Mandel—8/5 at 8. Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Road, Westbury (516-888-9000). \$32.50.

Joan Armatrading—With Freedy Johnston. 8/4 at 8. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). \$35.

"Lilith Fair"—With Sarah McLachlan, Sheryl Crow, Pretenders, Mya, Me'Shell Ndegéocello, Aimee Mann, Lamb, Cree Summer, Nina Gordon, Bertine. 8/6 at 4:30. Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (307-7171). \$43-\$53.

Neil Sedaka—8/6 at 8. Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Road, Westbury (516-888-9000). \$35.

Pat Benatar—8/4 at 8. Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Road, Westbury (516-888-9000). \$32.50.

Ray Charles & Roberta Flack—8/7 at 8. Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Road, Westbury (516-888-9000). \$42.50.

Roger Waters—8/7 at 8:30. Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (307-7171). \$20-\$32.

"Scintillating City Sounds"—Free concert series every Thursday from 12:30 to 1:30 at Rockefeller Center's Garden Park. 8/5: Bethune Big Band. 1251 Sixth Avenue, at Rockefeller Center. Free.

"Weird Al" Yankovic—8/3 at 8. Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Road, Westbury (516-888-9000). \$30.

"Y-107's 1999 Live Lunch Concert Series"—Performances every Thursday at noon. 8/5: Mary Chapin Carpenter. Austin J. Tobin Plaza between the World Trade Center Towers. Free.

Small Stages

Bottom Line—8/6-8/7: "Jazz Is Dead": Explorations into the music of the Grateful Dead. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Bowery Ballroom—8/3-8/4: Mr. Bungle. 8/5: Nat-acha Atlas. 6 Delancey St. (533-2111).

Celebrate Brooklyn! Performing Arts Festival—8/7: Goldhuber and Latsky. 8/8: Eddie Palmieri. Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park West at 9th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 52). Free, with a \$3 suggested admission.

"Central Park SummerStage"—8/4: NYGO presents Simon Boccanegra. 8/5: Susana Baca; Waldemar Bastos. 8/7: "Body & Soul" & "Day in the Park," with Los Muñequitos de Matanzas; Jephthé Guillaume and the Tèt Kale Orkestra; Abstract Truth; "Body & Soul" D.J.'s François K., Joaquin "Joe" Claussell, Danny Krivit. 8/8: Cui Jian; Rahat Nus-rat Fateh Ali Khan; D.J. Mutamassik. Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park. (360-CPSS). Free.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.
\$ = cash only.

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat. Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—8/3: Julian Lennon; Push Stars. 8/5-8/6: Soul Brains. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Joe's Pub—8/2: Henry Butler. 8/3: Joy Askeew. 8/4: Joe Jackson. 8/6: Evan Lurie. 8/7: Rosie Ledet. 8/8: Charlie Hunter. 8/9: Al Kooper. 425 Lafayette St., bet. E. 4th St. and Astor Pl. (239-6200).

Manitoba's—Shows at 10. No cover. 8/2: Beat Rodeo. 8/3: J. C. Hopkins; Live Honey. 8/4: Steve Almaas's Birthday Bash. 8/5: Elena Skye and the Demolition String Band. 8/6: The Geraniums. 8/7: Adam Roth. 8/8: The Halos. 8/9: Beat Rodeo. 99 Ave. B (982-2511).

Maxwell's—8/3: Marcelle Karp, Debbie Stoller, and the contributors of *Bust* magazine read from their new book, *The Bust Guide to the New Girl Order*. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge—8/3: Cindy Bullens; Interpol; Black Beetle; Slink Moss. 8/4: Pamela Miller; Lucy Bonilla; Gordon. 8/5: The Gourds; Jon Dee Graham. 8/6: Itchy Trigger Finger; Episonic; Jesse Evans & the Crash; Shirley Temple of Doom. 8/7: The Dope Pages; Van Gogh's Radio; the Booda Velvets. 8/8: Death Cab for Cutie; Fiver. 8/9: Bif Naked. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 8/2: Lilian Garcia. 8/4: Subversive Presents: Mystik Journeymen; Skeme Team; Masterminds; Sciencz of Life; DP One. 8/5: Basement Bhangra. 8/7: Samba Novo. 8/9: Bio Ritmo. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

Tramps—8/4: Steve Earle & the Del Mercury Band. 8/5: The Original T.S.O.L. 8/7: Aimee Mann. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 8/3: "Grateful Dread: Reggae Grateful Dead Tribute." 8/6: The Slip; Ulu. 8/7: Merl Saunders. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244). \$.

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a night of drum 'n' bass with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for schedule. 418 W. 14th St. (206-1590).

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Saturdays belong to the British rock of "Tiswas," while on Sundays D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B salsa, and house at "Loose." 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). \$.

Flamingo East—This East Village nightspot boasts the long-running, very gay Wednesday-night house-music party "Salon," with D.J.'s Gant Johnson and Emjay. Thursdays belong to "Drone," a lounge-y party with arty videos and projections. 219 Second Ave. (533-2860).

Home—After the initial hype (which had some believing that this Sunday-afternoon party would

Performance Blonde Ambition

They may have hit middle age, but Blondie's adrenalized mix of punk rock, surf guitar, cherry-flavored pop, and low-down funk hasn't shown any signs of slowing down. They perform at Jones Beach Amphitheatre August 8. (See "Concerts.")





Performance Joan Armatrading

The defiantly unclassifiable Joan Armatrading, whose very personal albums 'Sleight of Hand,' 'Show Some Emotion,' and 'Square the Circle' have earned her a devoted fan base, makes a rare area appearance at Town Hall August 4. (See "Concerts.")

bring "Body & Soul" to its knees) Home has become just another good club struggling to get its footing among the many new entrants to city nightlife. Home has had a nice stable of rotating D.J.'s (like Carlos Sanchez and Jenifa Mayanja), but the on-again, off-again presence of musical director Andre Collins has been frustrating. In the end, the party's survival will depend on the goodwill it can generate to the handful of faithful who've been showing up every Sunday since its inception in June. 147 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (201-862-0704).

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultra-hip "BPM" radio show hosts "Rendez-vous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot at the wheels of steel. Saturdays things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." 166 First Avenue, at 11th St. (228-0444). \$.

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleeker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers-esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party with music from resident D.J. Adam Scott. Thursday Night's "Get a Life!" is a glamorous hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97-ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. And, coming soon, Life will host a monthly drum-'n'-bass party called "Heat." 158 Bleeker St. (420-1999).

Mother—This meatpacking district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesdays belong to Jackie 60, the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss-inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped

clubland's very, very dark days in the mid-nineties. The party's original host, Barbara Tucker, is back, and the great D.J. David Morales (whose New York appearances have become all too rare) will be on hand to provide uplifting house music. It all sounds enticing, but unfortunately, the promoters behind "UN" have chosen the already very crowded Wednesday night ("Little" Louie Vega's "Sunset Ritual" at Vinyl and John Davis's "Legends" have already staked out the midweek territory) to make its return. All this activity is proof that New York nightlife is finally rising from its slumber, but a more practical question hovers over the return of "UN": Is there room for three soulful house parties on Wednesday night? 229 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (713-5093).

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro, Danny Krivit of "Body & Soul," and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? 141 W. 140th St., between Grand Concourse and Walton Aves., Bronx (718-992-5974).

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 8/6: D.J. Dan; Commander Tom; Justin Nichols. 530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).

Vanity—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week but livens up Thursdays with the drum-'n'-bass party "Physics" and Fridays with "GBH" ("Great British House"). 28 E. 23rd St. (989-1038, Ext. 219). \$.

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now) house party "Sunset Rit-

Out Party Girls." Thursdays are taken over by the very gothic "Long Black Veil," while Fridays are the strictly for girls "Clit Club." 432 W. 14th St. (366-5680).

Ohm—Ohm offers lounge-y, too-cool vibes with hipster promoters like ex-"Creme & Sugar" bad boys Jacques & Pascal. D.J. Stormin' Norman spins house classics at Thursdays night's "Vague," while Jacques & Pascal's Friday party "Dr. Feelgood & the Sugar Party" provides heavy doses of R&B and classic funk. 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000).

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like the upscale house-music party "Groove On!" hosted by Limelight impresario Alan Sanctuary, and a brand-new Friday-night party called "Looker," which promises go-go girls and belly dancers. 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).

The Underground—This unremarkable venue on West 28th Street has become the talk of clubland. Why? Because it's where the legendary "Underground Network" party is making its return. The original "UN" took place at Sound Factory Bar and provided a gleam of hope for nightlife during

every Wednesday. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to John Davis and François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. 6 Hubert St., at Hudson. (343-1379).

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Ellington Orchestra. Fridays: The Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. \$15-\$20 cover; \$10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 8/3: Paul Ellington. 8/4: Carol Fiedette. 8/5-8/7: Kevin Mahogany. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 8/3-8/8: Kenny Burrell and His Band; Ron Carter Quintet. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Caviarateria SoHo—This newly launched little venue at the SoHo Grand features jazz and Latin acts. 310 W. Broadway (925-5515).

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 29 Cornelia. (989-9319).

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. 107 Rivington St. (420-2258).

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).

Garage—A cozy west Village spot located in a former auto garage. 8/3: Jazz vocalist David Coss. 8/4: Sheila Cooper. 8/5: Andrea Wolper. 8/6: The Hershey Barr Band, a jazz-and-blues review. 8/7: "Jazz Brunch," with Antonella Dini; "Evening Jazz," with the Hershey Barr Band. 8/8: "Jazz Brunch," with Norah Jones; "Evening Jazz," with vocalist David Coss. 8/9: The Howard Williams Orchestra. 99 Seventh Ave. So. (645-0600).

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 8/3-8/8: Steve Lacy Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30. Sun.—Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.—Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. \$15-\$25 cover; \$10 minimum. 8/4-8/8: The Bruce Barth Quartet; Ray Drummond, Al Foster. 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays,

Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 8/3: Stereo Phelps. 8/4: Oren Starr; Sultans. 8/5: Repeatons; Adam Klipple Trio. 8/6: Susie Ibarra Trio. 8/7: Eye-Door; Micro East Collective; Adam Levy. 8/8: Pita; Ikue Mori; Jim O'Rourke; D.J. Olive. 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). \$.

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 8/3-8/8: Lou Donaldson. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Comedy

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. King Size Laundromat, 178 7th Ave., at 20th St., 212/501-6061. Free.

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.-Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.-Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-\$24.50, two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.-Thurs. at 9. 8/2-8/8: Greg Giraldo; Mitch Fatel; Dave Attell; Tom Papa; Godfrey. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.-Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 8/6-8/7: Joe Matrese; Sue Costello; Rich Franchese. 8/9: Commedia dell'Fies presents "Chapter One: Misty's Story." 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is \$7-\$12. Shows: Sun.-Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

Surf Reality—The Lower East Side's fave spot for sketch and improv, slackerly and otherwise. Thursdays: "The Black, the Jew and You!" 172 Allen St., second floor. (673-4182). \$.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Early shows Tues.-Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat. Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 8/14: Buddy Greco. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Bemelmans Bar—Through 10/9: Peter Mintun. \$10 cover charge; \$5 at the bar. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Danny's Skylight Room—\$20, plus \$15 minimum. Through August: Claiborne Cary in "Claiborne Cary Alive!" 346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? \$12 cover, two-drink minimum. 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). \$.

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.-Thurs., sets at 9; Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. \$30 cover; two-drink minimum. Through August: Charles Cernelle's "Ask Me Again." 363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 8/3: Julia Hunt with Wes McAfee. 8/4:

Natasha Brown & Austin Pendelton with Tex Arnold. 8/5: Mark Coffin with Ross Patterson. 8/7: Mr. Ruby Rims in "Movin' On Up" with John McMahon. 8/9: Natasha Brown & Austin Pendelton with Tex Arnold. 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).

Metronome—Shows at 7:30. 8/5: Camilla Benson. 8/6-8/7: Laird Jackson. 915 Broadway (505-7400).

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: Sol Yaged and His Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin Band. Fridays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Saturdays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers and Bob Cantwell Sextet. Sunday brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. 32 W. 37th St. (564-3945).

Bars

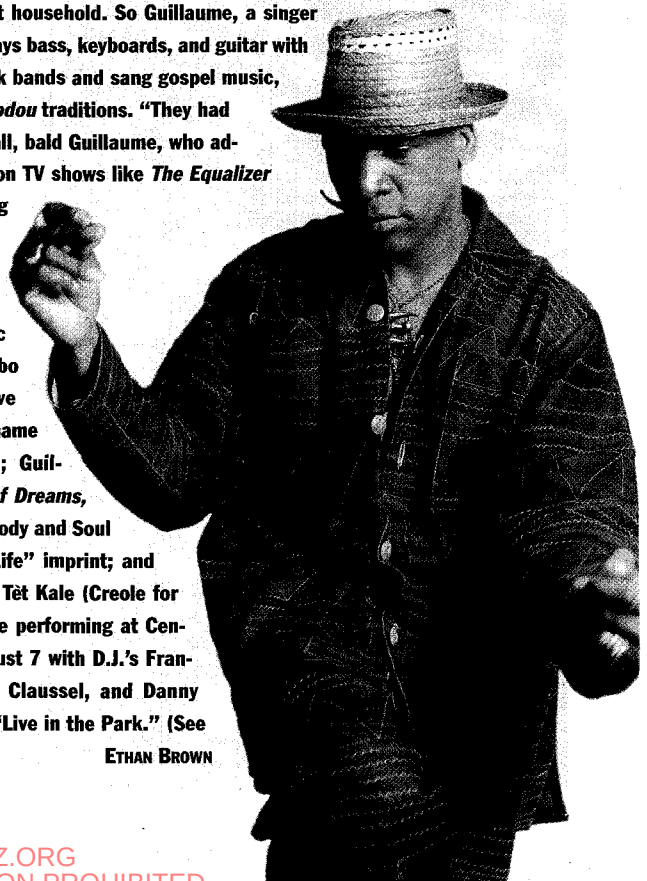
Bob—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashionistas, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud-wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. 235 Eldridge St., at Houston St. (No phone).

Chez Es Saada—A subterranean fantasia, replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on the sound system, and exotic drinks with unpronounceable names. Don't be misled by the lack of street-level signage, though: Chez Es Saada is no trendoid-free oasis, and on weekends, the bouncers give entry preference to Euro-partyers. 42 E. 1st St. (777-5617).

Performance World Party

World music will probably never shake its Peter Gabriel-induced reputation as a feel-good, uncomplicated way for yuppies to experience Third World culture. But a new crop of dance-music artists like Jephthé Guillaume, who fuses the percussiveness and sweet melodies of Haitian *vodou* with hard-hitting house, are challenging ethnic music's cozy image and getting rear ends moving in the process. Born in Haiti but raised in New York, Guillaume shocked his family in his teens by declaring his love for *vodou*, which was strictly verboten in his devoutly Protestant household. So Guillaume, a singer and self-taught musician who plays bass, keyboards, and guitar with equal aplomb, performed in rock bands and sang gospel music, all the while secretly studying *vodou* traditions. "They had no idea," says the imposingly tall, bald Guillaume, who admits to working as a stuntman on TV shows like *The Equalizer* when music alone wasn't paying the bills. "But they know now." It would be hard for Guillaume to hide his accomplishments from Mom and Dad: The hypnotic *vodou*-house of songs like "Ibo Lele" and "The Prayer" have crashed the top-ten lists of big-name D.J.'s like Dimitri From Paris; Guillaume's debut album, *Voyage of Dreams*, will be released this month on Body and Soul D.J. Joe Claussell's "Spiritual Life" imprint; and Guillaume and his fifteen-piece Tèt Kale (Creole for "shaved head") Orchestra will be performing at Central Park SummerStage on August 7 with D.J.'s Francois Kevorkian, Joaquin "Joe" Claussell, and Danny Krivit as part of Body & Soul's "Live in the Park." (See "Small Stages.")

ETHAN BROWN



the mix

"Two Five-Letter Words: Lenny Bruce"

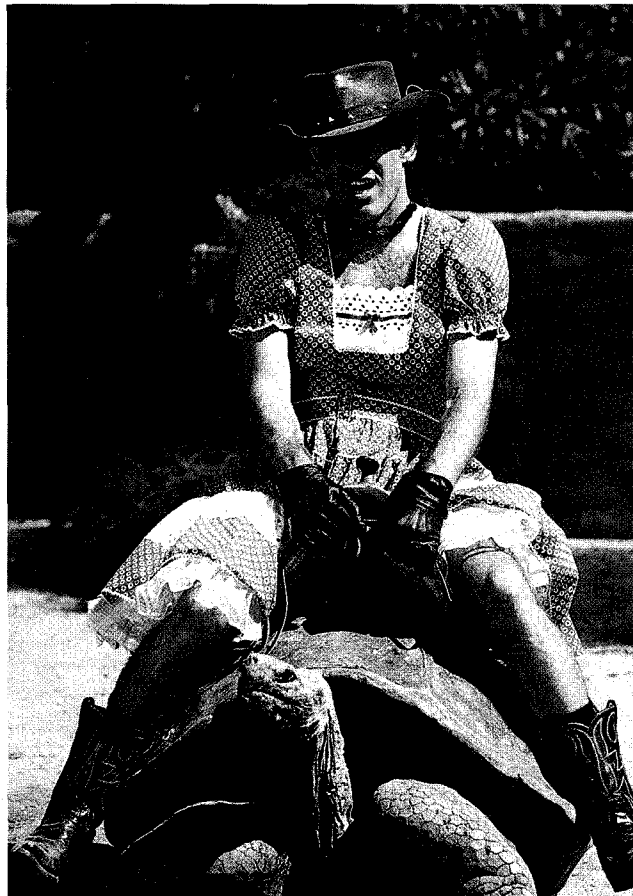
John Leonard's TV Notes

Drylongso (8/6; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Sundance), a quietly affecting first feature film from director Cauleen Smith, follows Pica (Toby Smith), a college photography student, around Oakland, California, as she takes Polaroid snapshots of "an endangered species"—young African-American males. This is not exactly what her instructor had in mind for a 35-mm. class project, but it helps her to meet Tobie (April Barnett), who dresses as a boy to avoid violence and to scare white folks; to cope with the brutal murder of a friend; and to conceive a streetside memorial to that friend—a symbolic combination of a Joseph Cornell box and an AIDS quilt—that actually, briefly, turns the neighborhood into a community of mourning and remembrance. Nice work all around.

The Vietnam War: A Descent Into Hell (8/7; 8 to 11 P.M.; Discovery), from the people who brought us the award-winning documentaries *Watergate* and *Yugoslavia: Death of a Nation*, is the scrupulous and depressing background story to American military involvement, from the OSS helping to train Ho Chi Minh's guerrillas to fight the Japanese to French troops seeking to reclaim their colonial turf, to the articulation (by Ike) of the domino theory, to the CIA's role in setting up a puppet government in the South, to the misleading of JFK and LBJ about what was feasible in Southeast Asia, to the Gulf of Tonkin shuck, with remarkable archival footage from North Vietnam itself. Martin Sheen narrates.

Ray Charles in Concert (8/8; 9:30 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13), a benefit for Miami's Lighthouse for the Blind, begins with "I've Got a Woman," ends with "America the Beautiful," and middles with jazz vocalist Diane Schuur joining Charles to sing "It Had to Be You" and "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To," not to mention in-betweens that include an inevitable "Georgia on My Mind" plus Ray on a saxophone surprising everybody.

Intimate Portrait: Betty Friedan (8/8; 11 P.M. to midnight; Lifetime), directed by Lee Grant and featuring interviews with Norman Lear and Helen Gurley Brown, follows the feminist from her Smith College graduation in 1942 to her graduate degree in psychology, to her reporting for a labor newspaper, to her marriage and two children, all before she published *The Feminine Mystique* in 1963. After that, the program traces the sometimes sororitical politics of the women's movement, now, Strike for Equality, *The Second Stage*, and, most recently, *The Fountain of Age*. Narrated by Joan Lunden.



The Tube All of Him

Comedy Central's 'Steve Martin: A Comic Life' looks at the many faces of one of America's great goofballs, from his start as a balloon-animal-maker at Disneyland to his wild-and-crazy-guy stunts on 'SNL' up to his latest incarnation as cozy comic movie dad. Along with showing footage of the Jerk himself, host Ivan Reitman speaks with Carl Reiner, Teri Garr, Lorne Michaels, and Dick Smothers on August 8 at 10 P.M.

Radio Highlights

"Lost & Found Sound"—Fridays at 4 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM, and at 5 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM. 8/6: Bob Mondello reflects on what was lost when silent film found its voice; a 1962 recording of Buster Keaton at home in the San Fernando Valley giving his gang a taste of vaudeville.

"City Folk"—8/4 at 6 A.M.: Celebrate the birthday

of Louis Armstrong with a day of trumpet, trombone, and sax tunes. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Lectures and Panels

"The Creation of the Renaissance"—8/9 at 8 P.M.: Explore the assertion that the Medici were far more than patrons of the art; in fact, they orchestrated the rebirth of culture in fifteenth-century Florence, forever altering the course of art, architecture, and philosophy. The New York Film Academy, 100 E. 17th St. (465-7254); \$10.

"Modern Media"—Fridays in August at 6:30 P.M.: A series of studio demonstrations in the art and technique of collage, pastel, ink drawing, and watercolor. The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); free.

The Written Word

Blanche Weisen Cooke—8/4 at 7 P.M.: Readings from *Eleanor Roosevelt, Vol. II, 1933-1938*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Jhumpa Lahiri—8/4 at 7:30: Reading from her new book, *Interpreter of Maladies*. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

The Rolling Stone Book of the Beats—8/5 at 7 P.M.: Readings by contributors Lauren Agnelli, Doug Brinkley, Ann Douglas, Hettie Jones, Daniel Pinchbeck, Lee Renaldo, John Swenson, and others. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Susan Butler—8/5 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *East to the Dawn: The Life of Amelia Earhart*. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (794-1962); free.

Jason Brown—8/8 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from recent work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

Tours

"Millionaire's Mile: The Fifth Avenue Gold Coast"—8/7 at 1 P.M.: See the private clubs, palatial homes, and cultural institutions of this landmark district, including sites associated with J.P. Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry Clay Frick, Doris Duke, Joseph Pulitzer, Barbara Hutton, and others. Meet at the General Sherman Statue, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (732-270-5277); \$10.

"Lower East Side Synagogue Trail"—8/8 at 1 P.M.: A two-and-a-half-hour mini bus tour with stops at the Eldridge Street Synagogue, the Stanton Street Shul, Bialystoker Synagogue, and more. Call 598-1200 for reservations and meeting place; \$15-\$18.

"Ghosts on Broadway"—8/8 at 2 P.M.: Visit a "haunted" hotel, the ghostly New Amsterdam Theater,

Photograph courtesy of NBC/Globe Photos.

GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	TOR MSG 7:30PM	TOR MSG 7:30PM	TOR FOX 12PM	SEA FOX 10PM	SEA FOX 10PM	SEA MSG 9PM	SEA FOX 4:30PM
METS	MIL FSNY 8PM	MIL FSNY 8PM	MIL FSNY 8PM		LA WB 7:40PM	LA WB 7:10PM	LA WB 1:40PM
METROSTARS			DAL MSG 8:30PM			MIA ESPN 3:30PM	
LIBERTY		UTA MSG 9PM			PHO LIFE 9PM		HOU NBC 4PM
	8/2	8/3	8/4	8/5	8/6	8/7	8/8

and other historic stops along the Great White Way. Meet in front of the Belasco Theater, Sixth Ave. at 44th St. (969-8262); \$10.

"Gramercy Park and Madison Square"—8/7 and 8/8 at 12 noon: A tour through New York City's only private park and its nearby Victorian social center. Stops include Teddy Roosevelt's birthplace and the Player's Club. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; \$12.

"O. Henry's New York"—8/8 at 10 A.M.: Stroll in the footsteps of the famous author otherwise known as William Sidney Porter. For reservations and meeting place, call the 92nd St. Y at 996-1100; \$20.

Benefits

Second Annual Black August Hip-Hop Benefit—8/8 at 7 P.M.: Music by D.J. Tony Touch, Common, Bahamadia, the Coup, Gil Scott-Heron, Sara Jones, and several renowned Cuban rap artists to raise money for an emergency fund for political prisoners in the United States and a hip-hop library and studio in Havana, Cuba, where a similar concert will take place in late August. The Bowery Ballroom, 6 Delancey St. (854-8507); \$15.

Events

SummerNights—Tuesdays throughout July and August from 5 to 9 P.M.: The Jewish Museum presents extended-hour evenings with jazz, dance, screenings of classic TV shows like *Sanford and Son*, *Soap*, and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and snacks at the kosher café. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271); free.

The Ninth Annual New York Ship & Boat Model Festival—8/7-8 from 1 to 5 P.M.: Explore the art of model-making, and view boats designed to last a lifetime and others destined to explode on their maiden voyage. The South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St. (748-8600); free.

AT&T Latino Arts Festival—Through 8/8: From Flamenco dance to Latin jazz, this three-week celebration attempts to cover the diverse range of Latin culture, with dance, visual art, theater, and children's programs. Queens Theater in the Park, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-760-0064 [English]; 718-760-0686 [Spanish]); \$5-\$40.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration of the river that has been the economic lifeblood of New York City since the Dutch landed in what is now Battery Park, with dance, lectures, an ice-cream social, and Richie Havens and other musicians. At the waterfront near the World Financial Center. Call 528-2733 for details; admission is free.

Exhibitions

"Two Five-Letter Words: Lenny Bruce"—8/6-10/3: This week marks, in addition to the HBO screening of Bob Weide's excellent documentary on Bruce, *Swear to Tell the Truth* (see John Leonard's review, page 57), the opening of another tribute to the late blacklisted comedian. The Museum of Television & Radio's 90-minute screening package features all of Bruce's surviving television work, including appearances on *The Steve Allen Show* and *Arthur Godfrey and Friends*. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); \$6.

"Pomo Indian Basket Weavers, Their Baskets and the Art

Market"—Through 8/15: A historic perspective starting with an exploration of Pomoan life in the early nineteenth century prior to contact with nonnatives, plus 125 masterworks from the classic period of Pomo basketry and works by twenty artists active at the beginning of the twentieth century. The Smithsonian Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green (514-3888); free.

"The Carriage Era in New York"—Through 9/10: An exploration of the obsolete but elegant method of transportation. PaineWebber Art Gallery, 1285 Sixth Ave., bet. 51st and 52nd Sts. (713-2885); free.

"Such Friends: The Work of W. B. Yeats"—Through 9/11: Books, manuscripts, photographs, corre-

spondence from other literary figures like George Bernard Shaw and drawings of Yeats by his father. The New York Public Library's D. Samuel and Jeanne H. Gottesman Exhibition Hall, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089); free.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910-1955"—Through 2/27/00: An exploration of costume couture. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); recommended donation \$5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: A cyber sporting venue that puts you in the athletes' shoes; online auctions with artnet.com; a virtual tour of Manhattan's favorite patch of green; a site to celebrate summer thrill rides; and a way to get the inside sport scoop e-mailed directly to you. And while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue, extensive archives, and an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, a daily "Best of New York," "First Words" for bibliophiles, and our

In Print

Love and Squalor

Recently, software millionaire Peter Norton spent \$156,500 to buy J. D. Salinger's love letters to Joyce Maynard, promising to do whatever the author wished with the incriminating cache. "He may want them returned. He may want me to destroy them. He may not care at all," said Norton, sounding every bit the obedient disciple. Buying the letters, of course, gives Norton his own shot at actually receiving a call, a letter, or some other dispensation from Salinger without—*Heaven forbid!*—invading his sacred privacy. "Paying that money was completely in sync with what all the other Salinger fans have done through the years," says biographer Paul Alexander. "I mean, even *Thomas Pynchon* made a pilgrimage to Salinger's house in Cornish. Bill Gates is an avid Salinger collector, and then you have Hinckley and Mark David Chapman, who've sort of wandered into the cult." Alexander—who details his own stakeout in *Salinger*—admits that he too has fallen prey. "None of this is normal, by the way," he cautions. So why don't we ever hear about devotees of, say, Don DeLillo standing sentinel at the author's home or attempting an assassination based on some line from *White Noise*? "You read *The Catcher in the Rye* when you're young, and you develop an affection and

an attachment that is completely separate from the kind of person Salinger has become." That person, according to Alexander, is basically Humbert Humbert with a penchant for brown rice and media manipulation. "I don't think Maynard overstated the case in her book," he says. "If anything, she was being diplomatic." Maynard, of course, was widely bashed as an aging, thinned-out Monica Lewinsky because of her disclosures, never mind the fact that she was innocently going about her teenage business when Salinger first wrote to her and summoned her to his home for a little provocative conversation and deflowering. So it is safe to say that Alexander will not be making any friends among the faithful by bringing us even closer to a man who wants to be known only as the creator of Holden Caulfield.

ARIEL LEVY



SALINGER
a biography

PAUL ALEXANDER

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Hoffman continued from page 82

basically sit-down-and-take-a-number. It doesn't matter who you are; very often have to wait an hour. *Steven Stolman*

Hairdresser

They just redid **La Carezza** in Southampton and expanded it, so it's totally clean and modern. Everybody's nice, and they do a really good job with manicures, pedicures, and waxing. *Pamela Gross*

Gay Hangout

Paradise in Sag Harbor goes completely gay at about nine o'clock on the week-ends. Then there's late-night dancing at **The Swamp** in Wainscott—still the only show in town. *Steven Gaines*

Swimming Pool

Marty Richards's in Southampton is mega-Olympic, and he keeps it nice and warm. The gardens are spectacular, and honey, from an English girl, you can't get a better compliment. *Ann Dexter-Jones*

Tennis Court

There's nowhere better on earth than Southampton's **Meadow Club**. What is it—36 grass courts? I don't think there's anything nicer or softer on your knees. *Jamee Gregory*

Golf Course

I've never played Shinnecock and I've never played the Maidstone, because I'm Jewish. But I have played the fabulous Hebrew National, which is the **Atlantic** in Bridgehampton. It's the best course I've played on. I also belong to **Hampton Hills** in Westhampton, which is the best hidden, unknown course. It's not a pretentious course—it's a very, very low-key nice course, and from what I understand, it's also a course that has a richer membership than any of them out there. *Robert Morton*

Irish Bar

The **Pig n' Whistle** between Amagansett and Montauk is an offshoot of the West Side bar of the same name, and it's packing the kids in. It's staffed by Irish college kids who do the summer work in bars and restaurants out here, so there are genuine Irish guys pulling the beers. *Neil Travis, gossip columnist*

Lawn

Bob Taft and Philip Moloney's Hill Street lawn in Southampton just defies description. Bob's a former publicist at Hill & Knowlton; Philip is a retired Wall Streeter. Their lawn looks like a Stark carpet, and they nurture it as if it were their child. *Steven Stolman*

Happening If you still haven't seen the explosive dance troupe **De la Guarda** in action, here's your chance to catch one of their ferocious performances (like the strobe-lit charge up a wall, pictured) and benefit **Camp Excel**, which helps teenagers with behavioral problems, in the process. On August 10 at 7:15 p.m. at the **Daryl Roth Theater**, 20 Union Square East, at 15th Street. Call 290-1100 for tickets (\$100 each).



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Sports

Manhattan Half Marathon—If you've missed the previous four half-marathons sponsored by the New York Road Runners Club, you've lost your chance to win a commemorative patch, but then, no one runs thirteen miles for a piece of cloth anyway. The penultimate race in the NYRRC's Half-Marathon Grand Prix Series takes place 8/7 at 8 A.M. The race starts in Central Park behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art and loops the Park twice, with the top three male and female finishers receiving prizes of \$100 to \$300. Entry fee is \$15 for NYRRC members and \$22 for nonmembers. Check-in takes place 8/5 and 8/6 between noon and 7 at the club's headquarters at 9 E. 89th St. Call 860-4455 for further information.

Rock Climbing—The first of four sessions of rock-climbing classes for children ages 9 and older takes place 8/3. Two-hour classes are held every Tuesday at 3:30 at the North Meadow Recreation Center in Central Park at 97th Street and focus on the fundamentals of climbing, such as knot-tying and belaying, and each class teaches different skills. Participation is free, and equipment (shoes and harnesses) is included. Similar classes for adults start 8/7 at 10 A.M., with sessions the following three Saturdays. Registration for adults is \$200 per four-class session. Call 348-4867 for reservations and information on both children's and adults' courses.

Tai Chi—Even if the rest of your weekend is filled with errands and social engagements, you can still grab a little relaxation Saturday morning. The Central Park Conservancy is offering a Tai Chi workshop for adults, 8/7 at 10 A.M. in the peaceful environs of the North Meadow. The 90-minute class, led by Master Derrick Trent, will emphasize stress reduction and meditation, as well as working on improvement on physical flexibility and muscular coordination. Enrollment is free; call 348-4867 to register and for more information.

kids

Tap on Trash... Make a Mbira

Children's Events

Play Value—Children get in on the action at *Playday*, part of **LINCOLN CENTER's** three-week Out-of-Doors Festival (8/7 from 2 to 6; rain date 8/8). David Pleasant demonstrates ways to make your body a percussion instrument, the Greek American Folklore Society teaches traditional steps, and Ms. Millennium's Meg-o-lopolis Puppet Circus stages a play commissioned especially for the occasion. Next weekend, at the festival's Homemade Instrument Day (8/14 from 2 to 8), 25 car horns are tuned to form an organ. Make umbrellas sing; toot a garden hose. The next day, it's Ride 'em and Rope 'em with Sean Blackburn and others at the Cowboy Stampede; hear Songs of the Last Frontier or Yippee-Tai-Yai Yodelin' with Sourboy Slim; and swing your partner at a Country Dance Party (8/15, beginning at 1). For a full schedule of Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors events, all of them free—spread across the plazas of Lincoln Center and Damrosch Park—call 212-LINCOLN or visit the Lincoln Center Website at www.lincolncenter.org. ●●

Global Warming—A dance showcase by children who have studied movement from cultures all over the world at settlement houses, throughout the city. *Bridging the Hoods* is performed free of charge at **TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**, 8/3 at 11 A.M. and 2:30. 199 Chambers St., near West St. (967-0322, ext. 321). ●●

Gold Rush!—**THEATREWORKS** has a tradition of giving free performances during the summer, so although this particular musical is about chasing after gold, audiences can see it without spending any of their own. Geared to kids ages 8 to 13. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. Through 8/7 (642-6754). Free tickets are available on a first-come, first-seated basis at the theater, starting at 10 on the day of the show. ●●

Hot Button—Just some of the information on **CENTRAL PARK's** new Website, www.centralparknyc.org: Hasan Bakr and Pickney Production show kids ages 8 and up how to make a mbira (a handheld instrument from West Africa) and some playing techniques, 8/8 and 8/9 at 1, at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center (860-1370). Take a hike from the North Meadow Recreation Center and explore Revolutionary War fortifications (348-4867); hear storyteller Malida Lee Whitney tell why we're all "Branches of the Same Tree" (860-1370). ●

Blood and Guts—A slither-through, slide-down, push-button exhibit that's engaging for kids of every age and stage, "Body Odyssey" allows visitors to romp through their own innards. Yuck. Squirt acid at those pesky food morsels; compare heartbeats with your little brother. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is \$5, \$2.50 for seniors.

Harbor Cruise—Soda and sandwiches are served on several 90-minute sails aboard the historic *Pioneer* in the coming weeks—to the Statue of Liberty and back. Departs at 11:30 A.M. from the **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT's** Pier 16, near South and Fulton Sts., 8/17, 8/26, and 9/1. Tickets are \$20, \$12 for

children under 13. For reservations, call 758-8786.

Swinging—Thursdays in August, at another plaza, this one outside the **CHARLES A. DANA DISCOVERY CENTER**, people of all ages are invited to come for dances—each preceded by a lesson under the stars. This week, the Harlem Renaissance Orchestra accompanies swing dancing. On 8/15, lessons are at 6, dancing at 7. Central Park at 110th St.; for further information, call the Central Park Conservancy at 310-6636. Subsequent Thursdays, salsa, ballroom, and disco dancing take place. ●

Creatures Great and Small—Gorillas have been grabbing the limelight at the **BRONX ZOO** lately. Weekends through 8/15, African music, dance, and crafts complement the new Congo exhibit, giving visitors a feel for what *Homo sapiens* in the geographic vicinity are up to. Also not to be missed, the Butterfly Zone, which has reopened. Weather permitting, visitors walk through a caterpillar-shaped tent and commune with almost 1,000 butterflies

and moths. Open daily from 10 to 5 and until 5:30 on weekends and holidays. Admission is \$7.75, \$4 for students and seniors, children under 2 admitted free. Bronx River Parkway at Fordham Road. For further information, call 718-367-1010 or log on to www.wcs.org.

Riverside Rituals—At Ice Cream Socials, barber-shop quartets and others perform as ice cream is doled out to all comers. Saturday afternoons from 2 to 4:30 at **ROCKEFELLER PARK** through 8/30. Bring a drum or borrow one to jam in a circle at **WAGNER PARK** Friday evenings through the end of the month, from 6:30 for about two hours. Programs are free. For further information, call 267-9700. ●

All the Better to ... "Robot Zoo," an interactive exhibit at the **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER**, allows kids to try out special features like fast tongues and the sonar detectors that allow creatures to catch their prey and avoid becoming another animal's lunch. Liberty State Park (Exit 14B off the New Jersey Turnpike), Jersey City (201-451-0006); \$9.50 adults, \$8.50 students and seniors, \$6.50 children ages 2 to 12.

C	U	E
Ethan Brown	Nightlife	
Barbara Ensor	Kids	
Brett Kelly	Movies	
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Stephanie Saulmon	Online	
Jennifer Senior	Theater	



Performance Out of Eden

Yuppie scum, be warned: Giuliani is by no means the only target in *Survival: New York*, Theater for the New City's annual traveling musical melodrama, transported on the back of a flatbed truck, with acrobats, actors, puffs of smoke, and enormous puppets. The plot hinges on a big bad developer who plans an equally big bad co-op building on a lot turned leafy Eden; it's become a tranquil place where New Yorkers experience their first kiss and enjoy sips of lemonade together. Thankfully, he's persuaded—by song lyrics declaring "You just can't fight Nature in New York"—to look at sites in the Garden State instead. The feel-good message for audiences of all ages is that little guys can fight and win. That's provided, of course, we come up with some really funny lyrics, to prove we're right. (First performance is August 7 at 2 P.M.; 10th Street and First Avenue in Manhattan. Subsequent free shows around the city continue through September 19. For further information, call 254-1109.)

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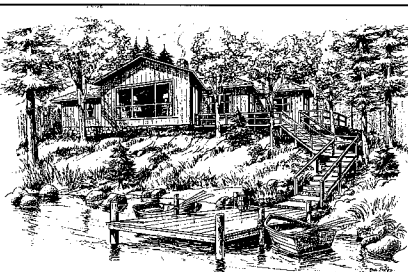
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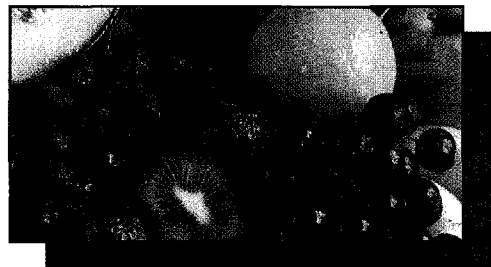
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A Jewish Professional Male—49, very attractive, varied interests, fit and fun, in search of a professional female who is eclectic, artistic, slim, sensitive, intelligent, and who radiates a joie-de-vivre sense of self. Note/phone, please. 1156 ☎✉

Seeking Nice, Kind Woman—A true partner. Nonreligious Jewish male, 41, loves sailing, theater, movies. Deft note, please. 1208 ☎✉

Have Hugs, Will Travel—Inspired, offbeat, romantic Jewish male seeks passionate adventuress for magic, mirth and moderate madness. 1204 ☎✉

Athletic, Handsome, Confident—And creative NYC ad agency owner, 43, seeks slender, honest, happy and professional woman, 30-40 plus. Photo. 1152 ☎✉

Back Flips Optional—Petite, pretty blond, owner of gymnastics academy, seeking marriage-minded, handsome, successful, physically fit, single Jewish man, 35-45, with intelligence, wit and zest for life. Note/recent photo, please! 1132 ☎✉

Very Pretty, Fun-Loving—Slim and bright lady seeks special man, 48-55, super-nice, and emotionally and financially secure. Note/photo, please. 1194 ☎✉

Brown-Eyed Yankee Fan—Single white female, 34, 5'7", medical professional, loves to laugh, loves the beach, always up for the new adventure. Seeks single white male, 33-37, minimum height 5'9". Must be interesting, financially secure, athletic. Emotionally available. Only has two closets, so limited baggage, please! Looking for meaningful relationship. No drugs; no previous children or marriages need apply. Note/photo/phone. 1217 ☎✉

Big Gift, Small Beautiful Package—Wickedly funny, unpretentious, unneurotic and in great shape, seeks successful man who is open to life and love, 49-57. Phone/photo appreciated. 1227 ☎✉

Sweet, Savvy, Sexy—Sophisticated and a lot of fun. Refreshingly pretty, sensuous, gentle, single Jewish female, 42. Successful, gracious, down-to-earth, creative. Trim/curvy. Spontaneous humor, a smile that lights up a room. Pioneering spirit - philanthropy, finance, environment, social change. Good cuddler. Good friend. Inclined towards eco/adventure travel, sciences, the world of ideas. Loves good conversation, dancing, sailing, Tanglewood, city culture (uptown/downtown), CA wineries. Seeks educated, fun, loving, financially and physically fit, 35-50, single/divorced Jewish male. 1164 ☎✉

Architect—Tall, intelligent, good-looking, creative, accomplished. Combines sensitivity with masculinity. Crutches limit athletics but not meaningful life experiences. Addicted to museums and art galleries. Enjoys theater, movies. Seeks authentic, intimate, committed relationship with an affectionate, emotionally open, attractive, sensual woman that would result in being friends and lovers. 54-plus. Note/photo. 1177 ☎✉

Wanted: Daddy—Absolutely gorgeous, late 20s, single white female, pregnant model, seeks super-successful, childless gentleman (age, sexual orientation unimportant) for marriage and/or co-parenting. 1148 ☎✉

Woman Of Quality—Beautiful, slender, tall, seeks a generous, tall man, 48 up, of good character, to spend time with. POB 220123, Great Neck, NY 11022

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Model Pretty—Feminine, warm, intelligent, real; enjoys film, classical music, lots more. Seeks counterpart, 50 plus. 1173 ☎✉

Nice Guy—NJ Esq. with great smile, 39, seeks Jewish, buxom woman, 32-36, who enjoys arts, good conversation and spicy food, for fun and... 1215 ☎✉

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With captivating smile, Jewish, athletic (figure skating and tennis), very successful - seeks tall, trim, educated, monogamous, optimistic male, 30s-40s, to explore friendship and romance. Recent photo required. 1202 ☎✉

Brown-Eyed Girl—Wonderful, warm widow, 55, Jewish, 5'6", (203), very attractive, bright, loving, athletic and fit. Loves the theater, movies, Times crosswords, travel, sports, quiet dinners and good conversation. Looking to meet a Jewish gentle man, 52-62, nonsmoker - bright, articulate and romantic; successful and sensitive; attractive and affectionate; energetic, imaginative and thoughtful, to share the next chapter of our lives. How about a happy ending? Photo appreciated. 1192 ☎✉

Pretty Woman, Teacher—White, sincere, loyal, sense of humor, seeks a good man for the long run, 60 plus. Photo. 1187 ☎✉

Summer—And no one to play with. Sweet, strong, 44-year-old woman with sense of humor and inner and outer beauty, seeks nice guy for all seasons. 1174 ☎✉

Scandinavian-Born—Nice, very athletic male, 36, 6', successful professional, into playing sports and collecting antiques, seeks a nice female to explore the city and country with. Photo/note. 1121 ☎✉

Blond/Big Blue Eyes—5'8", happy, attractive, secure, professional woman, 35. I love boating, skiing, travel, flying and adventure. looking for secure, fit, sensual/romantic man, 33-40, to share a wonderful life. Note/photo. 1230 ☎✉

Bi? - Hi!—Attractive, sensitive, upscale, gay Hispanic male professional, 35, seeks masculine bisexual male, over 35, for friendship and more. 1185 ☎✉

Cute, Classy—Early-50s professional female with looks, smarts, warmth, wit, seeks significant other. 1205 ☎✉

An Eclectic Blend—Of sophistication and simplicity, 5'9", physically fit, attractive, sensual, Mediterranean descent, witty and fun. Passionate about life, nature and animals. Spiritually-oriented, with a vision of meeting my twin flame and venturing into the unknown. Seeks Caucasian male between 35-45 years old. Only serious consideration need apply. Please send note/photo. 1130 ☎✉

Gay Male—Super-sexy Latin model, moving from South Beach to NYC in August - looking for fun and adventure. Note/photo. 1181 ☎✉

Brainy, Buxom Brunette—Seeks male lab partner, age 48-60, for chemistry experiment. Applicants should like vivacious, warm women, literature, the arts and jazz. 1224 ☎✉

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Gay White Female—5'7", mid 40s, attractive, PhD, non-complainer, financially independent, looking for same (ages 40-50). You have a love of music, high intelligence, class, humor and verbal skills. Please - no mood swings, temper or drugs. Photo, please. 1225 ☎

Dynamic DMD—I'm sure to make you smile. Smart, attractive, fun-loving, 33-year-old, single Jewish female seeking 30-40-year-old, single Jewish male professional for love and romance, to share life with. 1219 ☎

54-Year-Old, Widowed, Jewish—Manhattanite woman seeks best friend/partner to have fun. Avid tennis, golf and opera lover. Grown children - free to finish traveling the world. 1221 ☎

Notting Hill—Single Jewish male, 35, extremely handsome and super-successful, seeks girl of his dreams. Please be athletic, adventurous and not into head games. 1193 ☎

Handsome, Blue-Eyed Doctor—Salt-and-pepper hair, 46, 5'7", 145 lbs, good-hearted, romantic, affectionate, single gentleman - enjoys classical music concerts, movies and books. Seeks pretty, sweet, slender woman, 30s, under 5'7", for committed relationship and possibly children. Photo, please. 1196 ☎

Love Is Music To My Heart—Very successful businessman, former musician, Jewish, 40s, seeks true harmony with cool lady, 25-37, who wants children and enjoys tropical travels. 1189 ☎

Down-To-Earth White Female—5'5", dark hair, 30s, European, Catholic, seeks man to share all of life with. 1218 ☎

Healthy, Wealthy, Wise Guy—Jewish, very handsome, seeks bright professional lady, 32-42, wanting marriage and family soon. I am a fantastic stock market investor, tenured professor, athlete and artist who likes dating a woman physician, lawyer, professor, etc. E-mail: SHARPGUY4U@aol.com 1167 ☎

Slim, Beautiful Brunette—5'6", professional, 45, caring, romantic. Likes music, theater, dining, movies. Seeks accomplished, passionate man. 1231 ☎

Gay White Male—I'm just a guy looking for a guy and asking him to love me... but to love me, you must know me - and to know me, we must meet. So why don't you call already? Need a little enticement? I'm tall, handsome, masculine, and very successful. Let's fly off to my place at the beach for the weekend or explore someplace new. If you are a good-looking, interesting young guy (late 20s to mid 30s, like me), please respond. Note/photo. 1180 ☎

My First Ad—Attractive, sexy Jewish woman, late 30s, 5'2", athletic, loves sailing, skiing, tennis and willing to learn your sports, overeducated, caring and warm, seeks professional man, 40ish, athletic, fun-loving, adventurous, for dating and potential serious relationship. 1216 ☎

Live, Love, Laugh—Jewish Prince Charming seeks his Cinderella to share all that life and NYC has to offer. 1203 ☎

Wealthy Widow—Pretty, slim, intelligent, classy, seeks attractive, slim Jewish man, 60-70, who is free to live and travel north, south, east and west. Note/photo. 1207 ☎

A Good Man For All Seasons—Good-looking Leo man, self-assured, 50 plus, athletic, smart, verbal, funny, interesting, affectionate, successful, genuinely nice, left-handed, lover of life - seeks an attractive, successful female friend-partner-lover, 35-50, with style, taste and wit, to share the best life has to offer. Note/photo. 1176 ☎

Make Your Dreams Come True—Extremely successful entrepreneur (living in Westchester, NY) seeks the woman of my dreams for a serious relationship. 6'3", with boyish good looks - loves fun, romance and laughter. Romantic/passionate with a great sense of humor. Enjoys exotic travel, fishing, dining, skiing... Have Harleys will travel. Seeks Caucasian woman between 28-38, who is fun-loving, romantic, in great shape and is beautiful from the inside out. Please send note/photo. 1131 ☎

Tall, Handsome, Fun-Loving Man—Seeks young lady, 55 plus, who enjoys serious music, art, dancing, Broadway shows, good restaurants, but, most of all, good company, good times and friendship. I am a financially secure, self-employed professional, 6', slender. Note please. 1154 ☎

Magic Moments—Smart, fit, pretty, warm, multifaceted female seeks honest, intelligent, active, fun guy with lots of time to share travel, music, theater, museums, hiking, long talks. Jewish, divorced/widowed, 50s, non-smoker, NY/NJ. Phone/photo. 1184 ☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

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Petite Blond Model—With MBA. Jewish, gentle yet self-assured. Grace and beauty, elegance and style. I'm seeking a 42-48-year-old Jewish professional who is interested in a committed relationship, a relationship that would consist of mutual love and respect, mutual growth, peace and serenity. Photo/note, please. 1200 ☎

Still Afraid Of Heights?—Young-looking, fit, very well-to-do, rather short Jewish male, 49, seeks fearless, tall, trim, effervescent Jewish female, under 45, for friendship, fun and forever-after. Note/photo/phone. 1191 ☎

It Should Be Simple—Slim and attractive Jewish female, 40, caring, intelligent, seeks Jewish male to share summer days, maybe more. Love travel, tennis, the mountains. Please be 37-46, genuine, fun-loving, unpretentious. 1144 ☎

Black-Haired, Green-Eyed Beauty—Hates doing this but hasn't yet found a like-minded partner. I'm a kind, witty, slim, athletic Jewish female professional, interested in the arts and ideas. Seek same in a male, 35-45. Note/photo. 1211 ☎

No Hyperbole—Marriage-minded, fit, Jewish MD, 47, 5'7", 154, seeks thin, pretty woman who loves good movies, reading, art and romance. Photo, please. 1129 ☎

Romantic Man—Extremely affectionate and loving, young 40s, 6', 170, fun-loving, down-to-earth, athletic body, cute face, tan bald head, marriage-minded, healthy lifestyle - loves beach, outdoors, sports and fine dining. Photo a must. 1172 ☎

Former Male Model—Now successful businessman, 37, nice chauvinist with traditional values, desires intelligent, warm, spiritual, passionate woman, 22-36, for relaxed dinner, music and boating dates, possible marriage and children. I want a young woman who knows what she wants and wants to enjoy life now, not work all the time. Prefer long-haired, attractive-figured, Italian/Spanish type - but not that important. Single moms okay, too. Note/photo/phone. 1182 ☎

Seeking Pre-1945 Vintage Man—Excellent chassis, spirited engine, first-rate interior - desired by pretty, vivacious, Ivy-educated woman, to travel life's highways and byways with joie de vivre. 1201 ☎

Perfect Package—Ravishing brunette, 48, Jewish professional, slender, petite, and curves in all the right places, seeking a financially-set professional male with quick wit and charm, who is ready for a drop-dead gorgeous, real woman and relationship. Note/photo. 1186 ☎

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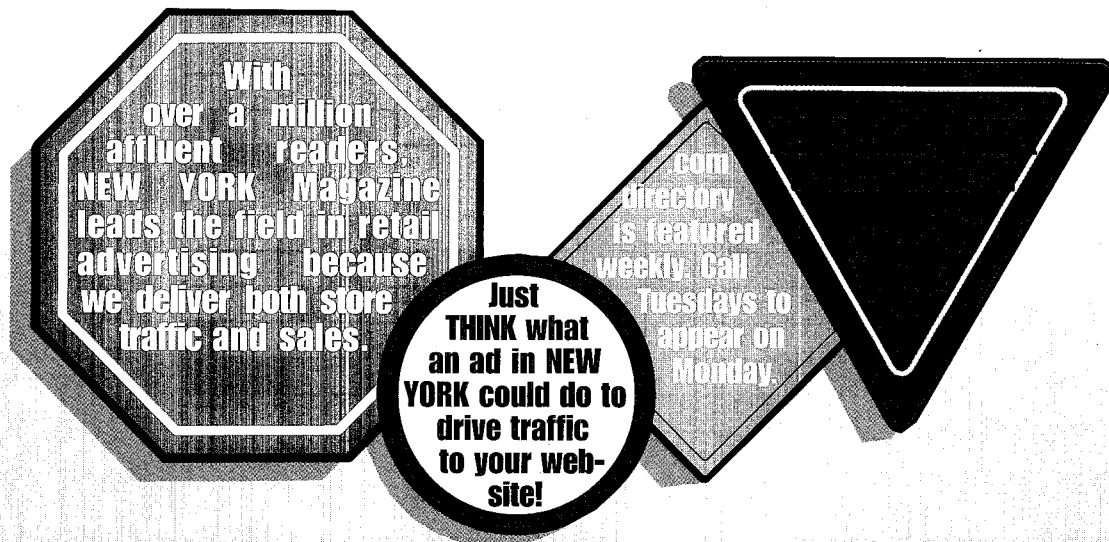
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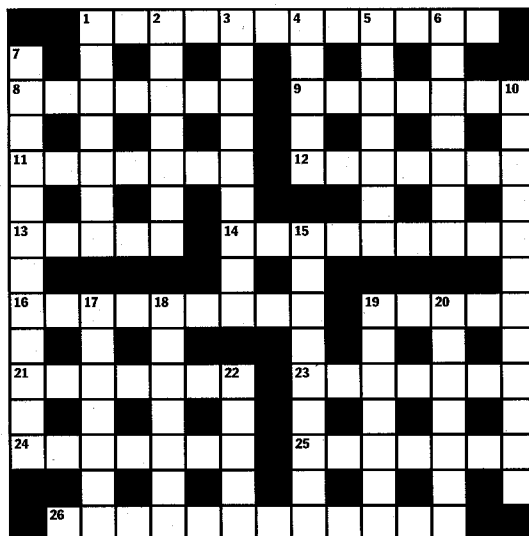
*Sources: 1999 Spring MRI; 1998 Summer MRI

AUGUST 9, 1999 NEW YORK 103

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The 'Guardian' Crossword

- ACROSS**
- 1,26 Produce stacks of material in fine summer season? (4,3,5,3,3,6)
 8 Policeman using a Rover, perhaps. (7)
 9 Worried, as uncle is removing tie. (7)
 11 Supply milk for delivery. (7)
 12 Hooker showing one the ropes after being thrown out. (7)
 13 One ensconced in seat, revelling in French composer. (5)
 14 Make chairs comfy, having finished Rod's accommodation. (9)
 16 Rerun of *The Godfather*? Can almost everyone get the foreign channel? (4,5)
 19 Yes, in Russia, tea may be served here. (5)
 21 Put out again by silly series about union. (7)
 23 Discover report of excellent reason for suspicion. (4,3)
 24 Started to hurry, having got this. (7)
 25 Most of cosmetic woman's used is not so smooth. (7)
 26 See 1 across.



- DOWN**
- 1 Tom, in some cases, having missed English exam, can't re-sit. (4,3)
 2 Doctor screened in Irish county. (7)
 3 Rugby player appearing in panto. (9)
 4 Neil Brigham. (5)
 5 Case set in country house with ancient interior. (7)
 6 Tight security—maniac's at the bottom of something hairy! (4,3)
 7 Second in 1 across? Arguably, an eventual cause of breakdown. (3,4,5)
 10 Ray gives one a boost, if 26. (5,7)
 15 Offer to make a speech. (4,5)
 17 Final comment from The Stones. (7)
 18 Clay model of a conspirator. (7)
 19 Fellow joining university, during first month, appears a womaniser. (3,4)
 20 Gear casing worn? (7)
 22 Some marbles exhibited the Spanish spirit. (5)

'Fractured Sayings': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

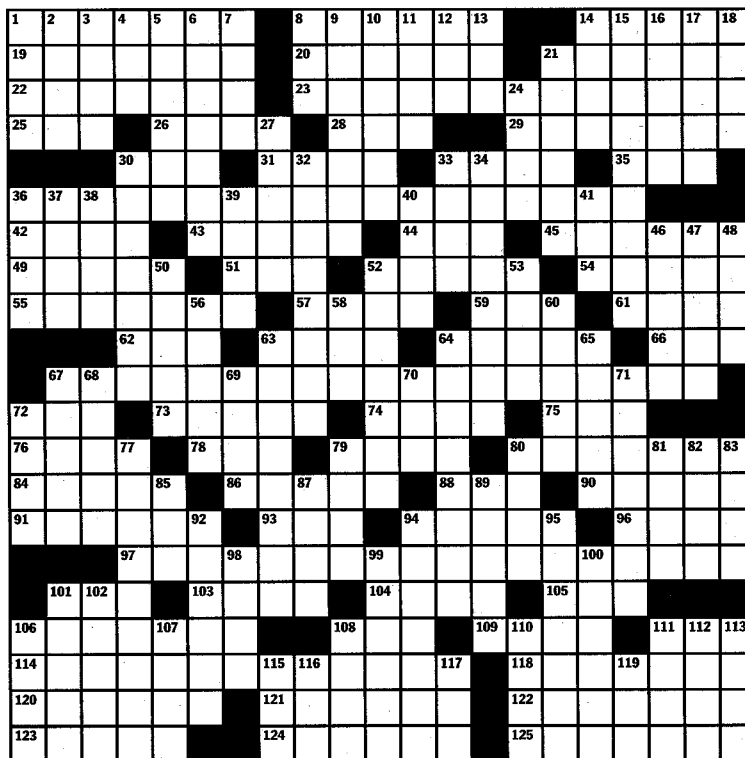
- ACROSS**
- 1 Where Zagreb is the capital
 8 Northern sea bird
 14 Phobias
 19 Most sacred
 20 Intertwine
 21 Elves
 22 A miss is as good —
 23 "Get thee behind me, —"
 25 Calligraphy need
 26 Hand, in Hidalgo
 28 Dirt-road hazard
 29 Electra's brother
 30 Addition result
 31 Oliver's comedy partner
 33 Butter squares
 35 Member of the sandbox set
 36 Ask not for whom the bell tolls, —
 42 Tennis great
 43 London scrubwomen
 44 Boxing great
 45 Sgt., e.g.
 49 Latino drudges
 51 Son of Prince Valiant
 52 Kennel pests
 54 Cause fright in
 55 Built
 57 Gets rid of the squeaks
 59 Game rm.
 61 Slight advantage
 62 "How Dry —"
 63 Ethnic coiffure
 64 Turkish rice dish
 66 Double-cropper
 67 "Many are —"
 72 Curbside call
 73 Tattles
 74 Rams' mates
 75 Part of I.O.U.
 76 Droughty
 78 Genetic chemical
 79 Be worrisome
 80 Composed of champions
 84 Wintry rain
 86 Llama's habitat
 88 Sunbather's goal
 90 Philatelist's interest
 91 Slept restlessly
 93 Tit for —

- 94 Valuable furs
 96 Columnist's tidbit
 97 The ends justify —
 101 Paver's goo
 103 Workbench clamp
 104 F.A.O. Schwarz sales
 105 Longest Swiss river
 106 Kind of exercise
 108 Hockey great
 109 Mouths: slang
 111 — Na Na
 114 "— who only stand and wait."
 118 Don't cry over spilt milk, —
 120 Beliefs
 121 Go back on a commitment
 122 Take for granted

- DOWN**
- 1 Bloke
 2 One of the Bowls
 3 "Good Earth" heroine
 4 Between ready and fire
 5 Join efforts
 6 Of the Muslim faith
 7 "— o'clock scholar"
 8 Notable Canton-born architect
 9 Removes the gift covering
 10 Show off
 11 Swift

- 12 J.E.K.'s "— bin ein Berliner"
 13 Born as
 14 Drum-corps flute
 15 Life
 16 —ground missile
 17 Adjust the clock hands
 18 Mach 2 planes
 21 Individual human being
 24 "Portnoy's Complaint" author
 27 Werner or Schindler
 30 Lettering pattern
 32 Highway exits
 33 Soccer great
 34 They have hives
 36 Act mockingly

- 37 Junkie
 38 Cobbler's product
 39 Land south of Libya
 40 Colleague of Rembrandt
 41 Digits, for short
 46 Military core group
 47 Choir accompaniment
 48 Race assemblage
 50 City: Ger.
 52 Corsage components
 53 Egotist's concern
 56 Burning bit
 58 Anger
 60 December song
 63 Legendary sunken island
 64 Improve the looks of
 65 Chickens and such
 67 Sophia's husband
 68 Some theater awards
 69 Forearm bone
 70 Inspire wonder
 71 Having more gusto
 72 Fracture encasement
 77 Naval vessel
 79 Celebration
 80 Egyptian life symbol
 81 Informal good-bye
 82 Last word of the Bible
 83 Rotation speeds: abbr.
 85 Chu —, Chinese leader
 87 Befuddled state
 89 Impatient, in a way
 92 Diabolical ones
 94 Docking fee
 95 Harbor for ocean ships
 98 Sets the dog on
 99 New York's Wall, for one
 100 Pop artist Johns
 101 Girlish giggle
 102 Bullring
 106 Take note: abbr.
 107 Belfry undesirables
 108 Has legal possession
 110 Elec. units
 111 Ticket remnant
 112 Actor Cronyn
 113 Simians
 115 Eye, to a poet
 116 Spectate
 117 Paint-the-town color
 119 Prefix for tope or metric



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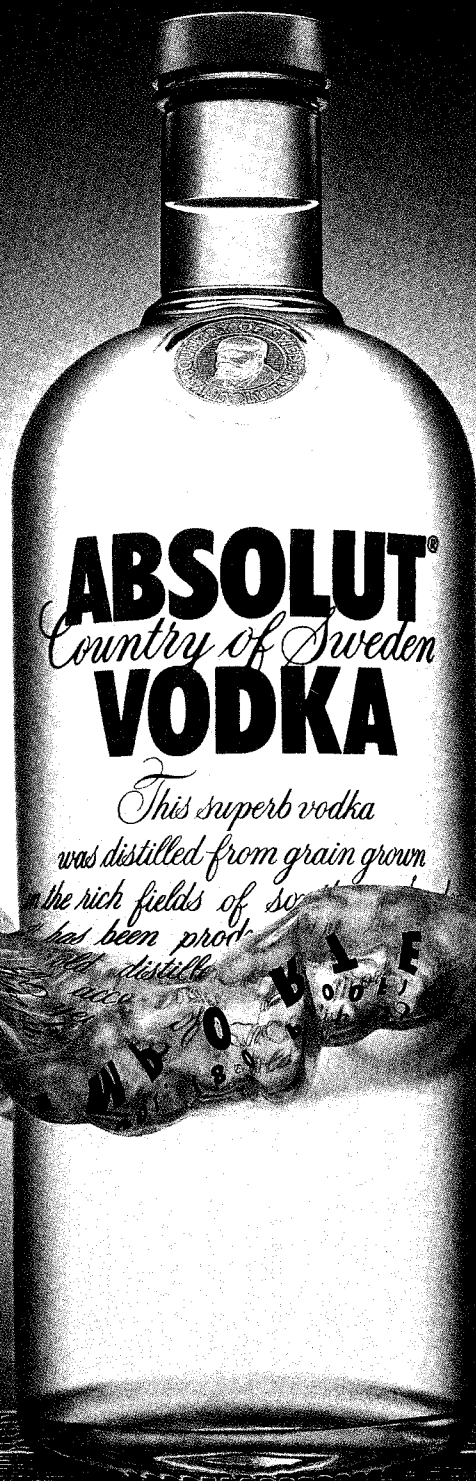


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